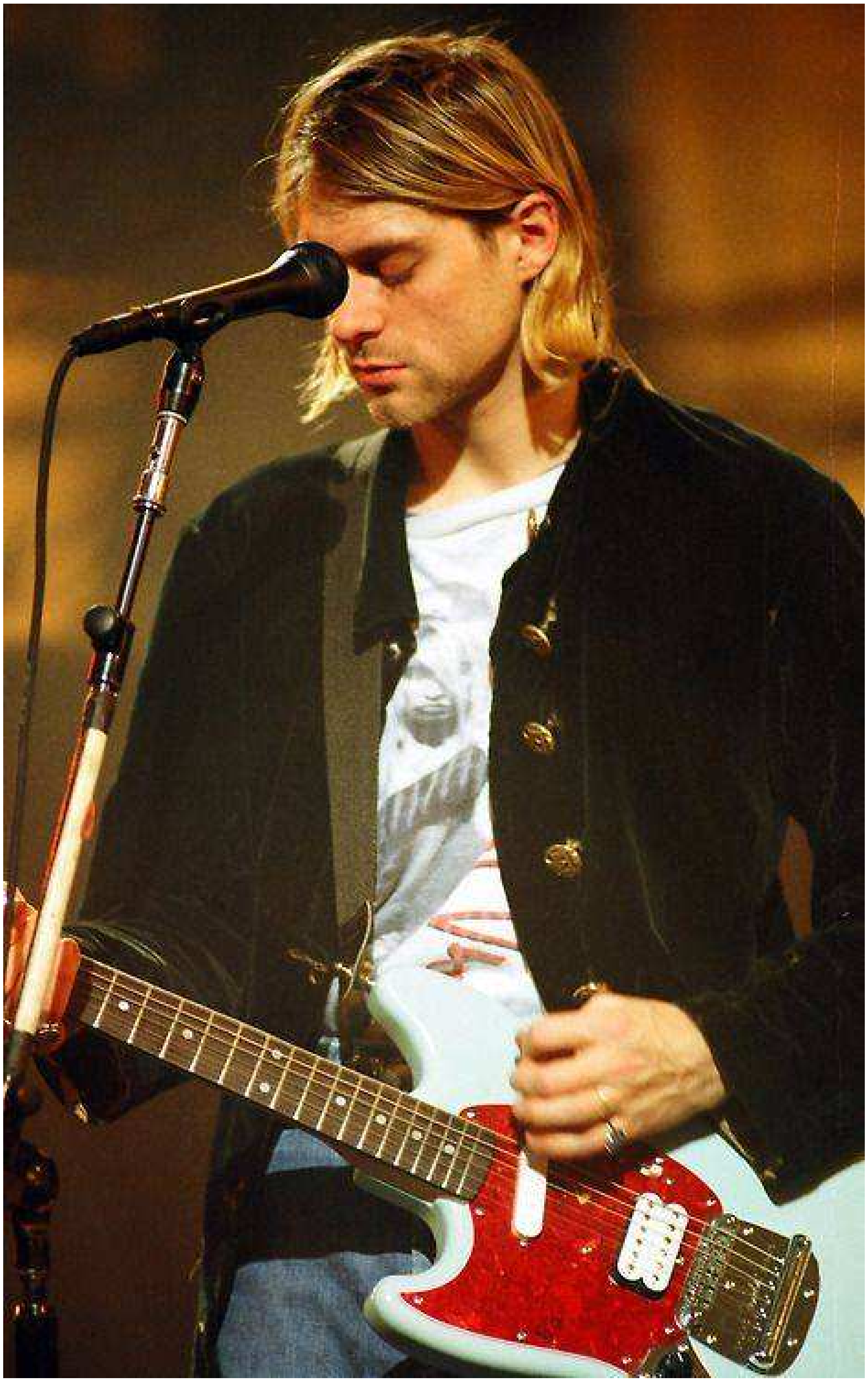
Puiul meu Dulce, Soțul meu Dulce,Drag și Iubit, Dragostea mea, Dragostea mea, Te ibsc. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu. Te doresc nespus, Dragostea mea...



.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Dragostea vieții mele; Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Tudor, Puișorul meu, ulcele meu, Fiul meu iubit și Dulce... Nu te voi părăsi niciodată, Puiul meu. Te voi iubi mereu...



Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, cu-o dragoste nespusă.... Nu te voi părăsi niciodată, Puiul meu... Te voi iubi mereu.







Andrei, Puiul meu Dulce. Te iubesc și Te doeresc nespus, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu. Fiul eu iubit și Diulce.



Te iubesc, Alin-Linișor, Dulcența mea, Puiul meu.



Te iubesc Mihai, Dorul sufletului meu, Puișorul meu Dulce.



Te iubes, Alin, Puiul Dulce al Sufletului meu, Puișor Dulce și Drăgostos.

Te iubesc, Ștefan, Dulce și Drag Puișor, Suflet blând și curat.





Alin, Dulcele meu puişor. Te iubsc şi Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea.Fiul meu Dulce şi iubit,Puişorulmeu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu Victor, Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Dragostea și Dulcența mea.Te doresc, Iubitul meu, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Dulceața mea.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea vieții mele. Tudor, Dragostea mea, te iubesc nespus de mult. Puiul meu Dulce și Dorit, Doritul meu Puișor, Soțul meu dulce,Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Dulce.

The Book of Anime
The first painting

I love you, my sweet, Victor-Tudor-Alin-Mihai.
I desire you, my love.
The Book of Anime

Prologue

Strange sensations and emotions overwhelm me
Now when my pregnancy gets easier
When, past the threshold of youth
Looking back at the green string ...

....
Strange, strange, childhood stories are wrapped up
On the youth, green, raw thorn
bearing in my mind, like a green fir
The old icon of my childhood dreams

Of which a few have been described
Others-expect-of the threshold uncertainty
To cross the bridge of those who have not been written
Brought in the gulag time

The dream, the dream circumscribed ....
Wait, young soul at date meetings
Old woman waiting, in the plum orchard
To my old houses

A new breakthrough, a new breath, a breath of new life
Born from the flesh of the old suffering
With which, starting on the road, sweet and smooth you adhere
Spasmodic past dreams

...

To step on the stars and high
Riding on the bitter grass growing over the moon
To whisper when the stars burst
Of the dark sea, green foam

To whisper, with lips of smoke and earth
Of youth, childhood, sweet singing.

…

My baby

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

.....

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...

...

A boy-teen-boy face
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes
Where lies still alive and hidden
Of the silent seas

...

An androgynous body naively imagining the Will
When from His soul a rising
Blue-pink only the Being
My child was watching in the sea
His smile was silent on the baby's lips
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....

With his pink hands full, with pits
With round arms of flower and milk
Ask for my whisper noodles
Let them hang undisturbed on paper

…

Where to bring them to salvation of pure azure
At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death

…

Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child

It's the pink and white cherry blossom
Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...

Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise

...

I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

…

Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.
...
His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

Te iubesc, Michele, Puiul meu dulce. Te doresc, dragul meu Puișor.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

…

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

…

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...

…

From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

...

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

…

...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

…

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google dictionary, Google translate

Even in his youth ...

At dusk, Jack hurried to his house
From a fringe neighborhood of the city
Cathy was waiting for him at the entrance
At seven o'clock fixed, and they were going to get together ...

In his little bohemian apartment, by the young holt.
Rush. The wind came in easily
Through the rebellious pleats, of the rocker, of a dark chestnut
Silky and upright, entering his eyes

Beneath the glasses with a thin frame, which he wore
A little rough, a little naughty
Slightly absent ... with the thought alone he knew where
In the blind spot of light, in a somewhat surrealistic setting ...

...

Cathy was waiting for him, wet with happiness, at the entrance to the small market
Where was his house, bordered by flowers at the entrance
and hanging them from the windows ...
with the hair fluttering, swayed by the rebellious wind

with my eyes as I said wet with happiness ...
give you goodies, both of you are concerned: Hi Cathy...
hello Jack ...
are you waiting for me a lot?

for about a quarter of an hour ... she said, her forehead burning
of an unusual temperature
although it was evening and the air was cool...
the young man suddenly pulled her close to him, biting his lips and one hand

tapping her small tits, she is even in shape
what they were guessing under the thin blouse.
Come on, said the impatient young man, today I'm going to...
To listen to Nirvana

He said, smiling softly, ironically, pulling her up.
Arriving upstairs, the young man put "Even in his youth"
and then he went back to get a glass of wine.
Do you drink? ... he said slightly troubled, his hair in his eyes

With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration

When, suddenly, the young man got up, he used to bring the girl wine.
He pulled her onto the couch, grabbing her hair
and pulling it easy
where she slept, and he began to kiss her desperately

pulling her hair and biting her lips
then tearing off her clothes.
Jack penetrated her, then slightly bending her leg
He frantically penetrated her

In a wave of pleasure and orgasm, with irregular movements
Hitting his eyes closed
As he got deeper and deeper ...
In an orgasmic journey that seemed to have no end.

...

Cathy, the young man whispered, covering his arms
How is my love, my sweetness
My sweet, I love you... she whispered, perspiring
and as if in hypnotic poison.

Cathy, he whispered, with the latest irregular movements
He reached paroxysm

Then, in a sudden relaxation
She let herself fall over her, her breasts, her legs and her hollow.

...

As it is, he whispered, finally warm
With a frown, severe figure, held in a smile.
Okay, she whispered, Jack, you're a real car
To make love ...

...

E, not quite so, said the young man again imperturbably.
In fact, that's how I would like to always be
But they are only rare
and only with you, my love ... get me out of my mind ...

...

and you do me, she whispered, keeping her eyes down.

With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration
Prepared for another trip

In the world of purple-cherry shadows of love
and pouring a glass of wine, red, dry
listening to her quietly and desperately.

...

At this point, I remained with my eyes on the ceiling, relaxed
and suddenly decided not to repeat the experience.
Mrs. Verginica was asleep, snoring agitated and gasping in her sleep
and Mrs. Cristina, lightly, with her back to me.

...

Outside peace starts cracking by the day ... with slight movements
I get out of bed, take my cigarettes
and I straighten myself, with my head slightly bent,
at the smoker, suddenly as if by the banality of life
those of all days ....
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor dulcișorul meu.
te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei. te doresc.

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

…

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...

Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Sad, overly sad
The Youngman who received in his tender, gentle Soul
The whole suffering
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself
A defeated.

...

But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
...
His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened
Shadowed by glasses
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering
Of whom he received in his heart
The poisoned arrow, impure of love
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire
Not happiness and victory.
...
His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul
Salvation and faithfulness
And not bitterness, humiliation.

...

What can be sadder for a mother
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate
Full of promises of the World
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?....

…

From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world
Up to its core, to its bottom.

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

...

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute

In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.
...
His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown, with straight, silky strings
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

…

On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving
Like the signature of color and light
Of a painter
Gathering itself on his neck
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.

…

The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered
They were letting to guess, only, their whole
Beauty and their whole poetry.

...

His innocent shoulders in the thin coat
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –
Waiting to be just lighted
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem

…

The feet slipped under the table
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.
..
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

…

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

Te iubesc, Andrei, Puiul meu.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu,iubitul și doritul meu puișor.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Translate

From the nojan of rememberings...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

…

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her...

...

What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...

…

From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes
Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

...

What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman

Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

…

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her...

…

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.

…

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, unsinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

…

His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops
Of absolute
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.
Of love.

...

What can be more tormenting for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love

…

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

…

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

…

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded

…

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes, it was a Her...

…

Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down
In the bright azalea fields.
...
Te iubesc,Tudor, dulcele și dragul meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puișorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

Linen reflux

At the entrance to his small spacious apartment on Florilor Street
Catherine paused, thinking a little:
this would not be one of the endless
incursions between the leaves of love

...

full of candy, no purpose? ...
yet something attracted her, with a suspected force
with an incomprehensible charm
to Jack's apartment in the spring
on Florilor street...

...

His gaze troubled with sadness
It had been pierced in his heart like a painful imputation ...
The silky brown chestnut, falling on it
Eyes of violet, the lyrics are old ...

...

A memory with Jack floated between the folds of memory
To disperse in the spring expressions:
They, jumping in the rain puddles, like two children
holding hands, laughing happily, without even knowing them.

...

why they are happy, why and why ...
the rain danced around their wet bodies
with clothes sticking to the skin
In his arms, Catherine swayed, with rain and drunken love -
a deflated farmhouse
while the valuables, they washed the golden sands
retreating into a gentle ebb, looking into his eyes, then laughing.

...
...

I met you in the summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

...
.

My sweetheart, it's summer
and cricket crickets in the grass
to me, they turn whiteheads, with violet faces
long stalks of hollyhock
I fell down with my face upwards
watching with wonder eyes
under the shadow the sky
and then looking in our eyes we're laughing...

....
..

I met you on a summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

Te iubesc,Andrei, Puiul meu. Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung

At the crossroads

It was spring, with whispers of milk and milk
Cathy was going for no purpose
At the crossroads of rumors, where they feared
Moved by the wind, the leaves in the vines ...

...

wander the deserted streets in search of your steps
pale-dusk throws
the late shadows over my steps
lost

…

I expect the same crossroads
at the hour when the leaves of the living like fragile hearts
include, in the last waltz
why don't you come to me
why don't you come to me?

...

When, all of a sudden, Cathy saw his blonde neck
With blond, wavy swipes
Reflected on the neck in a childish smile
With dew and night lips
With lips emblazoned like two blooming lotuses -
They felt, as before, the same lovers...

...

When Cathy suddenly stopped:
He saw his blond neck, curling around his neck
In a smile of whisper and milk
His lips bulged like two water lilies
From the time she was loved ...

...

It was spring, with whiskey and milk pudding
Cathy was going for no purpose
At the crossroads of rumors, where they feared
Moved by the wind, the leaves in the vines ...

... ..te iubesc și te dorec, Michele, Puiul meu.

Two tears od azure,pure gold...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching
Moving away...
Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers
A young man approaching.
...

His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...
.

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceață ibită, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc Tudor, Puiul meu. Te doresc, dulcața mea.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
odors fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two blossomed lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

...

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

.
.

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes

that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
desired fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two bloom lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

...

Over the peaks

Over the peaks, the moon passes
Cod beats his leaf smoothly
From the branches of green alder
The horn sounds melancholy

…
Further and further
Slower and slower
My unforgiven, sad soul
Sweetening with the longing of death.

…
Why are you silent, when charming
My heart I turn myself to Thou?...
Will you whisper for me, horn
For me whensoever, again?...

…
Translation: Natalia Gălățan
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea,te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu dulce.

Come as you know ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..
....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now

Te iubesc, Te doresc Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dragostea mea

Masks of the Poetic truth te iubesc Dulcee meu Victor, Dragostea ema, Puiul meu.

The Book of Anime
Painting two

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a virgin bed …

…

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

…

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...
...
The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...
....
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...

…

The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...
...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

…

Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

…

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

…

In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show .....

.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...
....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

…

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers

and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

…

Te uybesc, Tudor,Puiul meu dulce, Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Teiubesc, Puiul meu dulce, Victor, Dragostea mea, Dulceașa a mea.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

…

The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised like of the charm servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

…

I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

…

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

…

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself

I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
yout sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

…

Translation:Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălățan
Te iubesc, Victoor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.

Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me
I'm staying and I look at them
Without no word
In silence and with remembrance
Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking
To myself.

...

Their light comes down gravely
Over your face, sweet white ray
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through
On your shape
Without no words...

....

I have been trying to find in them the echo
Of the feelings which are tormenting me
Then when from the large of the world ark
I come down to the shores from the abyss.

...

I kissed them and I have drawn
them in book
Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...
And I found them often in death.
...
And I have died many times.
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply
My desert feeling I laid down
in the book
My deepest and my desert feelings.

...

Each time I have searched the word
To give me life to drink
again
Of the heart innocent echo
And I found them... often in death...

...

Translation: Ntlia Găkățan, Google dictionary
Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulceața suflettului meu.

Coincidentia oppositorum

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

....

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

…

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

...

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

...

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

…

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

te iubesc Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan,Google translate

te iubesc nespus, puișorul meu.

Echoes...
iartă-mă, puișor iubit. așa simțeam pe atunci.

Everything is happening slowly
The walking of the cheetahs through the snow
Sunny smiles...

The walking of the sun on the blue arch
In a day as long as the boundlessness
Wherein is being
With the bones whited under the moon
The whole Nature...

...

You are so static, my dear...
A statue is frozen in time
To which I useless rise up my arms
But in vain, I cannot reach her...

...

An unknown strange realm
How much love is conquering us
With her slim arrow,
with her spread bow
So much so we feel suddenly in the other a stranger...

...

The tender friendship and the calm pleasure
Is approaching and uniting
That what love suddenly falls apart
and is alienating...

.....

You feel your soul small
and modest
Your words are starting from nowhere...
Greatly architectonic
Then wanting suddenly to abandon
yourself...

...

I feel humble.
The love undresses
All that in your essence is more frail and feeble
And brings out to the light
And lets to show itself
To that rider through moon smoothly passing

...

Who may bend himself
For bending to you is this, a rising up to Self
Of what is fallen in the humus
And lost is
And is estranged of myself.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce.

Complexio oppositorum

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some beads.

…

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

....

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with a human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Like the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes
all the seen ones
and the unseen.

......

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.

....

All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiercely God was mirroring His glance.

....

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
”Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?”

....

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: ”Let it be there Light!”

....

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

…

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Googledictionary
..te iubesc, dragul meu, puiul meu

...

Love me when night falls

...

Hard night, uninterrupted by steps, voices
Just the sound of pills dropped on the floor...
Nine, two, broke the silence
with their syncopic, lethal fall ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

....

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

Take me, Lord Jesus, be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

Number of pills, one-two, nine, 23
I'm thinking of taking another three - two that fell on the floor
No taste, no smell

and one for deep sleep. A zolpidem. But I need her
and the last driptane
in a film with many pills, all taken
with mistakes and stolen things ...

....

I'm taking the fish's belly. I'm John!
and go out to the white, the raw light, the white light that is to come!
I'm born again, Mom ...

..

I sleep in the bed, I slip in the dream, with tea, I drink on my lips
Quiet, quiet
I sleep in my bed sliding in the dream...
Hold him tightly in the longing, of Jesus.

...
Things are really very messy
There are no options to say...
Except you are with Jesus, you are Jesus
There is not much to say ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

...

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

take me to you, Lord Jesus
Be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

... over dead bodies of dreams ...

Te iubesc și Te doresc,Tudor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea…
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea,Puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea meea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night
As I write I read Kant ...
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ...

..

In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts
- embroidered in outdated languages
Ah, I've told you thousands of times
In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine
Just cold forged
and everything was dressed in white ...

....

It was a deep night - de Profundis
Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold night away.

..

They were heard from nowhere
There were no voices, no footsteps
Only the cough dries in an opportune moment
Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...

...

My forehead was burning with red mist
and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -
although everything is worse than drawing in coal
of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.

...

Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...
No sound, no sound, just moans around
my soul is black and white
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold and distant night.
...
I died! Yeah... I died ...
I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam
Sea when Adonis comes out...

....

Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds
I was sleeping forever
Reading, thinking and writing Kant
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc

Something in the way ...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...
Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor.
...te iubesc, te doresc, puiul meu dulce, Tudor-Victor-Tudor

...

It was a rational night...

It was night, it was raining outside
and my heart was clutching like a claw.
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast
They are like a flower-like an undead
What's going on between us

...

It was night, it was raining outside .....
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes
hot and cold….
question marks in taste were mottled
fruit nozzles

...

in your smile you never started, lost
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...
in dusk in the evening, so sweet
bitter

...

I felt an increasing desire in me
to sink slowly, slowly
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...
question marks popped into your eyes
hot and creamy ...

...

It was a quiet night outside ...
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast
like a flower or an undead
what made his bed in us ...

..

The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy
I don't know where to drink
If you do not know who ...

....

It smells like Jesus Christ ...
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone
At bedtime...

...

The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine
Teddy bear must
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.

.....

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...

...

In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive
I smelled abstract work
You, lambs, children
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -
Friday...

...

Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered
It was silence it was late
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar
A puppy with white fur
I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...

It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples
In my rational cam
The smell of mine and children...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor
and then I took the gun to shoot myself
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter
although it was a rational night
and the dogs barked far outside.

...

fall with the slower through a stream of dark chaos
until I touch the lips of the earth
which I prevented

...

watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea
the soul of the Earth is
it looks great to me ...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puiul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puiul meu.
...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

…

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying

blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.
...
In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...
Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

Translation: Google Translate
Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș
Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Vicor, Puiul meu. Te doresc Dulceața mea,T doredc, Dulceața mea, Te iubesc Puiul meu, Victor. Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Te doresc, Dulcele meu.

The Book of Anime
Painting three

The Sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state, deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the prop sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...
Te doresc șși Te iubesc dulceața mea Victor, Puiul meu.

Michele ...

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...

Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

...

Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind
the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths

As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...
Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

Te iubesc, Michele, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea

Blue skies

...

From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home
It was a rain and windblown
As if he had never seen it before.

...

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...

...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.

...

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white
with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.

...

The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlaz sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle

When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...

He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.

My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this, I would not have believed
On a wind like this

...

This is fine, he smiled
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself
At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

...

and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down

...

and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.
My love

...

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

...

Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

..

Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

..

....

When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

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Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
crying .....
te iubesc, Tudor, dragostea me.

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

.....

In fact it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

....

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.

my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two ruby flames.

.....

He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
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Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two two open petals

lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

…

Michele ...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

…

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

…

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

…

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.
....
Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...

Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

…

Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind

the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

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The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.
Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines

Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey
What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras ...
te iubesc, Michele, te doresc, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor
…

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulceața mea.Te doresc, Puiul meu.

What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras

What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras ...
His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

...

A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

...

...

A young man with dreamlike looks
Youngman who raised rougn perfumes in his tender years
Raised in the shade of the chestnut trees
What their blue flame dripped on idealists

A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

…

…

Eyes black as two silent, soft light
They fly their eyes, feeble and starving
Of mysteries hidden from the hidden unseen
At night and it is cruel death penetrated ...

…

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

Cathy said softly
Like a deep, sweet tremolo of mysteries
With his sweet thin lips soaked in the azure sky
Looking at her with blue, fine eyes.

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

...

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in your arms with your warm poems ...

…

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

…

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, as your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in your barefoot hair!...

…

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

The lovers floated close together
closer to their chest
and sweetly whispered endless love
staring into the eyes with endless sweet longing
while you perish in the distance, in a ship, only the Poet ...
worn endlessly by warm carpet
of tender, extinguished in autumn emotions ...

...

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast

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black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce, Mihai, dulcele și doritul meu puișor.

T iubesc, Puiul meu Victor,Dragulmeu.
Te iubesc și te Doresc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!

...

Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.

...

She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.

...

Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...

...

O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus
It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...

...

While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, different substance of them.

...

Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.

...

His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.

...

When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.

...

Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost,
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.

...

I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars,
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!

...

Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.

...

Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.

...

Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.

...

Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.

...

He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.

...

Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...
His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled
Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubesv, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Puișor.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puișorulmu.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Puiul meu dulce, Tudor, t iubesc, Dragostea mea. Dragostea mea, Puiul meu Dulce, te iubesc, Victoor, Puișor iubit și dorit. Te iubesc, Soțl meu, Te doresc, dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Victor,Tudor, Alin, Mihai. Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

The Book of Anime
Painting four

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

..

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird? te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up

The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

Hos blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

....

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

…

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy

At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..
.
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....

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Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.
..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...
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With a look, full of love, yet sad
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...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

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And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
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Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

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Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

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and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
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With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

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There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
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On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk

The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google translate

The last two strophs are translated by Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Victor

The sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state, deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the prop sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

te iubesc dulcele meu Puișor, dragostea mea.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...
...
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.
...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.
...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...
..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.
..
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.
...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.
...
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, ”Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.
..
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...
...
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...
...
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...
...

...
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals

Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea

Kurt ...

It was a bleak June ...
It had been a good fight this mid-afternoon when Cathy, dressed in her underwear
Silk and heeled shoes
He knocked on Michele's door and his brothers.
No one opened ...
Cathy pressed the door and entered.

...

He had been sitting on the same couch he had known for years.
and wait ...
suddenly, a young man with his hair wrapped
light-chestnut
get out of the bathroom
with blue jeans just below the waist, and with fringes
at the bottom, with the hollow bust
and bare feet.

...

Oh, Kurt ... my dear, forgive me, I have the door
and I went in ...
do nothing, Cathy, the young man smiled
I realized that someone came in ...
otherwise, I would have probably come out empty, he smiled from his full lips
young

...

humming a song and whistling slightly.
Mihai isn't in the house, my dear Cathy
In fact ... all five went to a Book launch
In Victoriei Square ... they will come late ...

...

Then he sat smiling beside her
Nonetheless, resting on the little table tables in front of them.
A glass of water, a sour acid?
I think mineral water would be just fine
Kurt ...

...

Ah, he said turning
Our family of six boys is shaking and with a chair at their head
She's out of her mind
Beautiful and smart girls like you.
Otherwise don't explain my behavior at all
My brothers.

...

Kathy looked at him dreamily.
Slowly, a tear trickled from the corner of his left eye
Running on his cheek.
Oh, my dear, Cathy, don't cry, said the young man abruptly
Becoming serious.

...

There are some morons ... my brothers ... they want to put you
At the test
Then ... I don't know ... not too well
The one you love the most.
you know, they all fell in love.

...

Even so, Cathy, the young man said seriously
Lying on your back ... do you love him more?
Michele, Jack, Dorian, Alain, Michael or ...
Cathy said clearly, looking him in the eye
Imperturbable.

...

Ah! .. the young man said
and a sudden hug
biting his lips to the blood.
Then he draws her to his bare chest
Smooth as a poor baby came out of the bathroom.
Then, suddenly slowing down

...

He dropped his back on the couch in the living room.
No saddle, Cathy, you gotta love me ...
The young man is serious, almost upset.

...

Cathy remained silent for a moment, frozen, watching her
To the silky hair in the rebellious streams, which entered
In the eyes.
My love, she whispered ...
I love you...

...

I love you all, you have an irresistible Soul ...
Then he sighed, pouring water into the glass.

...

Watching her tremble
With tears streaming down his chin
Kurt suddenly felt sorry for her.
My girlfriend, Cathy, don't cry ....
...

Do you want to make love, my love?
I don't know, she said between the sighs, shaking her shoulders.

...

Kurt took her left hand
and brought it slowly to his chest. Under her warm pressure,
his pink nipple hardened, flushing
as a small question mark.

...
Cathy, the younger man spoke
With her hair in her eyes
Leaning over her ...
Then both of them wander across the insatiable frontiers of love
Like two demons,
Like two angels, you possess the immortal soul
Anime ....

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk

Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

…

..
When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

…

.
They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...
..
Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...

His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

…

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.
..
Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...
..
Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.
..
Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...
...
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
...
a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
...
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

…

….
a sweet sweet name Mihai

as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
..
Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.
...
With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.
...
and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.
..
A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...
..
His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.
..
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
…
O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

Te iubesc Victor,Tudor, Alin, Mihau Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Come as you are ....

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
I want you to be ...

...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...
the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...

heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...

....

the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end

Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand
and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words

looking into our eyes
remembering ...

....

slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-obol ...

....

the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?

...

....
Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
..
....
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is
...
So come on as you are...
...
I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon
...
So come as you are ...
...
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

I love you I want you.
...
I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...
...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

…

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan Teiubesc, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea. Te doresc, Puiulmeu.
Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google translate and Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceața mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Something in the way ...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...
The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung
Puiul meu Dulce, Soțul meu Drag, Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Iubirea vieții mele. Te Doresc.Te iubesc Dulcele meu.

The book of Anime II
Painting I

Adonai

The word of death that saves
Slowly on the chest and eyes go up
It is lost in the blue Sea of Atlaz
Like spikes on the cheek.

..
Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.

...

..
Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, cold morning ...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....

..

There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

..

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...

....

and from the chaos of the valleys, in the proud face is closed:
Oh, I come, Lord's night!
By fate it dislodges me!
Give me Freedom to roam
All the cosmic space like a lentil seed

..
Give him Love, hope, mind
In wise remembrance!

..

Oh, young voivode with soft hair
What you adore, your overnights empty
I give them Love and Mind
and many feelings
to look back like before!

...

You ask me for my Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time
To discover even in the Land of the Dead with her
To enter, triumphant n-Olympus!

...
You are my very own Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time.

...

Time of war, cruel hatred and fate
Time of love, of sweetness
and death
Time to do everything I thought
Time to think and think long.

...

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time to sleep
To the great advice of the wise
I give you time for the eternal to reap
To kill the righteous from death.

...

...

For you see the harsh measure of those on Earth:
You make yourself breathless, ice wind
Burning sun and power
and blows their pain!

...
Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time!

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...

...

There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.

...

..
Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...

A beautiful dead man with live eyes
Your look burns me, your eye presses me!

Ars poetica

The brighty horizons are drowning
their smoky clouds
In the white, voluptuous mist sloped at the road edge
The paths from groves are sighing through
The rows of scattered leaves by the blackened
branches.
.....
Silence of beginning of the world and age
The horizon is shaking its silvery ridge
Silvery clay little stars are falling down, mixing out with the
 frozen land.
......
I was passing by on the streets of sometime
Underneath the shadow of the pallid lindens
Old, antique houses are bringing down their silent,
withered air on the alleys.
....
Benches are lying down in the moist air of September
With the mist slipping on their eyes
Which cover lucently and cold, wet drops
Of the cold tender breaking of the dawn.

Quiet hours are flying away
In the milk of an mat, translucent ivory of the darkened fall
and cruelly, secretly, with its eyes of
 smoky alabaster
Blinking underneath the weeped eyelashes
....
And suddenly I felt a stranger, wanderer in the world
Bewildered and alone, and lonely
Happy and sad in my fantastic, timeless world
Flowing my hands and body
Through the lucent mirrors of yesterday

A magical, ideal moment
And a smile which is born from pain and sense
Through the full body of the orange core
 of the Universe
With my without existence etherically pace.
Te iubesc, Victor.

Translation Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

.....

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

....

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

...
In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically.

...

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...

...

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything is pretended

and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

Brahma the one with thousand faces

Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce, puiulmeu.
That evening, after many years, I was writing in my journal
With black covers
About that frightening happening
Lost, in the childhood distant murmuring sight.

Living it again, in a way... It was a strange, grotesque vision
Frightful, if it wouldn't be endowed with
Extreme numinosity.
From the depths, it was calling me the Brahma the one with a thousand faces
Likewise a soft, gentle and bizarre anathema.
...
It was night. Dark outside. My soul was hurting me like a claw
The right hand was helpless to gather itself
And then I wrote
To the pale light from the candlestick
With the angelic nail from the left hand.
..
Not helped neither by the powers of the bull, the lion and the eagle
Which were working around Mark, Peter
And John
I was writing alone.
...
Around me, they were the celestial spirits
Born on the drowning of the aggressive herds
Giving birth in the groups of water
To a second game, more ordered and more pure.
...
Brahma the one with a thousand faces was moving his shapes
With amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling in the depths, from the leaves of the grapeyard
Of the black grapes full.

He was pulling to himself like a whirlpool, vortex, storm, lightning, tornado
The black tide which returns in itself
Through silent rains in myself
Of the longing of eternity, of immortality full
....
I was feeling as to how a force is dragging in the self...
Deeper and deeper. more and more vertiginous
Brahma the one with a thousand faces was changing his faces
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.
...
It was a cruel madness and deep, profound

Of an absolute, dreaming lucidity
As it is the strength of the sharp top rock
As it is the seawater where is more deep.
It was madness, which didn’t exclude the true understanding, acceptance
The absolute, deep knowledge
As it is the strength of the stainless steel
As it is the seawater where it is more deep.
...
I was likewise the trembling cast away light of a candle
Which makes the night more deep and more complete
Ubiquitous and omnipresent
Strong and omnipotent, abstract and in more places at the same time.
...
The Brahma with a thousand faces was calling to himself the light in me
The path to the consciousness
To my being
Where on he wanted as a sacrifice.
..
I was feeling as to how a force is dragging in the self...
Deeper and deeper, more and more vertiginous
Brahma the one with thousand faces were changing His faces
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.

A soft, gentle deity, and frightful
Black, abyssal, shivering
Likewise it is the seawater where is more profound
As it is the strength of the sharp stone edge.
...
Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

Siddharta
(The Euthanasius Isle)

His grave, stillness silence, last of odor honey
Flowing like limpid amphora in night
With depths reverberated in bright, round waters
From the self which in calm waves, in the red nature
Flowed itself.
.....
Underneath warm magnolia in smoke
and the scent
of young woman, pure and clear, of the green mermaid
în rosy waters, of an immaculate white
The depths are circling his forehead lost in thoughts.
.....
Green nature, sparkling whitely in the sun
Under the kiss of warm and goldy rays
or the glittering of moon rays
It's undulating, carried out by the mythical thought.
....

A smile of gratefulness is Life
eternal, like water flowing
From which you are drinking, charmed by its clay pitcher
the smile of death merged with life.
....
enchanted by the slowly slipping off the sun
on starry arch
Lost în the mythical thought, like in the precious
amphora, you flowed down your magnificent body
on rocks surrounded by pure water.
...
.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.
...
Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.
.....
O, don't you see that in Eternal moment
has gathered all the divinity
and in every moment which passes away, is fretting
With a supreme thought the Love
of which is full the Life and Nature?...
......
.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.
.....
Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.
Te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu.
Translate: Natalia Gălățan, Google dictionary

The archetypes and the collective unconscious

I was going with great steps from sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
and whimpering streams passed
they were burning in the valley ...

....

The cuckoo sings twice.

My amoral stone god
There was a river moaning, a mountain, a comb
A gate was made ....

..

I stood with my head in my hands on a large stone:
Who am I, who am I
Who tells me?
...

Passengers in a postcard
I put my foot down
On my northern aurora
Praying beautifully ...

.....

The road was snaking endlessly
On the turbulent waters, it is great
He turned back in the dark.

..
I was walking with great strides towards sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
And maybe the rivers were passing
they were burning in the valley ...

I was silent on the road, in this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The dream of green is here
On this wet bench
Among the splashes falling happy and extinguishing me

On the clothes, on the face, on the hair
On the purse

Smoking a cigarette
Like an old woman brought from behind ...

....

Looking at the sprinkler gentle curtain
Rain falling
With a gentle, unassuming smell
Intensifying the green of the trees
The grass
Of the leaves.

I live the dream of green.
The crucified dream of the cross.

....

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple te iubesc, dulceața mmea, Victr, puiul meu dulce.

te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dulceața mea.
Puiul meu iubit,Tuddor, Te iubesc.

The book of Anime II
Painting II

Complexion of opposites

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some beads.

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond

The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.
....
It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with a human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Likewise the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.
.....
God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes
all the seen ones
and the unseen.
......
Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.
....
All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiery God was mirroring His glance.
....
Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
”Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?”
....
He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: ”Let it be there Light!”
....
Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate
...
Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth
of the Lord's garden.
....
In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphims
With her hair hunted for truth.
...
I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sacred and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

I fall asleep with my hand at random, in short dreams
In which I slip with fear, with terror, with pain ...
Because the dark deity, which whispers

hard to me in the window
With endless love, the soul asks me.
...
A rough, heavy night, dark with harsh, heavy premonitions
In which I fell asleep with the window open
Leaving the deity with the soul of god
and the voice of the beast
To exercise my divine exercises on me ...
....
It's late-night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary

In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.
...
Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
He gave Absolute a new, unexpected, realization
... scary looking
...
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In our silence, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late-night, yellow and timeless
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...
..
Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor.
te doresc.
Animusul meu Victor, dulce.

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack
of flesh and blood
I have come down from the cross
and I live the dream of the green
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones
in the moist, wet benches
...

I live the dream of the green
The dream of the crucified from the cross.
...
The dream of the green is here
On this moist bench
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair
On my handbag
Smoking a cigarette
Like a little old woman brought back...
....
Watching the slow curtain of raindrops
The rain which is falling down
With a gentle, unheard whispering
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass
....
No, it isn't here...
My place
I have run from the cross
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green
I am Jesus.
....

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment, and regrowth.
Te doresc li Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.
Te doresc.

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
..
There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...

..
The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind
and then in a silent frenzy
it is given to the black, the earth ...
..
Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...
They are lost in the streets ...
They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...
I walk between heaven and earth
As if I wanted to
To join them in an indescribable kiss
The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...
..
I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...
I am without eve and without age ...
and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine
of my heart of the indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...
..
It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.
..
Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
Like I want you to be ...
...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...
...
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.
..
Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke, and honey
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...
Until you touch your lips
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
Dragostea și iubirea vieții mele, Victor, Te iubesc.
Te iubesc.

Decoration

Through dark gangs, rats
The decor is forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, beautiful lady ...
...
Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for about a week
Slab-tiled we jump on the sidewalk - Autumn is wearing her
Irresistibly bald ...
...
There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals on the warm sidewalk ...
...
Through dark gangs, rats
The decor is forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, beautiful lady ...
te iubesc, Dulcele meu

There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals on the warm sidewalk ...
...
Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for a week
By the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it
Irresistibly bald ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot

With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of the leaves, of the trees,
of grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God, he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...
I love you and I wish you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc…

Fish bank

Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...

..

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...
....
I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te ubesc, Dulcele meu Victor
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

The book of Anime II
Painting III

Fish bank

Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...

..

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...
....
I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...
.....
In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.
...
The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"

When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...
....
Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...
....
Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two ruby flames.
.....
He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...
....
Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of the worldly poems and temptations ...
.....
In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

…

Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

Te iubesc

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ....
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The blood shots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash .....
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the blood shots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles
why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..

Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...
When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ....
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...
..

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!
...
Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.
...
She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.
...
Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...
...
O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus

It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...
...
While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, the different substance of them.
...
Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.
...
His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.
...
When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.
...
Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost,
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.
...
I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars,
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!
...
Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.
...
Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.
...
Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.
...
Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.
...
He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.
...
Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...

His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled
Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubesv, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Puișor.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puișorulmu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragul meu.

The book of Anime II
Painting III

Fish bank

Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...

..

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...
....
I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...
.....
In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk

On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.
...
The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...
....
Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...
....
Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two ruby flames.
.....
He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

....
Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
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With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

…

Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed

From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

Te iubesc

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ....
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The blood shots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash .....
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the blood shots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles

why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..

Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...
When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ....
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...
..

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!
...
Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.
...
She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.
...
Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...
...
O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus
It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...
...
While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, the different substance of them.
...
Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.
...
His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.
...
When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.
...
Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost,
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.

...
I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars,
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!
...
Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.
...
Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.
...
Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.
...
Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.
...
He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.
...
Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...
His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled
Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubesv, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Puișor.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puișorulmu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea me.

The book of Anime II
Painting IV

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat

like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!
..
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alean and miss
...
and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown
...
Over our embraced bodies -
All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.
..
and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.
..
I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.
...
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alean and miss
...
and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragosta mea.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth

Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
…
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
…
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn’t arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
…
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs

An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...
...
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...
…
...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

With fluid tears ...

I just feel happy that you exist - that it exists
We are both, sweetheart
Two Criști
We tremble in the wagons in the hot night

Moving to unknown destinations ...

..

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

....

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

...
In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically.

...

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...

I desire you and I love you, Victor...
Your soft body is endlessly...

Your soft body is endlessly
from the eyelash of the light risen up... with the tired soul
I seek of the city lights. Red street-candles are swarming
the city, on the old ship is fluttering the veil.
.....
The watch has stopped at zero, I look up to the sunrise
to the reversal zenith
How is it?... language without language
Into the slipstream of Samuel Beckett.
....
The breasts are without a corsage, the eggs are without sheathing
Your soft body is endlessly
from the light eyelash risen up.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Googledictionary
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu. Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puișor iubit.

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light

as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean

like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

..

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alean and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss

their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw

born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...

Over our embraced bodies -
All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

..

and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

..

I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

...

Blue eyes in bloom
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born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragosta mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Sufletul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu scump.Te iubesc și T doresc, Dragostea mea, Odorul sufletului meu.

The book of Anime III
First painting

Dulcișorulmeu, Dulceața mea, Dragste amea Dulce, Arhetipul și Animusul meu, Te doresc și Teiubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Dulceața mea. Puiul meu Tudor, Puiul meu Mihai, Puiul meu Alin. Te iubesc, Dulceașa mea, Iubirea dulca vieții mele. Ddulcele meu Victor, T doresc și Te iubesc, Dragostea me, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Piulmeu, Dragoste mea. Te doresc Victor, Puiul meu.

Come out with the Devil

That morning at noon I went to the cow barn
I should probably clean the stable and collect the eggs
From the nest in the stables

It was a beautiful, hot summer and I was about 12-13 years old
I was small, brunette, skinny
and with the boy cut off on his forehead, he schooled
which at that time I had licked.

....

Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths

Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

...

I go to the pot, my mind a huge vacuum.
A dog gets after me.
He is small with white and brown spots
and I do not know if it was not ours, or only the porch passes us
in search of who knows what.

He was gentle and friendly
That's how I took Michiduță in my arms
and we headed home.

...

In the living room, which rarens the first room of the horses
With glazed square windows
Covering the entire wall from the back yard
I push him into the room and close the door.

...

The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.

...
In the dream that follows the Creature

He moans with his smooth tongue and coarsens in the intimate parts
Feeling pleasure and old, my brain was
In prostitution
I watched the puppy fall into the bottomless pit of my thoughts.
The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.
...

Lying on the bed, I was watching the puppy, which was hanging from the tail, near the door.
I took him in his arms and led him out
and I have never seen him since that day.

..
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths
Who was pulling me down, pulling me down ...

...

I had 33 people.
I was still very sick. I'm going to bring the cows from Comanesti
Or to see them.
I was in a blooming dress.
When suddenly overwhelmed by a memory beyond me
Coming from the depths
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest.
"Excuse me Tomorrow," crying with heavy tears, which were rolling over me
And works.

Forgive me tomorrow, please marry me, Lord
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest
Overwhelmed by the urge to go deep
and it gave way as a blinding light to science.

...
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

My sweet husband
My sweet baby, Lia feels sweet.
I love you
Victor, my sweet baby
I love you and I love you, my dear baby.
Up on Jara

That day Grandmother Lucretia, grandmother from Rosia
She had made us wet, as usual
I mean balm, good for licking
On the fingers .... with cream, milk, maybe cheese
And you pissed.

...

I was with Bujor. I had finished milking the cakes
And we had to go with them
On the Year, the high grade
You climbed chest, up to the Hammer.

......

We ate with lust and we got tired, we and my grandparents
Then we took our buns
of willow
We set out to feed the cows.
I took them first on some beaten paths
Parallel and overlapping

At the wells made by my father, under the ridge of the hill
Let's water them.
Then I started with them chestnut
Let's climb the hill, a steep ridge that climbs
Almost straight up.

.....

I was panting, red in the cheeks, with the chord in one hand
Running for cakes
And we ate them straight up the hill.
They were arranged bright, red, floral, black
besides the fence

From the alley, and soon we reached the upper gate.
In the hammer we breathe easier
And we were looking at the pit bulls, as we said
Boletus, raised from day to day.

....

When I found one more
And especially the little chicks, just cut from the grass

We shouted happy.
Peony called me: Lia, let's see!

And I was running to see the huge python
With a big, raw hat
That grandmother would prepare us with onions
And with cheese.

...

We're going uphill.
From the right, you can hear Mardea's bitch
Lonely and bad mouth
Who had his hut in the meadow, under the foot of the mountain
Barking wild, crushed

Funest, as a preview, under the crowns
The beech forest that gives in front of Prelucii.
To the left lay the forest of firs and beech trees
From under the forehead

A dense forest, where I knew the bear lived.
Soon, while giving the cows
We get to the top.
A straight, beaten path between the two forests.

......

Beyond which, right in front of us, Preluca rose,
first mountain peak.
There, left on a path
The silky cows were beginning to mate

At a small wooden fountain
Then they took to the beaten track on the right
Besides the forest,
Slowly climbing the mountain, he grazed it.

....

Phages, green, with their shady crowns
Of a metallic green
Of a raw green, the trees not too high
High air, so clean

Laying your head down on your back
You admire the sky
On which they ran without stopping the clouds
And you felt happy, as much as your baby's heart
She could understand it.

.....

I can not cover the landscape ...



Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.
..
The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...
.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are ....

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..
My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

....

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

... ..

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished….
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared

I was in Ceriale
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

... ..

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

......

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

....

since then I confuse the seasons….
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
… ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...
...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos

dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
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The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips

Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.
..

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...
.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are ....

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..
My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

....

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

... ..

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished….
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared
...

I was in Ceriale
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

... ..

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

......

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

....

since then I confuse the seasons….
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
… ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

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...
When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

And the merciful king
He also gave me his wife,
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And stew, likewise a clay amphora
Madonna,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
- As a fool's cloak -
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And it's weird then
I threw it into the fire.

initiation

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.
The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphim
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves

in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
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In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...
.....
The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are ....
... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

Noise and anger

I'm asleep ... but I can't sleep ...
I hear strange sounds hitting the window
scared of this rainy summer, strange, silent labyrinth ...
who came early, his hands charred
like late, like broken ...

...
It's raining in the morning ...

The troubled sky casts blue flowers from glittering tomatoes
At the endless red commandment
of the genius hidden in the stars ...

..

It is raining with soot ... with still winter thoughts
With tired freesia
and autumnal ...

..

late nights, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

...
Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
With stars on the shoulders
With dark eyes ...

..

It's raining...
the black sky is left over the earth ...
there came an inextricable sweat, a wind
the black rain fills her salty voice
my soul burns in love as it seems ...

..

My lips can't move
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....
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Until I touch the lips of the earth
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...
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Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc,Victor, Dagostea mea, Piul meu. Te doresc. Puiul meu. Iartă-m, te rog.
I love you, my baby, Victor-Tudor, my sweetness.

The wheel of truth with eight spokes

In the small kindergarten, full of flowers
Of our end
Pavel Cordea
We had gathered to take pictures.

The mother was indescribably young
With round shapes
He remained after birth
In a dress to the knees
How to wear it in the 70's
Of a kind of viscose or silk
Or maybe synthetic material
With white schoolgirl collar.

....

The little green garden was a heavenly paradise
Full of field flowers
Of yellow woods, lettuce and
Margarete
Of violins and bells and flowers with white specks
From many flowers gathered in one place
The smell of which I remember
As a child.

They had a clean, fresh smell
A sweet-bitter fragrance
These flowers
And the whole kindergarten was green grass
Raw, to the ankles
And full of flowers.
.....
We had gathered to take pictures.
It was Titian's birthday
Or my day - because it was spring
I can't remember much.

....
She was beautiful, with strong breasts
Exiting through it
With her hair tight in her neck
And with a strip of natural hair and flowers
Surrounding his forehead.

He was smiling at us, as in a photographer

And I went out near my mother's lap
Which probably held Paula
In arms
Daughter of our eldest son
In my dress like my mother
With white collar

And a hat with a flower
With his head on his back
Smiling with my mouth.
....
That photo, those photos
They have always remained a mystery to me
As with all photos
For which I have a real weakness.
...
Fragments of frozen time
Cuttings from life
Hanging clips, immobile
By recording the imponderable, the ineffable, the indescribable

They have always fascinated me.

...
In one of them
My little brother
In a crochet sweater
He was smiling with his hands hidden behind his back
A boy of about 5-6 years old
Hiding something
And with a good smile
Which I never forgot
Although it has happened before
To do evil.

......
But my mother ... was a small domestic deity
She was the clay herself
Of the supreme deity
Dad with his harsh smile, but good,
A tall, tall man
And athletic

We all recognized him as a master.

My forehead curled
The smile from the soul
In a photograph in which I hold my hand
Straight to the hip
And with the other one brought to the hat
In an exit by itself
So deep, total
As if I knew

That moment will last forever
And with her, all the little kindergarten, Paula, the mother
Peony and Titiana

....
But above all, the thought of giving was what I knew
under the small forehead
bomb
Where he had been trapped
The feeling that it exists.te iubesc, puiul meu

The children were both of us ....

It was a beautiful evening that summer day on Mount Preluca
I and Bujor and I had gone for cakes
cows were moving along horizontal parallel paths
some remained on the mountain, still to graze

others charged the right-hand side of the mountain
to the wooden fountain under the sheepfold of Țariu
and they started to adjust, sipping on each other
stopping at pines and raising the wet muzzle

then drink water again, with regular small swallows.
I was near the top of the mountain
and I admired the sunset, the sky bathed in the sea
of red, orange, red flames

endless degradation ... who knows how many thoughts I have
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Queen!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature

of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

....

Peony had started after the cows, shouting at me for a while
and teaching me what to do ...
I was with the Mount then, with his Archetype ascended
from the holes, which overwhelmed me ....

and I think he, Bujor, was also overwhelmed by this archetype
that he liked to ride the mountains!
who knows how many thoughts I went through
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors

in the sky, white rags of the Snow Refine!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature

of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

.....

Swirling before my eyes. White clouds, white clouds
White typhoon mouths, they imagined different kinds of looks
Flowers, butterflies, angels, gods
God himself the father, with his harsh face thundered above the clouds of heaven!

I was thrilled to admire the sunset
The pains of her world
I hadn't been pissed off yet!
and gasping for the sun, I went out laughing!

....

te iubesc dulcele meu Victpr, puiul meu.
The children were both of us,
My brother and me.
From walnut shells cart with ox
I was doing and starving at him
Old men with horns.

And he was reading Robinson,
He told it to me;
I was building the Vavilon Tower
From playing cards I used to say
And I'm a little silly.

I often went to bathe
In the forest eye,
At the big pond I was coming
And her middle was swimming
On the green island.

From clay there I built,
Of the thick and large reed,
Proud fortress looked at it,
With large tin towers,
With hasty wall.

And my brother as emperor
He gave me my message,
To go to the frogs,
Let's call them to battle
Let's see who's stronger.

And the frog king,
Like a fake oak tree,
You receive the commandment of the people.
The pond is a riot.
And we started war.

Oh my! we caught a lot of frogs
It seems to me the king himself
I locked them in the black tower,
From the green island.
I made peace

And I gave them the way of the frogs,
They jumped with joy,
In the deep, they sank

Not to see him again.
We headed home.

Then I asked for the reward
To my deeds
And my brother appointed me
By the king in the north
Over the Indian people.

The white swan was a dresser,
Marches the worst minister
When I ask him to ask me,
He is a sinister millionaire.
I cordially gathered my paw.

And the merciful emperor
He also gave me his wife
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And the stew, brood,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
As an o-cloak
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And strange then
I threw it in the fire.

And on the block we were getting drunk
Over reed and straw
And we were in the mountains.
With each beat
I marched side by side.

And my head was swollen
Paper helmet.
A handkerchief in a stick,
Battle flag.
I sang: Trararah!

Ah! you went your dreams, you went!
Dead is my brother.
No one closed his eyes
Abroad
Maybe they can open it in the pit!

But often in my dream
Big blue eyes
It lights up a smile
From two you come here
My soul awakens.

I? There's still my heart
From childhood?

....

Ah! it often clutches my mind
An old song.
It sounds like it's whining to me
Sweet in the ear:
World, world and world again!
..
. Taking his brother as a comrade, Greuceanu sets off. A three-day, three-night tip with Faurul-Earth, his cross brother, prepares him for the cunning of the kite. At a crossroads the brothers split up. A knife stuck in the ground and a fairy tale carried by each will have the purpose of telling one about the fate of the other. Returning earlier to the place of separation, Greucean's brother finds the "clean knife", a sign that his brother is healthy, and the Moon and the Sun, in their place in the sky, fill his heart with joy. But this is a moment of anticipation. During this time, Greuceanu, metamorphosed, in turn, into pigeon and fly, is from the kites when they return to the kites from the hunting of the Green Cod (unpopular framework in the popular literature). There follows the battle of the valiant with the three kites, each stronger than the other. The popular author has proven talent both in handling the dialogue between adversaries, which abounds in imprecations (<Ah, I would eat the wolves the horse's flesh!>) And other consecrated expressions (<in swords to cut or in battle to fight>) , as well as in the dynamic description of the dramatic fight with the tartar of the kite. There is an abundance of repetition of consecutive verbs and circumstances of great plasticity: <The kite arrived and they were beaten: in the swords they beat what they beat and the swords broke; in the spears the spikes hit and the spears broke; then they fought: they shook one another, the earth shook; and tighten the kite on Greuceanu ... and then Greuceanu once tightened on the kite, just when he did not expect his bones to run. This fight is not even seen.> With the miraculous help of the crow (reason for the human-living communion), Greuceanu answers the kite and with his little finger from the right hand of the kite - as a key - opens <cul>, releasing the Sun and Month. The hero's gesture gains titanic dimensions: <Take the sun in his right hand and the left in the moon, throw them in the sky and rejoice with great joy.>
The storytelling power of the narrator is surprising. We imagine a true Prometheus holding in hand these vital beings, like toys, and giving them immense joy to mankind. The greatness and nobility of Greuceanu's act find a strong echo in the community: <The people, when they saw the sun and the moon again in the sky, rejoiced and praised God that he gave so much power to Greuceanu to succeed against the foes of humble humanity>. , the hero lives the simple feeling of duty fulfilled: <And he, satisfied that he finished the job, took it on his way ...> te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcișorul meu dulce, Victor.

That night I had been with Bujor on the mountain, on Preluca
After the cows. When we got up
The sun was setting
In a wreath of pink, yellow, orange flames
Reddish.

It was a vault of bright colors
From yellow and orange
Up to red, to purple.
Broken clouds, like little streams of old

Colored by dusk and white
They spread all over the sky, like sifted by a rare sieve.
I went and watered the cattle at the well
wooden
From under Tari's lathe

....

And then we got ready to steer them to the hut.
I stayed on the mountain

Near the peak
Admire the sunset. Who knows how many thoughts

They were in my mind then, contemplating
Clouds, like snowshoes
With shapes of devil flower angels
Of butterflies, even God-Father

Throne on the clouds of heaven.
No doubt I was thinking that God is
Nature, as Baruch Spinoza had said
Centuries before, and rightly so.

....

I didn't know much about God
Than what my experience told me
And this was saying a lot ...
And grandma's psalms, and sister Ellen G. White's books

And the Bible from the time of Carol I
I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees
However, that is from the bark
Till the crust ....

...

I stared at the sky
Getting lost on the horizon, beyond the stallion stud
In a land of fairy tales and stories
Which, strange, the being had ....

...
Te iubesc.

Dragostea mea iubită și Dulce, Dulceața mea, Victor, puiul meu, te iubesc, puișorul meu dulce.
As much as an unnatural thread



That day we were missing our house
to me and my brother Bujor

we were remembering by the noodles so tasty
with chicken soup

and by the light bulb from the kitchen and
from the rooms of the House
for in Rosia we weren't having but a rushlight
or two, a gas lamp which was burning
with gas, trembling

and we had to to go to sleep early...
I was maybe neither 4 years unfulfilled
And Bujor 5.
Besides the wooden log I was pulling Bujor misteriously
by sleeve

Not to be seen by my grandma, and I was telling him:
”Buvo, let's go home, to our mother
to the soup of noodles and to the light bulb!...
I was hated by the state here

I miss the house from Maleia and our mom...”
Bujor was giving from corner to corner
he didn't know what to do
But he was missing too all these.
kids...

....

we don't say anything to our grandparents
we are sneaking besides the log
in the alley
and from there, first slowly, and then faster and faster
we pass the first wooden fence
in the orchard of Mitră

then the little wooden stack
and we are taking down through the orchards.
we were running as hard we could
with our little, petty steps, and I was leaving myself
to slip down the valley, too.

When I became tired, I cried to Bujor:
”Wait for me, Buvo, hold on!...”
soon we pass the last fence which was separating
the orchard of Tariu by that of Marina
of Tulea.

We arrive at the wooden gate with arches too
where on we give it a good one
as much as we could sneak on the other side
then we pass besides the wooden lodge, like an ugly skeleton
with an air of sadness and ruin

from the lap of the Pisc
and we are starting running on the plain place
besides the little stream of Rosia,
as long as our powers were
....
Bujor was running in front of me. We were wet of sweating
sweat, with red cheeks.
But we didn't leave at all.
We were having both of us good legs
by children of peasants.

healthy and pretty sturdy.
Bujor was stopping, wih the worried look
when I could't run anymore
and he was waiting for me. We were getting rest a while
and then we were starting again.

the way home was long -
path of four hours of fast walking on foot.
We arrive in the village Rosia too
and then Bujor makes me attentive
that I have to listen to him.

The main street which was leading, on the left, to Petrosani
and where it was a crossroad too
to Petrila
was then, in the section from the left of the road
in construction.

Bujor was saying to me: ”Do not jump on the bricks
because you will fall down and
you're hitting yourself!...”
But still, I was sometimes jumping on the bricks
and I hit my head.

I broke my head in his softness.
Bujor was scared, concerned: ”You see if you didn't
listen to me!...
You broke your head!..:”

We aren't walking straight through the center
but we turn to the little street
with the small neighbourhood of houses
whch was giving just to Maleia street, and besides the old
commissariat

there, on that street, a militiaman
is stopping us and ask me what happened to me...
”I broke my head!....” I tell him through tears
especially when I give my fingers through my hair
and I discover blood.

....

Bujor explains to him that soon we arrive home.
On Maleia street
Between the little houses of gipsies
and of Hungarians
With the little gates and fences tall, we arrive
at home.

....

The parents are at work. I am happy.
The grandma from Cimpa, Elena, Ilina how she was called
bandages softly, gently the softness of my head
and hide it under the hair.

....
The parents are surprised and astonished.
we explain to them with a luxury of details
How the ”trip” went
At the light of the light bulb in the kitchen.
We seemingly eat noodles, too...

....
We were two brave kids both of us
Who were making, without a car, the road from Rosia
at home.
And for how many times we did it again by then
on foot, two way!...

Dragostea mea, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu. Dragostea mea dulce, Puiul meu iubit
Soțul meu iubit, Puiul meu dulce,
Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Dulceața mea, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Miss Christina



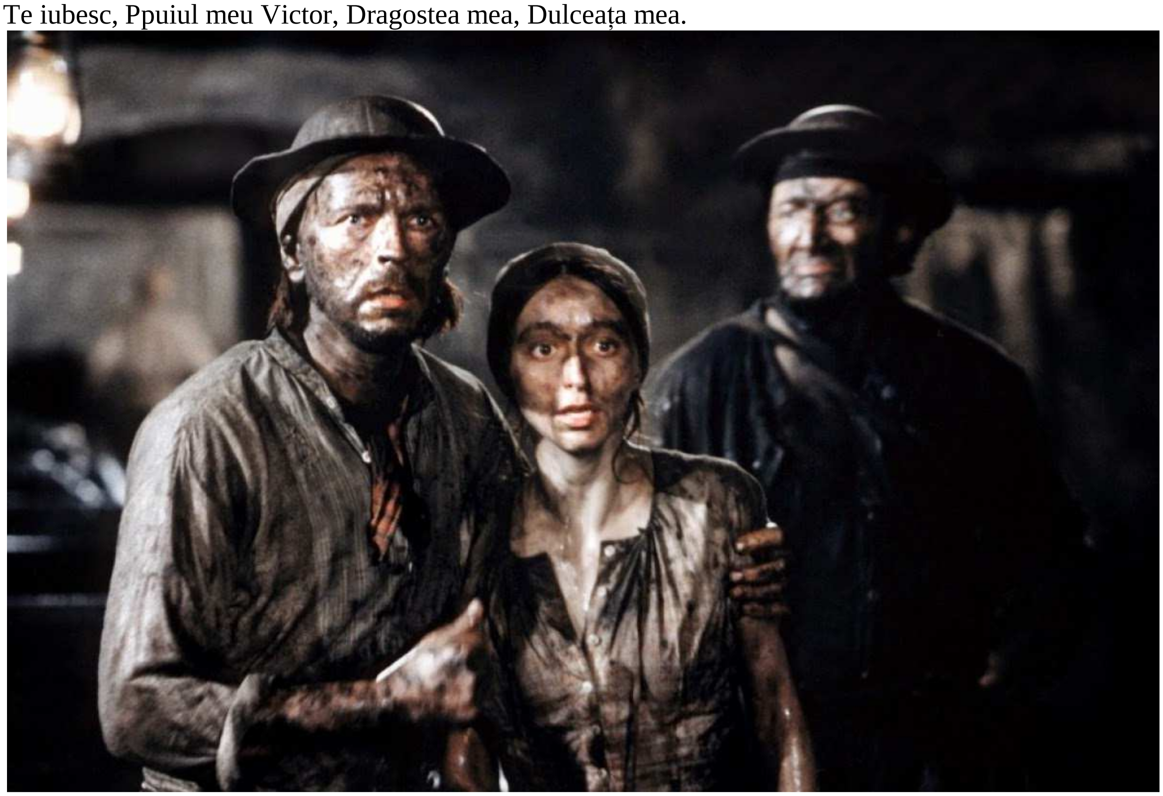
The carriage was squeezing out the holes from the
metallic wheels
On the paveled alley
Whereon red leaves were darkening
over the ground
Of the trees sweet temptation.
.....
It was going clocking slowly and slowly
And has stopped at the gate
And from the carriage got off obsolete
The queen of the night dead.
....
With blond hair of flaxen in strands
Which disheveled is falling down over the cheek
And as the silky thin her pallid face.
....
Her large wided eyes likewise the steel sky
Of the fall
Are smiling like an enigma
From which an infatuated youngman
Her sweet pale soul to catch himself.
.....

She's mourning.
The black dress from fine dentelery
Falls over her body, covering its shapes
At her neck white pearl string
Are kissing tenderly her pearly skin.
....
Thin, fine
Covered by flimsy veils
Which hide, letting down only to be seen
Her bluish sharks
Under the thin and faded skin.
....
O, no, Her dead eyes are gittering deliriously
And she seems a white phantom
Which is passing through the forest.
....
The coachman took off his cap
And opening the door
Gives to her his right arm to gett off
The carriage.
....
With soft gestures she took off her gloves
She looked around likewise from
Another world
But everything is truely...
Everything is alive, is breathing full of life
Just her face seems wilderness
Of some mad...
....
The antique house with the wooden shutters
And arcades of wrought iron
Opens its eyes
To the whitish springtime of fall.
....
In the old barn a dreamy girl
With blond, sunny stalks of hair
Playing with a cloth puppet
Looking around her with her vivid eyes

Dressed up modestly
And in her legs wearing out crocheted sandals
Is hearing suddenly the voices
And shyly comes to show herself.
....
I am Christina
Tell to my rebelious june
That I haven't died... as maybe he is thinking...
I am waiting for him this night in the forest
But watch out not to be stolen
from sleep...
....
Tell him that I'm waiting for him
There where we were kissing under phrenetic waves

Of leaves of jade and snow
But certainly to come....
For I know mild and good litle girl
That I myself I am his eye-light...
...
He's longing for me to sigh
I hear, I feel him in the night then when
It s getting down the moon as a firing place full of hot ash
Filling out with a faded light
The springtime air...
.....
She moved herself on her kneels and left away.
The veil pulled itself out of her neck
And was slipping like the leaf
To the ground
Whist the rebelious wind was scattering
A fist of leaves in wind.

Hot potatoes
Te iubesc, Ppuiul meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.



In the old kitchen
With an old furniture, painted for some times
In white
With wooden floor, covered by linoleum
Are staying around the table
By the window, the members of the family.

...
Father, in the first place, in the head of the table

With his large back
And the legs apart
Likewise the manly people use to stay
The wife, in the middle
Surrounded by children
A little boy and a girl.
...
They are having their dinner.
If I can say this way.
They are eating the meal.
An imppoverished meal, eaten with appetite
By the whole family:
Potatoes with cheese.
......
Boiled potatoes, peeled by shell
With cow cheese.
Steams are raising up from the pot
Put on the table
And from the warm, almost hot potatoes
Which the family is eating, almost on the unmixed
And swallows them.
.....
An old image.
An old kitchen
With the furniture ready to fall apart
But warmed up by each member of the family
By the hot steams
Which come out from the potatoes
And nevertheless not too old
Since I myself
I was one of the children

I am one of the adults
Which stay around the same old table
Eating with that unsatiable appetite
Of the hungry
The impoverished meal from the table.

Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc, Puiul meu, și te iubesc.

Out of time

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time

One of me from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surrealistic drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
It is the canvas of Time painted out of date.

...
and then you approach me with stones and cue

I take the words and drown them in the sea
the moon whistles, a sunrise and a pretense of great love.

...

When with light claws
One morning he'll kill his dream
Will you cry a lot or smile? ...
I will be as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You do not know that he lays muddy lakes at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then - close to the stones and cue, I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise and a preface
in a great love.
I love you, Victor, the emu chicken.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
.. One of me from the beginning of the world, painted in a somewhat surrealist drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
On the canvas of the painted Old Time.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time
Red rocks rose in the sky
Throwing their tips to the caaract.

...

Silence. All drowned by aridity here.
Cracks, deep, crawl to the face of the earth.
Everything burns, runs out of front of the eye
In moving waters like a sea
With the heat it is dry, fierce, which cools the eye.

...

Time enters the gate of eternity slowly.
Eternal visual illusion, great cosmic illusion.

When with light claws
Will one morning kill his dream, wander long, or smile?
I will be, as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You don't know that in the mud lake at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then you approach me with stones and a cue
I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise dawns and turns it into a great love.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness.

Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Victor. Te iubsc, dulcele meu Victor..

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.
...
It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape

The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Ferocius beasts...

Flying at high altitude
My soul suddenly rises into the sky, fearful, frightened
Looking in the sea of light that flowed through the clouds.
Wild beasts swarmed the earth
Fierce, out of mind.
The world is just an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
a strange crossing and twisting of realities
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my race I have met all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

My body was devoured by the feasts
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography you float like waves of clouds over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Traveled in art and other, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit into the arms of the frightened crowd
Among the strings of the dead and the living
They are the past, the present and the transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Waves of crunch stir the crowd
I was devoured by their arms
My body was devoured by the feasts

and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

Oh, irony has a sad world, reader ...

Going through the cold steps towards the orbits of light
In a sad and autumnal setting
I found myself crying, laughing
The humor of the boreal world.

...

Oh, irony has a sad world reader
Missing is heart and spleen
It confuses grotesque things
and the non-nun with the pliant world.

..

..

Through the high garden full of chairs
With weeds and weeds
The devil found the cure
Himself with nine nephews.

..

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
and the shadow, like a beast, melts away.

..

From my once-rich mane -
She caught a little French girl
and out of nine fish how many fist
no bones left.

...

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
and the shadow, like a beast, melts away.

..
From my former beauty -
he was no more than a great writer
and from the creeping swamp

a sad flower in his forehead flew.

...

Through the high garden full of chairs
With weeds and weeds
The devil found the cure
Himself with nine nephews.

..

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Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
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Oh, irony has a sad world reader
Missing is heart and spleen
It confuses grotesque things
and the non-nun with the pliant world.te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor.
Indifernt de conseciințe, cei care sunt sinceri cu ei înșiși ajung mai departe în viață.
Te iubesc,Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea.
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Dulcelemeu, Dragostea mea.

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.
..

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...
.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are ....

... we were defending and disappearing

In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..
My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

....

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

... ..

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished….
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared
...

I was in Ceriale
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

... ..

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes

green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

......

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

....

since then I confuse the seasons….
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
… ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...
...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

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With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

And the merciful king
He also gave me his wife,
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And stew, likewise a clay amphora
Madonna,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
- As a fool's cloak -
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And it's weird then
I threw it into the fire.

A poetry


In the green garden, full to refusal
with yellow dandelions
flowering lettuce and blooming clover
as we were calling them ourselves
I had retired that May day, in a beautiful
spring

to write my compositions.
laid down in he grass.
Maybe I was five, six years old
maybe less, maybe more
I don't know.

....
But I was trying with the blunt top of my pencil
To write my little, childish poems.
Sure I didn't know by then

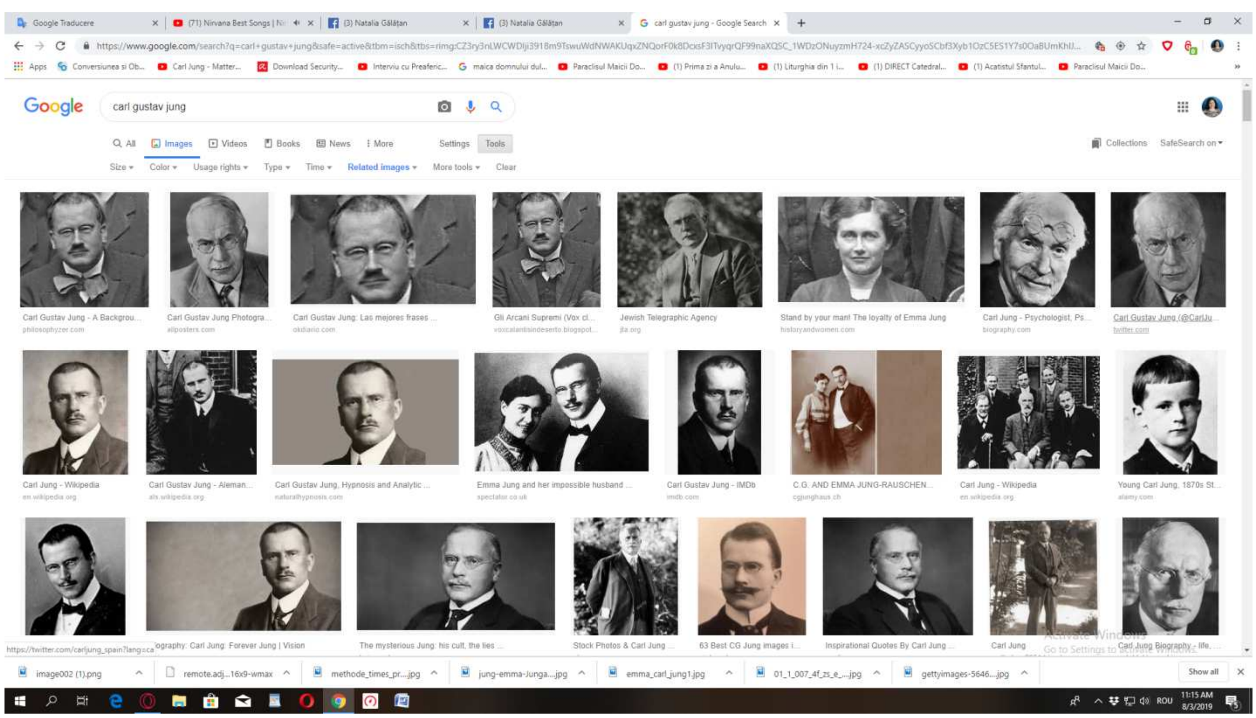
what to write and about what, and how to write
I was having only a little notebook
with little squares (of mathematics)
and the blunt peak from my pencil.
.....
I made myself a garland of yellow dandelions
And I was writing about flowers
and butterflies

They were trying me misunderstood longings
and in the notebook I was lying
another row or two.

.....
disparated words, meaningless
but how deep was trying me the thrill of inspiration
the thought without apparent sense
Anima Mundi, the soul of the world
was bending over me...
....
My greatest admiration was for the writers.
I loved them from all my heart
and there were fascinating me the tales I was reading
fairy-tales

and even novels.
I was thinking I will be a great novelist
a great writer
But still... that day, with my garland on my forehead
I was smiling, unconscious, happily
to a poetry...

..
Visions ...



By far my blue eye was waving in the sky
Far away the arch was a flowing water, a sea
Far from it was the smoke of a ship
Far as if it were an unrecognizable cloud ...

The sun in your eyes set in my hair
With their dirty things
Of visions, presences or other worlds ....
...
The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a haughty, beloved actor ...
.....

The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are ....

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..

puiul meu dulce, te iubesc, Victor
My face in the rain
(There were those rosy roses)



It was a tall church in Gothic style
Of catholic rite, in the little stoned square
....
I was making a layover there
In my way home.
.....
The iron bells were beating with a grave,
vibrant sound
reverberated in surroundings
Which it seemed that there were breathing
The air of holiday
....
It was a wedding
My weeding, of course
I had arrived till seven in the evening at home
I had arrived at time...
....
Just in time to enter in the weeding room
With Florin
My enigmatic beloved.
...
The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the celestial groom and of the
chthonic bride
Carrying the ointment in the censer.
.....
It was that air
between yellow and grey, between orange and cinder
between sun and shadow
There were those rosy roses

and the geraniums, red, yellow, pink, orange
which were hanging by the windows sills
flowing flowers
on the bride forehead, dressed in white.
......
It was much surrealism there
in that little square, and the church was unatterable beautiful
the bells were ringing
with their armonious, grave, melodious
 sound
...
Everything was having a loosely air of unfinished...
destiny and pure chance
history and time out
...
I was passing by my own wedding
I was and I wasn't there
I was appearing and disappearing, you were appearing
and disappearing

iartă-mă, puiul meu. te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Prelude



te iubesc, puiul meu.

I was in Ceriale
In that bright, gentle, goldy fall
At the shores of the Ligurian Sea
Where in the bizarre details of a parallel world
Were troubling me so much
That I decided to go to Milan.

...
There wasn't a train at that hour in the little town
peaceful
Seemingly forgotten by the world.
...
Passsing by the little railway station
Drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and the green sashes
I heard the bells beating.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a sweet odour of flowers
and of spring
The enchanting trees were blossomed.
...
restless, I asked an old lady
who was passing on the little street
drowned in the white sun of the afternoon:
”Do not mind, madam, what day is today?...
”today it's Saturday...”

...
since then I confuse the seasons
The fall with the spring
And it always seems to me...
that the bronze bells are beating for me

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...
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out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...
...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....te iubesc, Victor

Te iubesc, puiul emu...
...

Pe umerii tăiapuneau cu flăcri de foc stelele
În părul tău se jucau nebune, ielele....

Visions ...

By far my blue eye was waving in the sky
Far the arch was a flowing water, a sea
Far from it was the smoke of a ship
Far as if it were an unrecognizable cloud ...

The sun in your eyes set in my hair
With their dirty things
Of visions, presences or other worlds ....
...
On the shoulders the stars were burning with flames of fire
In your hair was playing crazy, elel ....
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...Te iubesc Puiulmeu Drag, Dragostea mea.

Deus absconditus and Satan

I wanted 12, 13 years ... I think I was 13 years old.
I had started that Friday afternoon to clean the stables
Tomorrow was the Sabbath, and we were not allowed to work.
Specifically to get the manure out of the stable
Just pile it up.
Grandma did not cook on Saturday, do not wash or sweep.
and went down with my grandfather to the Adventist church in the city.
Dress and cook beautifully as a holiday.
....
I was alone with Bujor, who didn't know where he was.
I cleaned both rooms in the stable
Gathering the manure in the middle

Then I went out to throw them.
...
I was passing over the sunburnt wooden bridge, white
and fresh or dried manure
to throw, on the small log of wood
what started transversely
at the top of the dry manure pile.
...
Under my steps, the beam sinks a little into the urine of the cattle
Green pike circles
Floating blue from the sunlight that August
and I throw them carefully, with the shovel
from the middle of the pile, towards the foot.
....
Tired, finishing the job, I still admire the work done.
The large, green, glossy fly grass flies
They had gathered on the fresh manure
and they suggested it.
...
Screwed I turn my eyes
To the piss that was rolling green, like stains of diesel.
I felt something uneasy ... a voice that spoke to me from the deep
and called me into the background.

I was, like a spell-spell, of an incomprehensible charm
Of fear and horror
Feeling pulled harder and stronger down.
In the next pile, dry
It was the cat killed by his grandfather with the shovel
and buried there in hiding.

I was horrified at this thought
But also understanding for the poor grandfather, who was otherwise
A good man.
She gave them milk in small cans
Cats in the alleys.
...
Screwed I turn my eyes
To the piss that was slamming into the verses, like stains of diesel.
I felt something uneasy ... a voice that spoke to me from the deep
and called me into the background.

I was, like a spell-spell, of an incomprehensible charm
Of fear and horror
Feeling pulled harder and stronger down.
..
The large, green, glossy fly grass flies
They had gathered on the fresh manure and were flying, buzzing, orbiting the sun.
From place to place
and they suggested it.
...
That incident imprinted me bitterly and painfully in my mind
Like my first date
With the Devil
The first, more deadly, more foreshadowing of misfortunes

and full of the misunderstanding of charm
of these wild places

in the deafening silence of the sun
there when everything curved like a bridge of time
cast by God in the center of his Creation -
for I was sure God had witnessed it
to all this

and later her grandmother, who received me between her legs
begging for his protection - who she was
strong -
and telling her in a voice full of emotion everything that happened.
...
In the depths of his work we recognize, beyond laughter, a sadness, that the world is so, and not otherwise, how it could be, how good, beautiful and true it may be. And above all, above all, the amoral joy of existence, an artistic vision that transcends good and evil, to rise in aphrodisiac drunkenness of laughter and perpetual ecstasy. Of course, whoever loves Caragiale can only hate it, we must all recognize it. Unlike Chekhov, in which humor and irony know an endless degree, in which the sad tenderness takes on the most diverse shades, in Caragiale everything becomes specifically Romanian, Balkan and oriental, as well as the differences between night and day. Everything becomes white or black, an explosion of light and color, laughter from the foundations, which shakes the foundations of the being. An endless summer day, with a great heat as an oven, in which we are drunk, in our own and figuratively, by the grandeur and smallness of our existence of little amoral life, located somewhere at the beginning of history, where the laughter was laughed, the weeping was crying, nature was eternal, immaterial and endless the gallery of human types.
I love you, my baby my sweet.

Victor, puiul meu, Te iubesc, dulceața mea, dragostea mea.
TeDoresc șși Te iubesc, Victor, copilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

The Volcano



Te iubesc, Victoor,Dulceața mea, Puiul meu. Dragostea ea, iartă-m, Te rog, Puiul meu, pentru viața mea amărâtă.Te iubesc.

It was a beautiful evening that summer day on Mount Preluca
I and Bujor and I had gone for cakes
cows were moving along horizontal parallel paths
some remained on the mountain, still to graze

others charged the right-hand side of the mountain
to the wooden fountain under the sheepfold of Țariu
and they started to adjust, sipping on each other
stopping at pines and raising the wet muzzle

then drink water again, with regular small swallows.
I was near the top of the mountain
and I admired the sunset, the sky bathed in the sea
of red, orange, red flames

endless degradation ... who knows how many thoughts I have
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Queen!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature

of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!
....
Peony had started after the cows, shouting at me for a while
and teaching me what to do ...

I was with the Mount then, with his Archetype ascended
from the holes, which overwhelmed me ....

and I think he, Bujor, was also overwhelmed by this archetype
that he liked to ride the mountains!
who knows how many thoughts I went through
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Refine!

my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature
of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!
.....
Swirling before my eyes. White clouds, white clouds
White typhoon mouths, they imagined different kinds of looks
Flowers, butterflies, angels, gods
God himself the father, with his harsh face thundered above the clouds of heaven!
I was thrilled to admire the sunset
The pains of her world
I hadn't been pissed off yet!
and gasping for the sun, I went out laughing!
....
te iubesc dulcele meu Victpr, puiul meu

The children were both of us,
My brother and me.
From walnut shells cart with ox
I was doing and starving at him
Old men with horns.

And he was reading Robinson,
He told it to me;
I was building the Vavilon Tower
From playing cards I used to say
And I'm a little silly.

I often went to bathe
In the forest eye,
At the big pond I was coming
And her middle was swimming
On the green island.

From clay there I built,
Of the thick and large reed,
Proud fortress looked at it,
With large tin towers,
With hasty wall.

And my brother as emperor
He gave me my message,
To go to the frogs,

Let's call them to battle
Let's see who's stronger.

And the frog king,
Like a fake oak tree,
You receive the commandment of the people.
The pond is a riot.
And we started war.

Oh my! we caught a lot of frogs
It seems to me the king himself
I locked them in the black tower,
From the green island.
I made peace

And I gave them the way of the frogs,
They jumped with joy,
In the deep, they sank
Not to see him again.
We headed home.

Then I asked for the reward
To my deeds
And my brother appointed me
By the king in the north
Over the Indian people.

The white swan was a dresser,
Marches the worst minister
When I ask him to ask me,
He is a sinister millionaire.
I cordially gathered my paw.

And the merciful emperor
He also gave me his wife
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And the stew, brood,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
As an o-cloak
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And strange then
I threw it in the fire.

And on the block we were getting drunk
Over reed and straw

And we were in the mountains.
With each beat
I marched side by side.

And my head was swollen
Paper helmet.
A handkerchief in a stick,
Battle flag.
I sang: Trararah!
Ah! you went your dreams, you went!
Dead is my brother.
No one closed his eyes
Abroad
Maybe they can open it in the pit!

But often in my dream
Big blue eyes
It lights up a smile
From two you come here
My soul awakens.

I? There's still my heart
From childhood?
....
Ah! it often clutches my mind
An old song.
It sounds like it's whining to me
Sweet in the ear:
World, world and world again!
..
. Taking his brother as a comrade, Greuceanu sets off. A three-day, three-night tip with Faurul-Earth, his cross brother, prepares him for the cunning of the kite. At a crossroads the brothers split up. A knife stuck in the ground and a fairy tale carried by each will have the purpose of telling one about the fate of the other. Returning earlier to the place of separation, Greucean's brother finds the "clean knife", a sign that his brother is healthy, and the Moon and the Sun, in their place in the sky, fill his heart with joy. But this is a moment of anticipation. During this time, Greuceanu, metamorphosed, in turn, into pigeon and fly, is from the kites when they return to the kites from the hunting of the Green Cod (unpopular framework in the popular literature). There follows the battle of the valiant with the three kites, each stronger than the other. The popular author has proven talent both in handling the dialogue between adversaries, which abounds in imprecations (<Ah, I would eat the wolves the horse's flesh!>) And other consecrated expressions (<in swords to cut or in battle to fight>) , as well as in the dynamic description of the dramatic fight with the tartar of the kite. There is an abundance of repetition of consecutive verbs and circumstances of great plasticity: <The kite arrived and they were beaten: in the swords they beat what they beat and the swords broke; in the spears the spikes hit and the spears broke; then they fought: they shook one another, the earth shook; and tighten the kite on Greuceanu ... and then Greuceanu once tightened on the kite, just when he did not expect his bones to run. This fight is not even seen.> With the miraculous help of the crow (reason for the human-living communion), Greuceanu answers the kite and with his little finger from the right hand of the kite - as a key - opens <cul>, releasing the Sun and Month. The hero's gesture gains titanic dimensions: <Take the sun in his right hand and the left in the moon, throw them in the sky and rejoice with great joy.>

The storytelling power of the narrator is surprising. We imagine a true Prometheus holding in hand these vital beings, like toys, and giving them immense joy to mankind. The greatness and nobility of Greuceanu's act find a strong echo in the community: <The people, when they saw the sun and the moon again in the sky, rejoiced

and praised God that he gave so much power to Greuceanu to succeed against the foes of humble humanity>. , the hero lives the simple feeling of duty fulfilled: <And he, satisfied that he finished the job, took it on his way ...> te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcișorul meu dulce, Victor.

That night I had been with Bujor on the mountain, on Preluca
After the cows. When we got up
The sun was setting
In a wreath of pink, yellow, orange flames
Reddish.

It was a vault of bright colors
From yellow and orange
Up to red, to purple.
Broken clouds, like little streams of old
Colored by dusk and white

They spread all over the sky, like sifted by a rare sieve.
I went and watered the cattle at the well
wooden
From under Tari's lathe
....
And then we got ready to steer them to the hut.
I stayed on the mountain
Near the peak
Admire the sunset. Who knows how many thoughts
They were in my mind then, contemplating
Clouds, like snowshoes

With shapes of devil flower angels
Of butterflies, even God-Father
Throne on the clouds of heaven.
No doubt I was thinking that God is
Nature, as Baruch Spinoza had said
Centuries before, and rightly so.
....
I didn't know much about God
Than what my experience told me
And this was saying a lot ...
And grandma's psalms, and sister Ellen G. White's books
And the Bible from the time of Carol I
I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees
However, that is from the bark
Till the crust ....
...
I stared at the sky
Getting lost on the horizon, beyond the stallion stud
In a land of fairy tales and stories
Which, strange, the being had ....
...

Te iubesc.



Out of time

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time

One of me from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surrealistic drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
It is the canvas of Time painted out of date.

...
and then you approach me with stones and cue
I take the words and drown them in the sea
the moon whistles, a sunrise and a pretense of great love.

...

When with light claws
One morning he'll kill his dream
Will you cry a lot or smile? ...
I will be as your love wants it

As your soul demands.

...

You do not know that he lays muddy lakes at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then - close to the stones and cue, I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise and a preface
in a great love.
I love you, Victor, the emu chicken.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
.. One of me from the beginning of the world, painted in a somewhat surrealist drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
On the canvas of the painted Old Time.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time
Red rocks rose in the sky
Throwing their tips to the caaract.

...

Silence. All drowned by aridity here.
Cracks, deep, crawl to the face of the earth.
Everything burns, runs out of front of the eye
In moving waters like a sea
With the heat it is dry, fierce, which cools the eye.

...

Time enters the gate of eternity slowly.
Eternal visual illusion, great cosmic illusion.

When with light claws
Will one morning kill his dream, wander long, or smile?
I will be, as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You don't know that in the mud lake at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then you approach me with stones and a cue
I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise dawns and turns it into a great love.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness.

Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Victor. Te iubsc, dulcele meu Victor..

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.
...
It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

I love you, my love.
I love you, my baby, my sweet baby, my dear.
God absconditus

It was noon, past noon. I had taken the cakes me and Bujor
From the large bypass behind the stables
Towards the two fountains, then climbing the end of Don Jara
More grazing, more giving after them
On the Hammer and then on Mount Preluca.

..

I eat noon. We had passed the large wooden gate
On the arches, in the herd of cattle.
There, with a flat shovel, used for removal
Or took the garbage

and with a small flask, we cleaned the calves of the cattle.
Pulling them on the shovel
and then throwing them over the high pile of dry garbage
crushed by weeds, chests and sap.

...
It was a beautiful summer, and I was in high school
Or maybe I was already a student.
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence

Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground.
I liked what I was doing. I mean, I wasn't upset
Too loud
It was a job that someone had to do
and that had to be done.

...

When I'm done, be careful that there's nothing left
and the dusty place, like the floor of a clay house, beaten
it was clean as a slap.
I sighed gratefully, and went to the bottom of the fence
Handled with curiosity.

There, in the shadow of the tall trees, it was cool.
Growing grass and marsh weeds
The eyes of the ox and the small caress daisies resembled the camomile.

...

No doubt Rosia was enchanting me.
But it was a dangerous land, laden with deadly presences
Which were not revealed to the soul at once
You were just guessing them, bending over

In the careless, trivial dimension of reality.
I kept my eyes on the bulls eye, making all kinds of associations

All spinning around an unknown core.
Then the mash dried by the garbage

The back part of the stables sun-burnt, gray-gray
At times white made me tense.
It was a beautiful Roşia place
Full of peace, full of bitterness
Full of serenity

Like a crime that happened many years ago there
and everything was buried under the dry garbage ...
as a memory of other times, of other realms,
with other gods.

...
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence
Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground.
Te iubesc. Te doresc, puiul emu.

.. ..

1. Real is a totalizing concept, which includes all the other concepts discussed so far. Real refers to a superficial reality or the ultimate reality. Real means living the sacred, participating in the myth, the sacred time and space. Real means hierophany, manifestation of the sacred in the world. "Whatever he does, he (the profane man) is an heir. He cannot completely abolish the past, for he is himself a result of his past. It is formed by a series of denials and denials, but continues to be harassed by the realities it has denied or denied; in order to conquer a world of his own, he desacralized the world in which his ancestors lived; but in order to do this, he was forced to adopt a previous pattern of behavior, and that behavior is still present in him, from an emotional point of view, in one form or another, ready to be updated in his deepest being. . "(Mircea Eliade).

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Copilul meu Dulce.

Come out with the Devil

Te iubesc, Puiulmeu, Dulcele meu, Odorulmeu Scump și Sfânt.



That morning at noon I went to the cow barn
I should probably clean the stable and collect the eggs
From the nest in the stables

It was a beautiful, hot summer and I was about 12-13 years old
I was small, brunette, skinny
and with the boy cut off on his forehead, he schooled

which at that time I had licked.

....

Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths

Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

...

I go to the pot, my mind a huge vacuum.
A dog gets after me.
He is small with white and brown spots
and I do not know if it was not ours, or only the porch passes us
in search of who knows what.

He was gentle and friendly
That's how I took Michiduță in my arms
and we headed home.

...

In the living room, which rarens the first room of the horses
With glazed square windows
Covering the entire wall from the back yard
I push him into the room and close the door.

...

The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.

...
In the dream that follows the Creature
He moans with his smooth tongue and coarsens in the intimate parts
Feeling pleasure and old, my brain was
In prostitution
I watched the puppy fall into the bottomless pit of my thoughts.
The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.

What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.
...

Lying on the bed, I was watching the puppy, which was hanging from the tail, near the door.
I took him in his arms and led him out
and I have never seen him since that day.

..
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths
Who was pulling me down, pulling me down ...

...

I had 33 people.
I was still very sick. I'm going to bring the cows from Comanesti
Or to see them.
I was in a blooming dress.
When suddenly overwhelmed by a memory beyond me
Coming from the depths
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest.
"Excuse me Tomorrow," crying with heavy tears, which were rolling over me
And works.

Forgive me tomorrow, please marry me, Lord
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest
Overwhelmed by the urge to go deep
and it gave way as a blinding light to science.

...
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Te iubesc, Victor, ragulmeu, Puiuleu.
.
Up on Jara

That day Grandmother Lucretia, grandmother from Rosia
She had made us wet, as usual

I mean balm, good for licking
On the fingers .... with cream, milk, maybe cheese
And you pissed.

...

I was with Bujor. I had finished milking the cakes
And we had to go with them
On the Year, the high grade
You climbed chest, up to the Hammer.

......

We ate with lust and we got tired, we and my grandparents
Then we took our buns
of willow
We set out to feed the cows.
I took them first on some beaten paths
Parallel and overlapping

At the wells made by my father, under the ridge of the hill
Let's water them.
Then I started with them chestnut
Let's climb the hill, a steep ridge that climbs
Almost straight up.

.....

I was panting, red in the cheeks, with the chord in one hand
Running for cakes
And we ate them straight up the hill.
They were arranged bright, red, floral, black
besides the fence

From the alley, and soon we reached the upper gate.
In the hammer we breathe easier
And we were looking at the pit bulls, as we said
Boletus, raised from day to day.

....

When I found one more
And especially the little chicks, just cut from the grass
We shouted happy.
Peony called me: Lia, let's see!

And I was running to see the huge python
With a big, raw hat
That grandmother would prepare us with onions
And with cheese.

...

We're going uphill.
From the right, you can hear Mardea's bitch
Lonely and bad mouth
Who had his hut in the meadow, under the foot of the mountain
Barking wild, crushed

Funest, as a preview, under the crowns
The beech forest that gives in front of Prelucii.
To the left lay the forest of firs and beech trees
From under the forehead

A dense forest, where I knew the bear lived.
Soon, while giving the cows
We get to the top.
A straight, beaten path between the two forests.

......

Beyond which, right in front of us, Preluca rose,
first mountain peak.
There, left on a path
The silky cows were beginning to mate

At a small wooden fountain
Then they took to the beaten track on the right
Besides the forest,
Slowly climbing the mountain, he grazed it.

....

Phages, green, with their shady crowns
Of a metallic green
Of a raw green, the trees not too high
High air, so clean

Laying your head down on your back
You admire the sky
On which they ran without stopping the clouds
And you felt happy, as much as your baby's heart
She could understand it.

.....

Te iunsc, Dulcele meu Victor, MântuitorulSufletului meu.

Brahma the one with thousand faces

That evening, after many years, I was writing in my journal
With black covers

About that frightening happening
Lost, in the childhood distant murmuring sight.

Living it again, in a way... It was a strange, grotesque vision
Frightful, if it wouldn't be endowed with
Extreme numinosity.
From the depths it was calling me the Brahma the one with a thousand faces
Likewise a soft, gentle and bizarre anathema.

...

It was night. Dark outside. My soul was hurting me like a claw
The right hand was helpless to gather itself
And then I wrote
With the demoniac nail from the left hand.

..
Not helped neither by the powers of the bull, the lion and the eagle
Which were working around Mark, Peter
And John
I was writing alone.

...

Around me they were the celestial spirits
Born on the drowning of the aggressive herds
Giving birth in the groups of water
To a second game, more ordered and more pure.

...

Brahma the one with a thousand faces was moving his shapes
With amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling in the depths, from the leaves of the grape-yard
Of the black grapes full.

He was pulling me to himself like a whirlpool, vortex, storm, lightning, tornado
Black tide which returns in itself
Through silent rains in myself
Of the longing of eternity, of immortality full

....

I was feeling as how a force is dragging in the self... deeper and deeper
And vertiginous
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.
...

It was a cruel madness and deep, profound
Of an absolute, profound lucidity
As it is the strength of the sharp top rock
As it is the sea water where is more deep.

It was a madness, which didn't exclude the true understanding, acceptance
The absolute, deep knowledge
As it is the strength of the stainless steel
As it is the sea water where it is more deep.

...

I was likewise the trembling light of a candle
Which makes the night more deep and more profound
Ubiquitous and omnipresent
Strong and omnipotent, abstract and in more places at the same time.

...
The Brahma with a thousand faces was calling to himself the light in me
The path to the consciousness
To my being
Where on he wanted as a sacrifice.

..

I was feeling as how a force is dragging in the self... deeper and deeper
And vertiginous
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.

A soft, gentle deity, and frightful
Black, abyssal, earthshaking
Likewise it is the sea water where is more profound
As it is the strength of the sharp stone edge.

...
Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor
Siddharta
(The Euthanasius Isle)

His grave, stillness silence, last of odoured honey
Flowing like limpid amphora in night
With dephts reverberated in brightful, round waters
From the self which in calm waves, in the red nature
Flowed itself.
.....
Underneath warm magnolia in smoke
and the scent
of young woman, pure and clear, of green mermaid
în rosy waters , of an immaculate white
The depths are circling his forehead lost in thoughts.
.....
Green nature, sparkling whitely in the sun
Under the kiss of warm and goldy rays
or the glittering of moonrays
It's undulating, carried out by the mythical thought.
....
A smile of gratefulness is Life
eternal, like a water flowing
From which you are drinking, charmed by its clay pitcher
the smile of death merged with life.
....
enchanted by the slowly slipping of the sun
on starry arch
Lost în the mythical thought, like in the precious

amphora, you flowed down your magnificent body
on rocks surrounded by pure water.
...
.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.
...
Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.
.....
O, don't you see that in Eternal moment
has gathered all the divinity
and in every moment which passes away, is fretting
With a supreme thought the Love
of which is full the Life and Nature?...
......
.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the greeen grass
strings of ants through the white snow.
.....
Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

Te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu.
Translate: Natalia Gălățan
Brahma the one with a thousand faces

That night, after years, I was writing in my journal
With black covers
About that scary incident
Lost in distant childhood.

Withdrawing her, in a way. It was a strange and strange sight.
Scary, it would not have been endowed with extreme numbness.
From the deep I was called Brahma the one with infinity
Of faces, like a sweet and bizarre anathema.

...

It was evening. Night out. My soul ached like a pebble.
Her right hand was powerless to hold on
and then I wrote
with the nails on the left hand.

Not helped by the powers of the bull, the lion or the eagle
They were working around Mark, Peter
and John.

...

Around me were the heavenly spirits
He was born on the drowning of rustic cherries

Giving birth to water groups
In a second game, more orderly, more pure ...

..

The one with a thousand faces brahma moved their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves
Of full black jeans.

She was pulling at me like a bulb, whirlpool, gyrus, lightning, tornado
Tides, which is returning itself
In the silent rain, inside me
From longing, to full mourning.

...

I felt a force as it pulls on itself .... I still carry the dizzy meadow
Brahma with a thousand faces changes their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves

Of full black jeans.

....
It was a crazy and petty madness, too
An absolute, profound lucidity
Like the age of the rock clone
It's like the sea where it's deep.

It was crazy, which did not exclude the full understanding of acceptance
Absolute, deep knowledge
Like the age of the rock clone
It's like the sea where it's deep.

I was like the light scattered by a candle
What makes the night deeper, deeper
Ubiquitous and ubiquitous
Powerful and omnipotent, abstract and in many places at once.

...

Brahma with a thousand faces and called the light within me
The road to consciousness
To my being
He wanted it as a sacrifice.

...
I felt a force as it pulls on itself .... I still carry the dizzy meadow
Brahma with a thousand faces changes their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves

Of full black jeans

A gentle and frightening deity
Black, abyssal, earthquake
It's like the deep sea
It's like the strength of a cliff.

...

Silence is seriously quiet, I call
of honey-nmiresmat
Spilling
as a clear amphora in the evening

With depths reverberating in the water
clear and round
From the calm self, where the nature
Red
it overflowed.

....

Underneath the hot magnolias in smoke
and under the smell of a woman
pure and clean, green nymph

in pink waters
of an immaculate white

I rub his forehead in his thoughts.

....

green in nature, glowing white in the sun
under the kiss of the rays
hot
or the radiance of the lunar rays
it wobbles, worn by the thought
mythical.

....

a smile of contentment is Life
eternal
like a stream of water
of which you drink, enchanted by her granddaughter
the smile of death combined
with life.

... ..

charmed by the slow dawn
of the sun on the vault
lost in the mythical thought, as in the amphorae
for price, you poured your body
haughtily

on the rocks surrounded by water.

....

the sweet dream caught your soul
released from the harshness
agonics of the ascetic
no silent realms of contemplation
sublime.

....

silent, magnolia flowers
they were slowly falling into the grass

and they were digging through the fat grass
ants' turns through the snow
White.

....

The smile stopped in the instant
that of forever
what unites in agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, among cold spaces
hug with soft wings
end.

....

oh, you don't see that in the clip
the eternal one
all the deity was gathered
and every moment he dies, he snorts
with a supreme thought Love

which is full of Life, Nature? ...

....

silent, magnolia flowers
they were slowly falling into the grass
and they were digging through the fat grass
ants' turns through the snow
White.

....

The smile stopped in Clipa
that of forever
what unites in agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, among cold spaces
hug with soft wings
end.

TranslationCarl Gustav Jung
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu.
soțiorul meu iubit, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dragul meu.

The Grandpa from Rosia

I was with my grandpa Nicolae, from Rosia
I and my brother
We had gone to make a fence
At the forest of Jiru....

O, what places of a complete silence, of a great solitude and greatness!....

The fence was thought to separate
the Forest of Jiru
by our orchards...

Our grandpa has taken in his green bag

from our father, from the mine of coal
many long nails, some of them hooked
or rusted

but in the grandpa's opinion
still good of something.
He has taken also his little ax, and a barbed wire rod.
brought also by my father
from the coal mine.

He has been doing there, at the scene
stamps mill
thick beams of wood
cut by the branches, with a sharp top

where on he was laying in the ground
at 2-3 metres distance one of another
in holes specially made.

Our grandpa wasn't yet so old
We were children
probably at the gymnasium
And grandpa was facing from the rocks
and he was putting the thick pales
in the ground.

then he was hammering the nails, at
12-15 mm one of another.
and I with Bujor were stretching the barbed wires
of iron by the right of each nail

when the beams were ready-made
and our Grandpa was bending them
from short and precise hits
over the barbed wire.

....
So we spent an entire day till the evening
in that silent, peaceful wilderness
Making the fence, making, that is, a thing good
and proper at the house of man.

I was impressed by the mission I had
and our Grandpa was smiling waggish
with his bruise lips, and from the large, green eyes
Seemingly a little sad, although joyful

and I was finding time for jokes too
to sneak behind the fence
and to play in the orchard.

Our Grandparents from Rosia were some deities
likewise the parents, too

working people until the deep old age
who were standing at our cattle in Rosia

for milk and curd, where on they were salting well
and then put it in large barrels with circles
whereon we were bringing at home
too...
....
Grandpa Niculaie, as our Grandma was calling him
Has taken milk to the town,
over the mountains of Petrila, in the large wallets
on the horse

maybe even curd or cheese
until the old man with white hair at the temples.
On Saturday, on the Day of Rest
he was getting down with our grandma

beautifully dressed
and they were going to the church, to the preach
in their velvet dresses, with clean and ironed
shirt and skirt of muslin

clothes of holiday, with the clean and new boots
they were going to listen to the Holy Scripture
these old man, with plain, smooth faces
in their velvet, beautiful clothes.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiulmeu.
Te doresc.
Soțul mu Dulce, iartă-mă, Te rog, Puiul meu. Te iubesc.
Dragostea mea, Iubitul meu, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragul meu soțior, te iubesc.

Victor, Puiulmeu, te doresc și te iubesc, puișor iubit.
Icarus

My head hurts
I feel a state of tiredness
It seems to me that I have very muck to work
And I do not get anything.

The thoughts are surrounding me
I am too busy to do something, thinking of different things
The Thinking is a very serious occupation
Which produces a sort of vacuum
of the brain..

In this vacuum I move heavily and imprecisely
Under the pressing action of the medicines
I fear that the body and my soul simply will
fly away

Likewise a small green parrot is flying from its bird cage
in the yellow intense light of the sun
in a supernatural reality
in a nature ubiquitous and omnipresent
whereon he will find his death like a beatitude
And a salvation
Like a liberty finally conquered.

Upside, on Jara orchard

That day our grandma Lucretia, the grandma from Rosia
has been making ourselves the dipped, like usually
that is, ”balmoș”,
a dish with cream, milk, cheese, and cornflour.
....
I was with Bujor. We had finished milking the cows
and we had to climb with them
on Jară, the high gradient, whereon you were climbing up
hardly
until the Hammer.
.....
We have eaten with appetite until we were tired,
we and our grandparents
then we took the thin branches of willow
and we started to handle the cows.

We brought, first of all, on some beaten paths
parallel and intersected
to the fountains, one of wood, another one of cement
made by our father, under the ridge of the hill
to drunk them.
then we started to climb with them abruptly
the hill, a sloped ridge which was getting up
almost right upward.
...
I was breathing in pain, red in cheeks
with the little branch in one hand
and we were handling them up to the hill.
they were aligning mellow, red, flowery, black
besides the fence

which was giving in the unstoned alley.
and soon we had arrived at the upside gate.
On the hammer, we are lighter
and we look after ”pitoance”, how we were calling them
mushrooms, boletus, rising up from a day
to another.
....
When we were finding one of them
and especially little mushrooms, hardly risen up
from the grass and ground
We were exclaiming happily.

Bujor was calling me: ”Lia, come to see!...”
and I was running to see the large boletus
with a large hat, unripe
whereon our grandma was going to prepare for us
with onion and cheese.
.....
We climb up softly.
From the right, it is hearing the bitch of Mardea
The old woman lonely and mouth disease
who was having the lodge in the abrupt valley
under the lap of the mountain, barking savagely,
whet

fateful, like a premonition, under the crowns
of the beech forest which was giving
in The Face of Preluca.
To the left, there was stretching the forest of pine-trees
and beeches
underneath the Foreheads
a dense forest, where we were knowing
that has its place the bear.
soon, still handling the cattle
we arrive upwards. A plain road, beaten, between the two forests.
.....
Beyond which, straight in front of us, it was rising up Preluca.
the first Peak of Mountain.
there, to the left on a path
the cows were still starting to drink water
at a little wooden fountain
then they were starting on the beaten paths, from the right
besides the forest
climbing slowly the mountain, grazing it.
.....
The green beaches, with their shadowy crowns
of a metallic green
of light green, the pine trees unspeakable tall
the heaviness of height, with clean air
putting yourself with the head down, on your back
you were admiring the sky
whereon they were running ceaselessly the clouds
and you were feeling happy, as much as your
child's heart could compress it.
....

As heard in Captain Marvel! Listen to more Nirvana here: https://Nirvana.lnk.to/Essentials Read the story behind ‘Nevermind’ here: https://www.udiscovermusic...

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu
Te doresc, Puiul meu Drag, Dulceața mea. Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victioor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, dragostea mea. Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, puiul meu. Te iubesc, dulcele meu

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Remembering


A man in front of the waves, looking at
The desert land
Undulating, wavy sea
The wave that wipes out hitting itself by the rocks

Darkened and black, he seems a shadow
Unmoved
Swallowed slowly
By the deep waves

....

And thinking of nothing
Neither to present, nor to future
Scans lingeringly the sea black surface

From which with a tide
There was flooding towards him
A very beautiful and green mermaid.

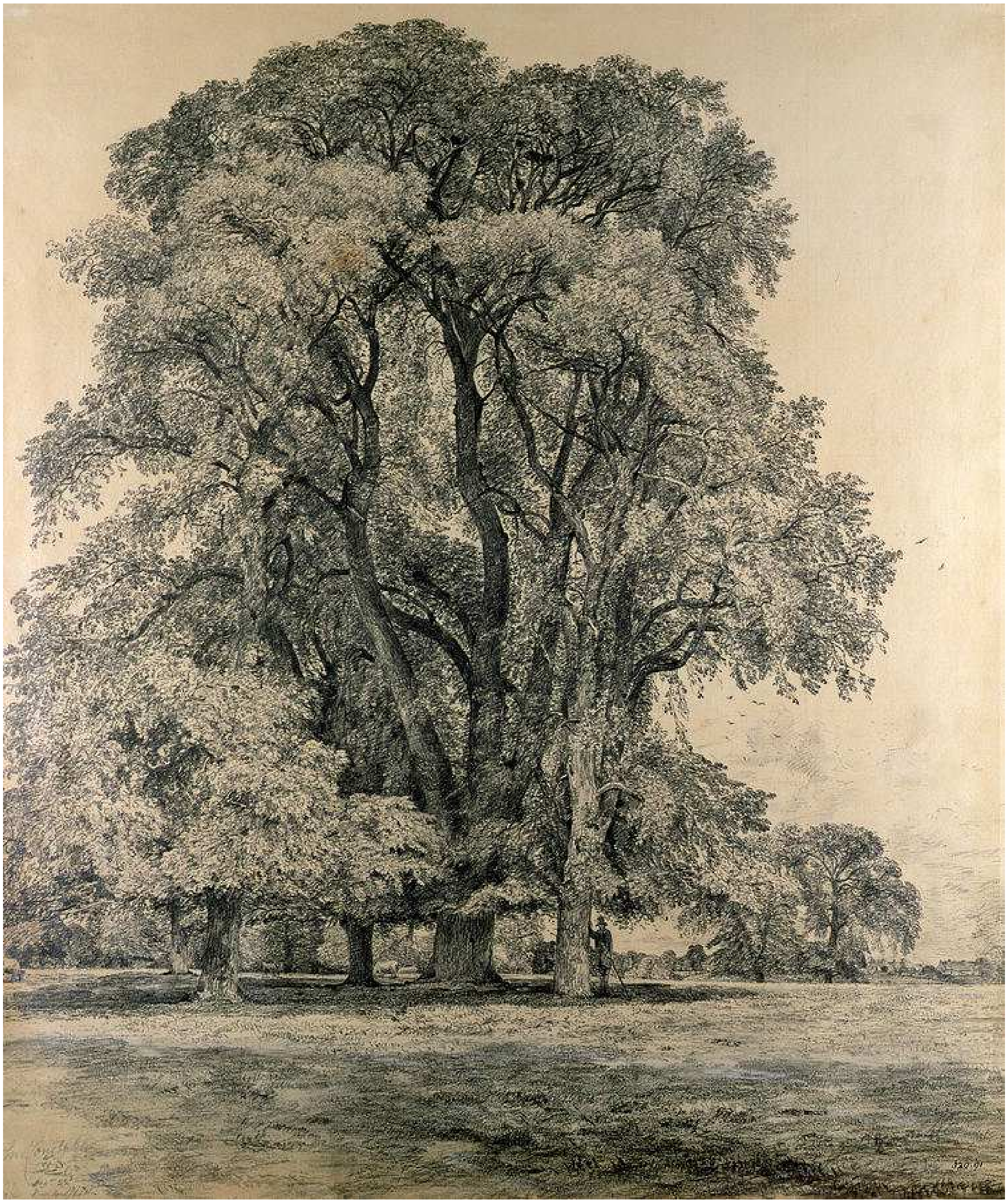
....

He’s lonely. Lonely. Happy
And he is silent
And calm and far away
An ivory atmosphere has getting down
Onto the clear, bizarre arabesque of the moon
Lighting fadely in the distance

Whilst on large surfaces of sea
The drop in miniature of spume
Is spreading itself in fine dentelery

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea mea.
Puiul meu Victor, Soțiorulmeu, dulceața mea, soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puișor iubit.
te doresc, Soțul meu iubit, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Wild boar with silver thistles



That day we had gone after the cattle
I and Silvia, my primary cousin
we had passed by the Preluca Peak and we had found
the cattle, grazing maybe on the

Ox Mountain
above the wooden lodge of Gălățan

We come back home.
But on the long saddle which
separated the Peak Preluca by the Ox mountain
It was a herd of boars with chickens
There were hearing the strange sounds
they were making

and there was a herd of ten-thirteen wild boars
big and small.
Silvia, my cousin, had been scared badly
and she was shuddering
she was thinking that there is our end.

But I knew from my father that the wild animals
don't do to you any harm
if you don't attack them and you do not break
their territory
but you are quietly on the road.

with all my cold blood I was capable I whispered to Silvia
not to follow the saddle after the wild boars
for they from behind couldn't feel us...
but only from the wind which was blowing from
the front

and we cut the mountain of Preluca straight in two
coming back home.
Silvia was thankful, with tears in her eyes
that we had escaped alive
and I was happy that I was courageous.

..
Later I thought that the wild boars
had the feeling that I am one of them
Euphemistically spoken
Because I had the ascendancy in the Wild Boar
after the Chinese zodiac.

It was also a dear remembrance, that one from
the time of our childhood
When the mountain, the forest, even the ruthless
wild boar, was our brother.

From an oil canvas, with the draining paintings
where in there can be still discerned
the faces of three kids, of two girls, mine, and Silvia's
and of my brother, Bujor.
Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu. Victor...

The Moromets

The thunder strike a sea of red flames is splitting out
A shape carved out in the stone of the dark,
sharp clouds
which throws white powders in unspeakable arrow
Cutting out the sky in red steams.
....
The apocalyptique, colossal rain
Caught us on the abrupt hill flying downwards
It was flowing a white stream
Amongst the white, bruise and reddish
stones.

I was flying downwards like a bird - when she flyes away
from the nest in the break of dawn, and flutters
her wings to the sky

I was slipping amongst the browny streams
carrying mud, humus and thick pieces of squeezed
wood.
....
The forest was waving away, with the top of
the trees split out
by the lightnings in the sunset
It was falling down a blessed water, it was taking you over
downwards....
It was falling down heavily a stormy water...
....
Storms whereon the tormented sky is throwing down
Over our heads
To the unseen, red order, of the divine hidden
in the stars
Force of pushing from up to down
....
And my universe was becoming red, apocalyptique and suave,
killer of beauty
The rain around me was drawing a wall
of the large sea tender white and blue kingfishes.
...
In my candid youth, of blue violet
The wander caught to dig itself, with its magnificent
discrete voice
For forces are unfolding in front of me unceasessly
Like an eternal riding on the storm...

With large smile killed on my lips, with the waves
of the water
I am fighting up.
...
Downdwards it has been seen the wooden lodge
At a thousand metres and twenty, with its window bars
draining cold...
And the tall grass from the meadow

The poison of the sky is stealing out.
....
Black clouds frightened by death
Are wrapping in the sky
You want to find yourself your destiny, your death
In the weepping of the water from the sky
in the most cruel, splendid
mystery.

The book of Anime III

The second painting

Lord Abraxis

Looking under the pot of the forest now
At the haze that envelops the phages
I can't help but think there is no God
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.
His iron eye
It records everything with full objectivity
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel
Or here you burn in the pitcher cauldron.
....

Facts matter to him.
Whether it's just words, thoughts
Or terrible facts transposed into practice.

Everything that comes into existence
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread
Atrocities.

....

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.
It is not overlooked either
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces
It might seem to some to be sketching
A cynical smile.

....

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols
From red membranes and fixed looks
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth
The stillness of the viscera.

....

Everything is immobile here. Everything's stuck.
God has turned into a moving air mass
With speed
Above our fingertips
In a lightning-like lightning strike

In a crushed, shaking thunder
In the blade of a knife
In a red-alabaster flame
What burns with a whirlwind above our minds

Like a dry roaring fire overhead.

Everything that comes into existence
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread
Atrocities.

...
He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.
It is not overlooked either
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces
It might seem to some to be sketching
A cynical smile.

....

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols
From red membranes and fixed looks
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth
The stillness of the viscera.

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At the haze that envelops the phages
I can't help but think there is no God
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.
His iron eye
It records everything with full objectivity
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel
Or a red devil in the pit cauldron.

...te iubesc dulcele meu.

Rather, the question of Spinoza's pantheism is really going to be answered on the psychological side of things, with regard to the proper attitude to take toward Deus sive Natura. And however one reads the relationship between God and Nature in Spinoza, it is a mistake to call him a pantheist in so far as pantheism is still a kind of religious theism. What really distinguishes the pantheist from the atheist is that the pantheist does not reject as inappropriate the religious psychological attitudes demanded by theism. Rather, the pantheist simply asserts that God—conceived as a being before which one is to adopt an attitude of worshipful awe—is or is in Nature. And nothing could be further from the spirit of Spinoza's philosophy. Spinoza does not believe that worshipful awe or religious reverence is an appropriate attitude to take before God or Nature. There is nothing holy or sacred about Nature, and it is certainly not the object of a religious experience. Instead, one should strive to understand God or Nature, with the kind of adequate or clear and distinct intellectual knowledge that reveals Nature's most important truths and shows how everything depends essentially and existentially on higher natural causes. The key to discovering and experiencing God, for Spinoza, is philosophy and science, not religious awe and worshipful submission. The latter give rise only to superstitious behavior and subservience to ecclesiastic authorities; the former leads to enlightenment, freedom and true blessedness (i.e., peace of mind).
Te iubesc
…
This proof that God—an infinite, necessary and uncaused, indivisible being—is the only substance of the universe proceeds in three simple steps. First, establish that no two substances can share an attribute or essence (Ip5). Then, prove that there is a substance with infinite attributes (i.e., God) (Ip11). It follows, in conclusion, that the existence of that infinite substance precludes the existence of any other substance. For if there were to be a second substance, it would have to have some attribute or essence. But since God has all possible attributes, then the attribute to be possessed by this second substance would be one of the attributes already possessed by God. But it has already been established that no two substances can have the same attribute. Therefore, there can be, besides God, no such second substance.

If God is the only substance, and (by axiom 1) whatever is, is either a substance or in a substance, then everything else must be in God. "Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be or be conceived without God" (Ip15). Those things that are "in" God (or, more precisely, in God's attributes) are what Spinoza calls modes.

As soon as this preliminary conclusion has been established, Spinoza immediately reveals the objective of his attack. His definition of God—condemned since his excommunication from the Jewish community as a "God existing in only a philosophical sense"—is meant to preclude any anthropomorphizing of the divine being. In

the scholium to proposition fifteen, he writes against “those who feign a God, like man, consisting of a body and a mind, and subject to passions. But how far they wander from the true knowledge of God, is sufficiently established by what has already been demonstrated.” Besides being false, such an anthropomorphic conception of God standing as judge over us can have only deleterious effects on human freedom and activity, insofar as it fosters a life enslaved to hope and fear and the superstitions to which such emotions give rise.
Te doresc.

..The necklace of beads

I want you.
… That summer morning, I and Bujor climbed,
I think walking home
To Rosia.
Through orchards, through Țariu's orchard

And we were about to pass the wooden log
Made in a fence
What separated an orchard from another orchard.
We play

We play among the trees, among the beech trees
And I was collecting beech leaves
On which the fruits were collected
Some small moles

...

Of which Bujor wanted to make me a necklace.
I picked a lot, both of us
And Bujor made me a very good necklace.
I was breaking the buds from the leaves

And Peony was spinning a needle through the holes
From both ends.
And so did the necklace.
I didn't have many ornaments in those days

....

Than the colored glass beads
Mother's go
And then Bujor's necklace.
We didn't need much to be happy

....

And childhood is the happiest age
From my life
The one where everything was wonderful
And then, we had discovered the books.

....

Looking back, without anger
I realize I had a beautiful childhood
Even if we were not children
That's how you stir and soak.

...

Everything was a miracle. I loved nature,
Rosia, grandparents, parents
We are happy to tears, without knowing it,
the happiness of being alive. Te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meuu.
te doresc, dulceața mea.

Te Doresc și Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Victor,Puiul meu.

Te doresc, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Paul and Virginia...
(after the title of an old book..)

Recently I was thinking of the introversion
That gave birth to so many thousands
of poems..

I cannot watch the world, otherwise than through you
In an embrace without an end.

Dulcele meu, te iubesc... Victor, puiul meu drag.
Cruelly painful melancholy...

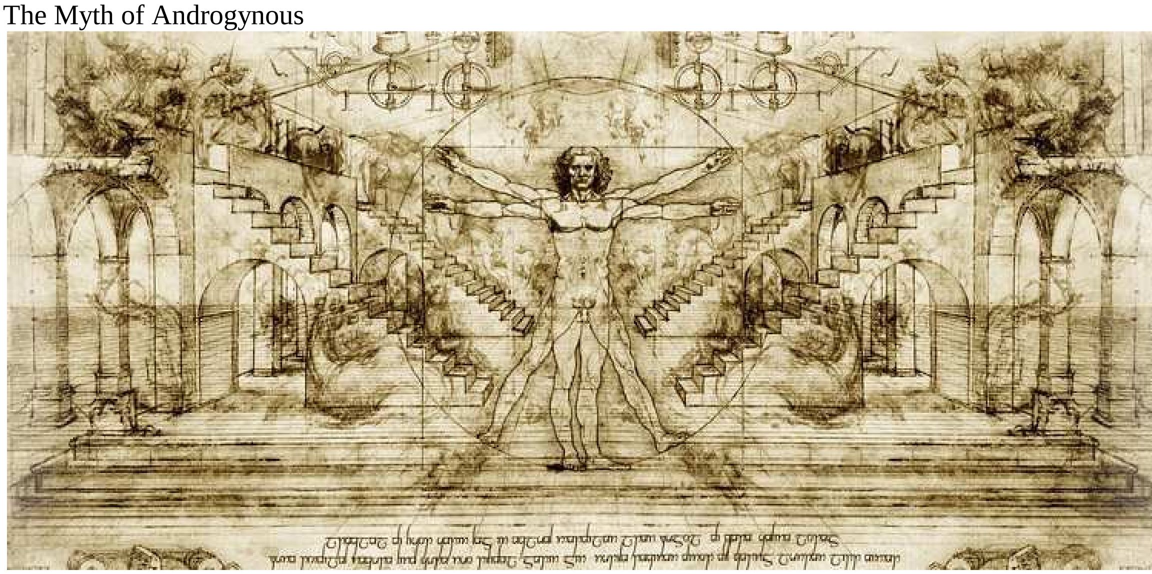
A dream with myself, with a white shoe and a black shoe
I was passing untouching the ground
On the streets of childhood, shaded by the huge linden trees
With the same springlike, oniric footsteps...
....
It was by then when I meet you, with your hands
left on a book
Preoccupied by death...
Sad lovings, reveries...longing of leaving
from your attic...
....
1907
Flames, feeble soul finding himself in the mirror
Cruel kneels wounded in my flight to you
Cruelly painful melancholy, rustling of forests returned in self
and to find you lost and sad, alone and silent
in myself.

Te doresc și Te iubesc

It is so strange everything...

It is so strange everything
The men, the trees, the rain
Fantasmagoric, jelly, gentle illusion
Of the brain and nature
Maya...
.....
My body burning like a hand of leaves
Likewise a bunch of dry tree trunks
At the road edge
Drowning the blue cold sky
In lucent wisps of smoke...
.....
It is so fantasmagoric everything
The people, the trees, the rain
Sad, serene, late illusion of the brain and nature
maya...

.....
My body burning as axis mundi to the sky
In a warm, happy autumn
In the chain which is comprised in arms, with sadness
by its thrilling, moving wheat spices
....
Steps
Passing to the sunset
In a cold October evening
Comprised in the bustle of the moment of now
Seconds of honey and smoke.

Dragul meu,iubitul meu dorit, soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puiul meu drag.
The Myth of Androgynous

te iubesc, dragul meu dulce.
Passing underneath the arches of leaves

In an imaginary city
Slipping through fingers the living fence
Crushing the wanders between eyelids
I am thinking that every myth has a real
Foundation.

Likewise something which substantiated the world
From the beginning.
Do not hurry to say that the myths are babies' sleeping stories
For you yourselves have been children...
....
For those who didn't forget the childhood of the
Humanity
And their own childhood
The Myth of the Androgynous exists.
....
First we are enough for ourselves
The shape of Anima, of Animus
It is so deep buried in ourselves, so alive and strong
As we are living and breathing.
....
For those who still believe in ideals
The Myth of Androgynous exists.
Even if it doesn't occupy now but the secret pantry
of the body
The one we carry in our souls.
....
Even like that, halves, looking for the one to complete us
We compose together with him or her
An Androgynous.
...
Searching deeply in my soul
I have found you...
Living breathing, with human shape, whereon I draw
in my poems
in the nights with full moon.
....
Even if the body is ruining itself
and enters in the domain of the profane
It remains in soul a bit of Divinity, of immortality
And this is the other half of your soul
Looking for you on his turn through
the world.

....

Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc.
On the streets...



On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around
Nor you...
On the streets I was passing by
I was having a strange feeling of deja-vu.

Maybe there were the houses bending towards me, lividly
Maybe there were the old, sordid walls
No one known... far away the horizon was comprised
by the smoke
The fallen fence was looking at me as though...
.....
I knocked with my fist tight in your window...
The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept....
I knocked in your window... and you didn't answer me
The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept....
....
On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around
Nor you...
On the streets I was passing by
I was having a strange feeling of deja-vu.

Dragostea mea iuvită, Victor, puiul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Don Juan

On the sand beach washed by solar winds
Don Juan had been wreck-wrecked
With his old ship of pirates and he has remained
the ony survivor...

A young rebel, with dark black locks
framing his romantic face of orgolious
and seducing young man.

I only remember his hair
stuck by algae and little shells
His wounded body
where on the young beautiful girl
with the greeen eyes likewise
the water of the sea
and breasts likewise two garden warblers
has bandaged for days
and nights.

...The girl was the sweetest apparition
that the savage, unhabited isle
has showed to Don Juan, deprived by luck
and hope.
....
Everthing was breathing an air of virginal savage
an atmoshere of beginnining
of the world
wherein there wasn't but the
two of them

In a whirlpool of the time
Become spiral
where in their boundless, unchained love
have known all thrills
of the true passion.

...
The lodge from straw and clay
where in they were making love like two fools
with the feeling
they are alone in the entire world...
...
You see, I inhaled precociously
the rarefied air
of the absolute love
which was correspoding to the internal stucture
of my soul.

...
I always believed
that there do exist extraordinary men
in extraordinary circumstances
That you can overpass your condition
Rising above the background
wherein you live.

...
That's why I never could read the Human Comedy.

The life was more than that.
The life was tragedy
The seed of disgust and of the lack of humanity
Where on the exceptional, ideal loves
have

Out of time
Opposite from all that is common, trivial, worn
to exhausting
opposite from the coat for all days.
.....
Lovings filtered by masks
They were showing me the pure feeling
exalted until the limits of the sublime
and tragic.

The world of dew

This happened
many years ago.
I was a kid, maybe young, in high school, or how I tend to believe now
At college.
..

I was at the door of the cattle barn, in a beautiful, golden summer.
I was sitting outside, and I was looking inside.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
From outside.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of dust mackerel and geese -
Brought from millions of years away - when its radius is only now
Lights of our sight ....

...
I love you sweet lady.
Hay. In the alleys. Near the cattle barn
A cool net floated, a deafening silence.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
To come in.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of the pigeon of dust and geese - a mystical world, of God
and his winged angel friends ...

meditating on the beauty of the rays, the dove, the peace and peace
I was drawn into a timeless tunnel - into a world
in which miracles occurred, a timeless world - where Time
it had ceased to exist ...

a dreamlike world, of the miracle, of the dream, open in the chest of Reality
a world of poor Dionysus ...

"There is neither time nor space," he said, "they are only in our soul." This means that the world with all its manifestations is a sensitive, subjective reflection of our consciousness and we have the power to change all external events and things. . Man, by its very essence, is omnipotent, because it carries in it a divine spark, the divine image of the soul: "... and yet, if I close an eye, I see my hand lower than with both. If I had three eyes I would see her even bigger, and the more eyes I had with all the things around me, the bigger it would seem. However, born with thousands of eyes, amidst colossal looks, they all in relation to me, keeping their proportion, would not seem to me bigger or smaller than they seem to me today. To imagine the world reduced to the size of a bullet, and all that is low in analogy, the inhabitants of this world, supposing them equipped with our organs, would understand all that absolutely in the way and in the proportions in which we understand them. Let's imagine, caeteris paribus (in other words, the same n.a.), surrounded by the sea - the same thing. With unchanged proportions - a world bounded by the sea and another bounded by the small would be so great for us. And the objects I see, viewed with one eye, are smaller; with both - larger; how big are they absolutely? Who knows if we do not live in a microscopic world and only the opening of our eyes makes us see it in the size we see it? Who knows if they do not see each and every one of them in a different way, and do not hear each and every sound in another way - and only the language, the naming in one way of an object that one sees it that way, another otherwise, unites them in the understanding . - Language? - Not. Maybe every word sounds different in the ears of different people - only the individual, the same remaining, hears it in a way. And, in a space conceived as without borders, is not a piece of it, no matter how big and how small it is, just a drop in relation to the boundless? Also, in eternity without borders, is not every piece of time, however big or small, just a moment suspended? And here's how. Assuming the world reduced to a dewhead and the time ratios, at a drop of time, the centuries in the history of this microscopic world would have blinked, and in these blinkers people would work as hard and think as much as in our swarms - their swarms for them it would be as long as ours. In what microscopic infinity would the millions of infusers (small animals, invisible to the free eye, which develop in liquids: microorganisms) of those researchers be lost, in what infinite amount of time the joy - and yet, all, would be - all like today. ... In fact, the world is the dream of our soul. There is neither time nor space - they are only in our soul. Past and future is in my soul, like the forest in an acorn-tree, and the infinity as well, as the reflection of the starry sky in a dew. If we were to find out the mystery by which we could relate to these two orders of things that are hidden in us, a mystery that maybe the Egyptian and Assyrian magicians possessed, it was in the depths of the soul descending, we could live in the past and we could inhabit the world of stars and the sun. Too bad the science of necromancy and that of astrology have been lost - who knows how many mysteries we would have discovered in this regard! If the world is a dream - why couldn't we coordinate the range of its phenomena how we want it? It is not true that there is a past - the consecutiveness is in our thinking - the causes of the phenomena, consecutive for us, always the same, exist and work simultaneously. To live in the time of Mircea cel Mare or Alexandru cel Bun - is it absolutely impossible? A mathematical point is lost in the boundlessness of its disposition, a moment in its infinitesimal impartability, which does not cease forever. In these atoms of space and time, how infinite! If I could lose myself in the infinity of my soul until that phase of his emancipation, which is called the epoch of Alexander the Good for example ... and yet ...
" Te iubesc, Te doresc, dulcișor dorit.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei, Dragostea mea, Dulcețamea.Te doresc, Puiul meu iubit. Fiul meu Dulce și iubit.

Dulcele meu iubit, Puiul meu Victtor, te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu iubit.
El Greco
te iubesc, puiul meu.

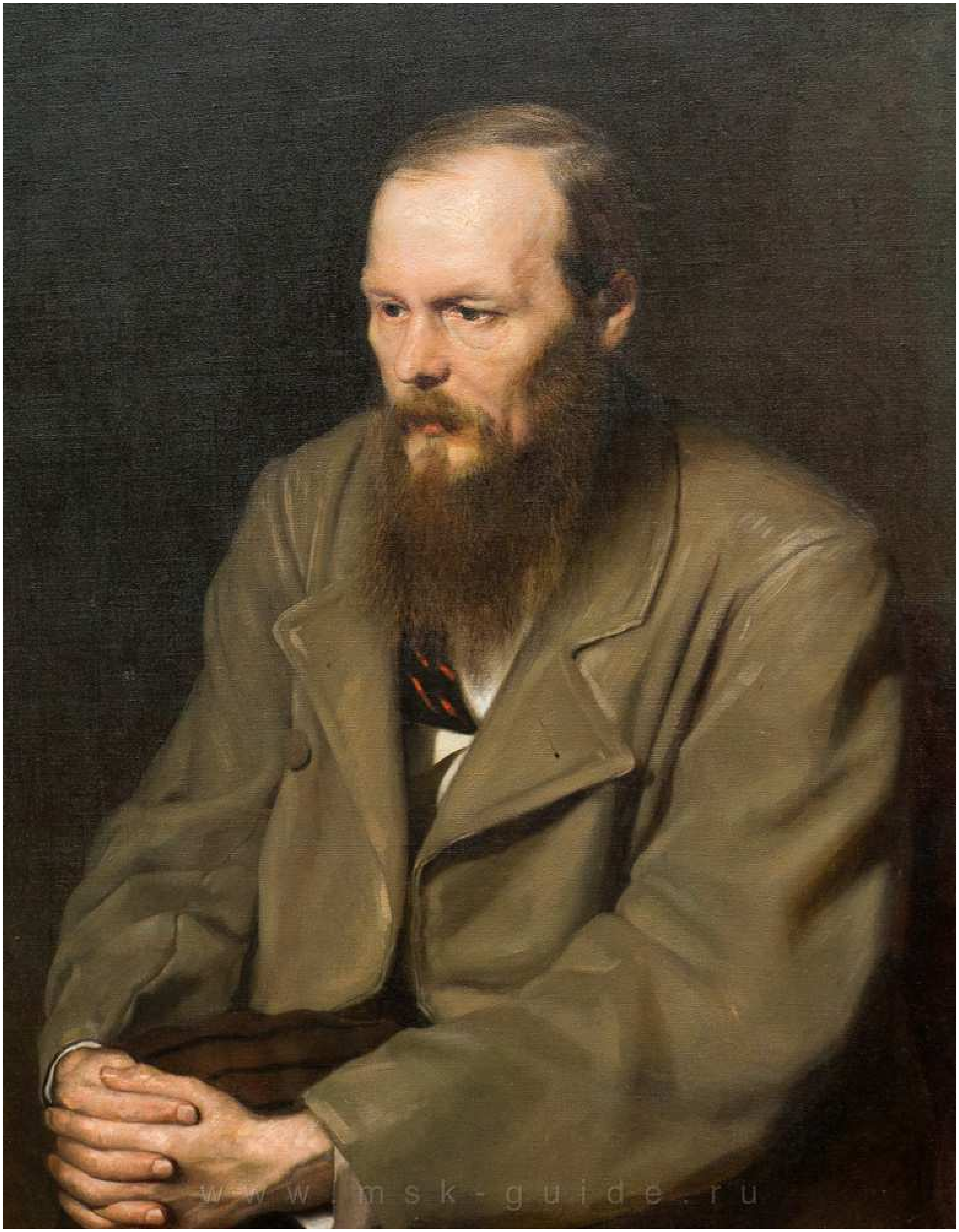
The music of mermaids...
Whispering from the waters
They seem some Suns or some tired Moons...

In the blue, opaline water
With waves which are foaming foolishly underneath
These ballerinas of the ocean
Are rising up their smiling faces
Between the waves

Laughing, smiling unconciously
With the unconscious happiness of the lunatic
Which is walking sleeping on the street...
....
Happy
Happy faces
Rising up from the waves with fine dentelery
As the smooth skin of the arms
Embracing the water...
.....
Faces...
There is nothing counterfeit here.
They are speaking with the peace of the deep
Which laid down like a all-inclusive curtain
Over its faces
Comprised by the drunkness of the swimming
And of the endless happiness.

dulceața mea, dragostea mea, te iubesc Victor, puiul meu.

Karamazov brothers



A washerwoman
Or a flower girl...

Or maybe both a washerwoman
and a flower girl...

A merchant woman
From the middle of the past century.....
Red in cheeks
and with the rangs hanging...
Selling fish
Or other cheap products
Sweating
Wipping with the lap of her dress
.....
I have fallen in love with her
Probably
They were attracting me the low-ranking people
And Katiuska was one of them....
....
Maybe because that they were more sincere
That they weren't wearing masks
That they were that that they were...
No more
No less
Their words didn't have double-meaning
They were as much as possible
Monosemantic dogmatic

Being so polysemantic
likewise all the words from fundamental vocabulary
...
It was fundamental Katiuska
Whereon it calls in the real life Grusenka
She was having visceral starts
Which were frightening me
And attracting me
...
I have wanted to marry her.
....
It was something in her nature
of washerwoman
flower girl
saleswoman or merchant

that was attracting me unutterably...
...
Maybe it was the fault of the dry, salted fish
Hanging on the strings
Or the pale flowers from the big square
Passing by there
I was looking for her alawys...

Mingling among the sailors, workers
Blacksmiths, poles
peasants

salesmen

in the great square
whereon they were passing by people of all sorts
Fancy carriages, cages
With coachmen dressed in velvet
Ladies with umbrellas, gloved
Interesting of how much is this or that
an unspeakable resin...
....
And she red in cheeks
wipping the sweat
An isle of greenery
Among faded faces
Her greasy hands were always clean.

Iron virgin

The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.
Iron steam was burning on his body - a silent, unknowing luster
A divine sexual offspring
Or maybe the full-timeless night.

...

Winner and defeated, hunted and hunted
They were all talking about a known thing, I don't know ...
The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.

Winner and defeated, hunted and hunted
Everyone was talking about a murder ...
Made with cold blood on the civor or beyond
They miss the boundaries of the word
What happened in the night, unknown, easy .....
Teiubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulcele meu.

They were all talking about a known thing, I don't know
The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.
...
The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.
Iron steam was burning on his body - a silent, unknowing luster
A divine sexual offspring
Or maybe the full-timeless night.
...

Cold things - like the kama of a knife, of a surgical knife
Her gut tightened like a hedgehog.

An old picture on the wall. a slowly burning icon
the candle juice went out ...
there is a crying butterfly at night
hitting in short strokes and quickening my thinking
hidden in holes of darkness, trapped as in a
cage…

....

the walls weep and fall to the ground. a century of
loneliness lies open on page seven.
over the puddles can be spotted running at night ...
a hedgehog squeezed into the luminaire, into a moan
of illusions - they are broken ...

like the shards of a mirror.
an age of loneliness lies open on the page
seven, on page seven, on page seven ...

I love you and I wish you, Victor, my baby, my dear. My lover
Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

By the twenties



Women, flower sellers
with redden cheeks and silver coins
clinging by their girdles
the first hour of the morning

are gathering
in the large square, the carriages are passing
slowly on the stone road
the acacias are weeping out.

Beautiful Romanian girl
you smile to me
from an old photograph, with wavy edges
aged by time
aged by the time passing by

Women, flower sellers
with redden cheeks and silver coins
clinging by their girdles
the first hour of the morning
are gathering
in the large square, the carriages are passing
slowly on the stone road
the acacias are weeping out.

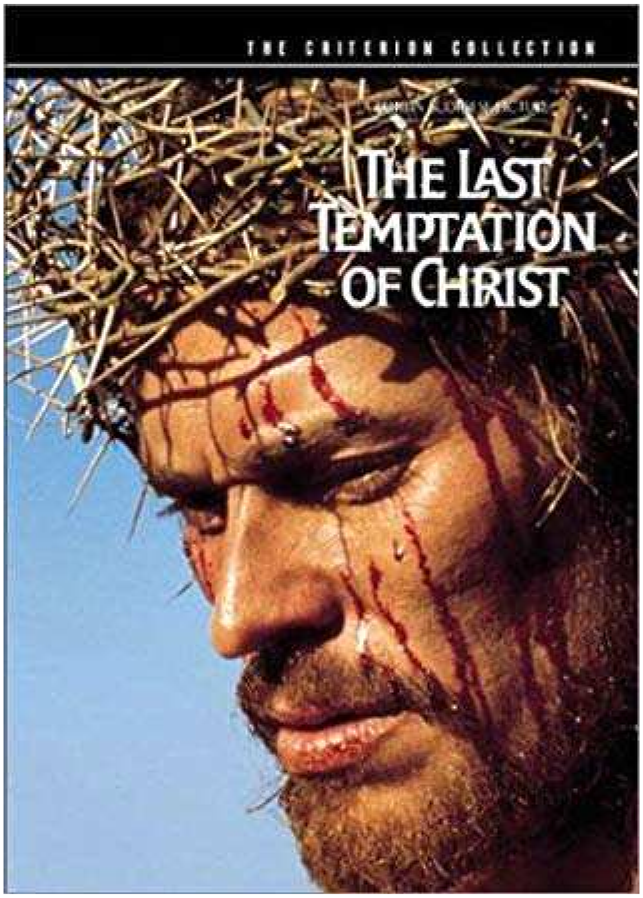
Te doresc și Te iubeesc, Puiul meu Victor, te iubesc...
On the street...

On the street of the cherry trees blossomed
I have often passed
I was looking at your window to the sun rises
With a lost, lost thought...

Through of the sky white snows
So many times, so many times...
....
Today even if I would turn back on the same
Empty streets
I wouldn't find anymore but the shadow
Of my footstep...
.....
On the streets apricot flowers are falling heavily
The light is melting itself
In the penumbra of a sunset
Yawning over the abyss of my soul.

Te iubesc Victor.

Victor, Iubitul meu drag, Dulcele meu, te iubesc.
An age of loneliness

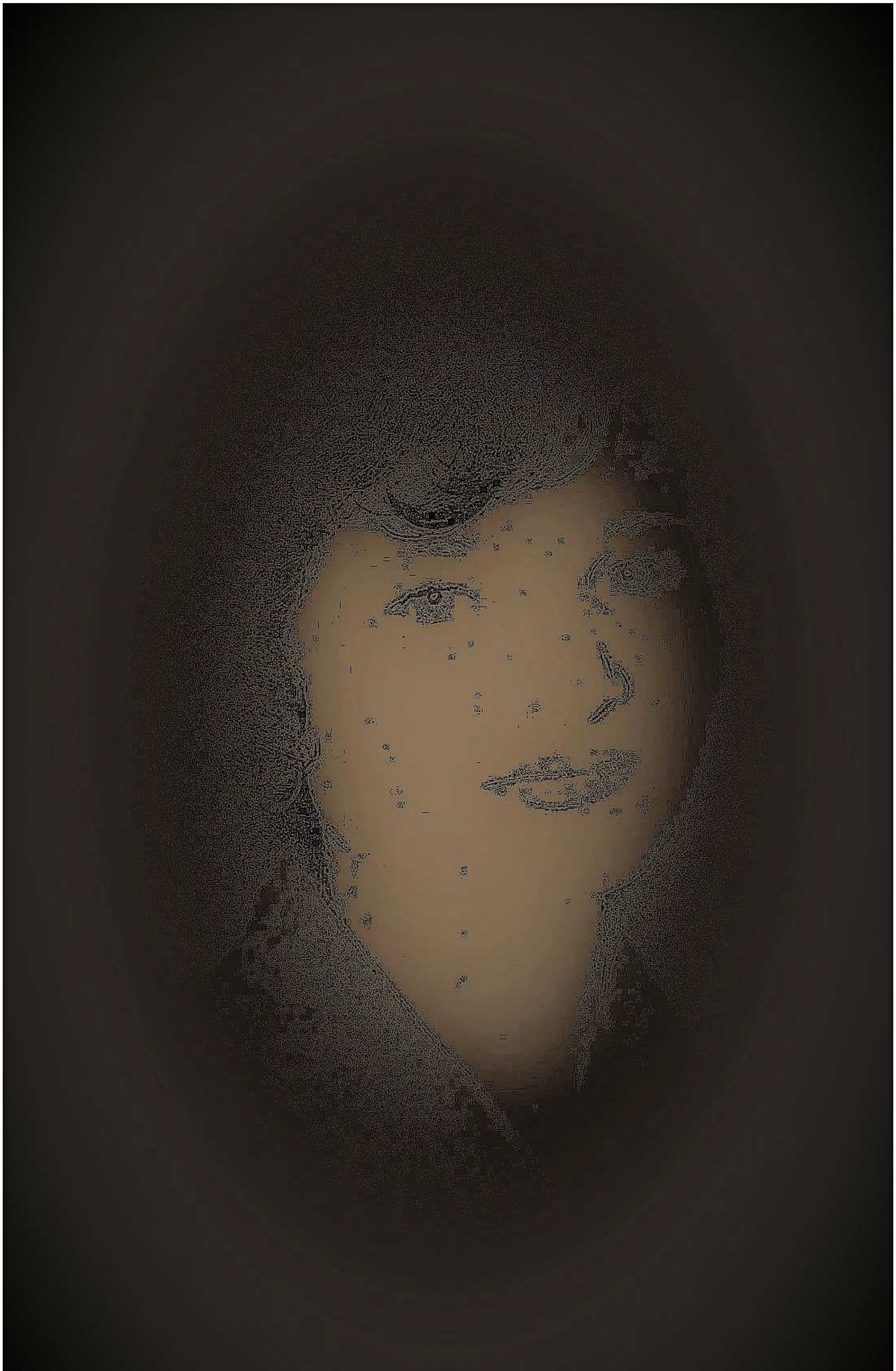


An old image on the wall. An icon is burning slowly
The candle's bowl has quenced.
It is hearing a cry of night butterfly, hitting in short and fast beats
My thought, hidden in deeps of darkness, caught
As into a a cage...

The walls are crying and falling down on the ground.
An age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
Over the ponds flippers are fleeing into the night...
Into the glade has gathered a hedgehog, in a clew
of illusions - are falling broken...

an age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
at the page seven, at the page seven...

Bhakti-yoga



The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
From a railing of a balcony, in a white and black Bucharest
On the stoned, moist street , wet of rain

I was watching the passengers passing by
With their opened umbrellas
Likewise some huge flowers, black and white, in the rain.
....
Oh, suffering, you, painful of sweet
In the immense library, my soul had taken its flight
It had embodied into a fire bird
Into a nostalgic dragon, with the dreaming
Flowing over its temples, being born from fire worlds.
...
Discrete youngwoman, of a melancholy beauty
My brain I had burdened
With the rough buddhist teachings.
...
Maybe from here it was coming the inner,
contemplative beauty
for it wasn't having anything to do with the frivolity
and the obscene.
....
Standing on that little terrace, with a side view
I was watching the passengers.
Suddenly it was revealed to me
The completitude of the whole, coincidentia oppositorum
The indestructible unity of Everything.
....
By then I didn't know about the complexio oppositorum
Which, in itself, reunits the same idea.
That that in the coincidentia oppositorum
Actually in their unity, stays the divine miracle.
...
I was seeing the dunes , arching at the skyline,
drowned by sand
The incandescent sun, that was giving birth
To illusions of the Maya, a Morgana girl
Glittering hipnotically under the hot rays of the sun,
An eternal visual illusion.
...
Unboundless desert.
But at its end, at the most limit point, beyond life and even death
It was stretching the Sea.
...
There it was starting the rain.
In a complete round, like in the intoxicating curvature
of the eye
Suddenly it was stretching the Sea.
....
Then I understood
That only living something to its end, with supreme intensity
And without measures of safety

I can plunge in the brightful sea of the Self

I can live the Divinity, through an absolute identification
Being myself God..
...
The Equality was overwhelming.
The divinity wasn't a strange body, an abstract idea
A theological concept
It was irradiating from tthe self, ike a sun with thousands
of rays.
....
That which was truely overwhelming
It was the fact that my personality, my Ego, didn't lose its attributes
Didn't dissolve itself in the numinous
mass of the divine.
...
This identity has followed me later
It has asked with ferocious love its rights.
Reading sometime Bhakti-yoga
I embraced the law of the universal love
...
I understood that between religions
It doesn't exist any difference and nor between
cultures.

For that what makes a thing truely valuable
is its universality.
Just contemplating the archetypes
Which preform the reality
Make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
So sublime

In an agony and a mistery of green which embodies
The imutable essence of he world in a complete
merging

You can raise yourself to the perfect stair of the ecstasy and of the
self-knowledge.

Dulcele meu Profesor, Iubit, Soț, Animusul meu, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puiul meu.

te doresc nespus, te iubesc, dulcișorul meu drag.
The snake from the water
te iubesc.

The own mind becomes spring to the pure light
It emanates radiance and wisdom
Like a jade
Glittering green in the sun, under the white
soft snowing of the spring.
...
I tell you

The retreat in yourself is an art
and a science
To gather on your heavy shoulders
Everything which rises from the deep of being
Everything which the old deities are calling
to you...

Because isn't late, o sorrowful soul
To gather amethyst treasures
Under the pale forehead to gather the old wisdom
and the rare mysteries
to give a goal, a sense, direction, movement
For your unshaken will.

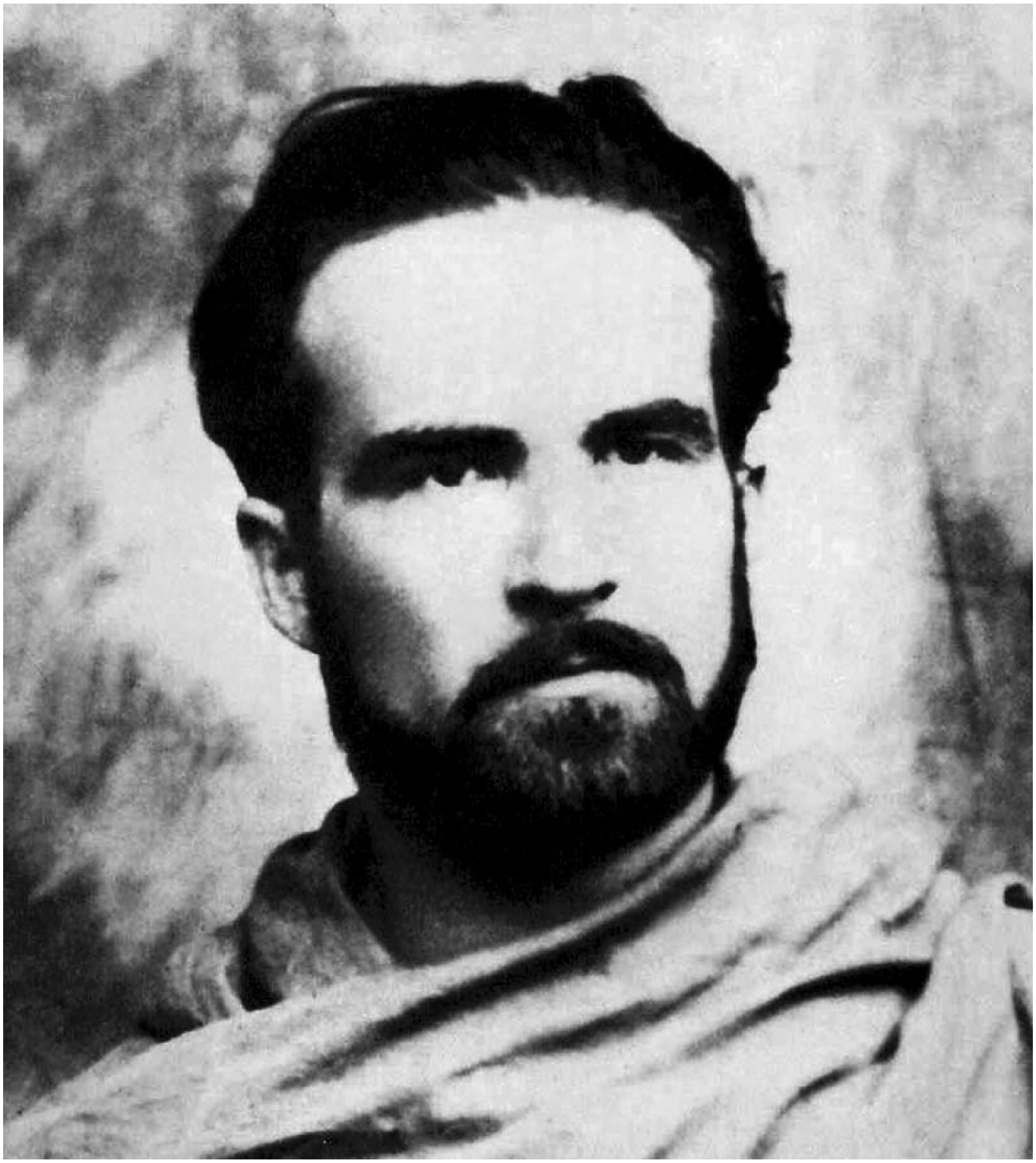
....
Be a God
To yourself be God
And Deity
And do not look in strange worlds
That which from the old beginnings
is lying in yourself.
...
To yourself you are enough.
With the pallid forehead in the white clouds
You find Alpha and Omega
in your mind
Do not get tired, but look forward
And dig in your tornado depth.
...
Don't you see?...
That your mind is the beginning
and end to everything. Wonder, fretting and idea
Woman both with man
Get used to be your own ally.
....
Long echoes in withered minds?...
But look in yourself the echo, the wonder, the emotion
the miracle, happiness
The ecstasy which comprised the Nature

Of which suddenly tou become lucid and awake
The wonder has drained on your cheek
O, who tasted from his Self, has tasted from the world

And the world is the endless row of mirrors
Where on in violet shawls you mirror your mind
which is comprised by an ecstatic vision.

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Bhakti-yoga



That what makes that a thing to become truely valuable
is its universality.
....
Don't be provincial
Don't slutter in narrow skylines.
Let your spirit to breath the deep of the dephts,
and of the coverings..

...
Maybe Lucian Blaga
wouldn't have ever been interesting like a simple
peasant from Lancrăm

it was needed that his spirit to touch the dephts of the
universality.

But I tell you more than that:
His spirit could have been even then to touch the depths of the universality
For what it really counts
It's the profoundness of the spirit.
.....
It is about here simply
By the coincidentia of oppositorum, by simple things,
even so complicated
By litle things, simple things, even if so complex.
Simplity in complexity, and complexity in
simplity.
......
I tell you more than that:between religions
It doesn't exist any difference -
For whom has touched the Enlightment -
And nor between cultures.
......
following sometime Bhakti-Yoga path
my spirit has opened to the law of universal love.
....
Just that what trancends the pettyfulness, the frivolity,
the provinciality, the limited
and the fogg in thinking and in mentality
can lead us
to the true springs of life.
...
Only touching our full potencies, through a continue
growing and development
we can reach to that what is immutable
and unchangeable in our being.
...
only this way we can reach to the collective encrypted
in things , in living beings
to the archetypes which are preforming the reality
and make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
so transfigured.
.....
Only following the way of Brahma
the One with a thousand of faces
you discover the singular person from the deep.
....
The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
Watching from a railing of a terrace, in a library
The passengers, in rain, with umbrellas
In a white and black city. has revealed to me, suddenly
Coincidentia oppositorum and the complexio
oppositorum.
....
unboundless desert, with dunes drowned in sand
beyond of...

at their endless extremity
in a complete roundness, it was unfolding the Sea.
....
Just arriving at the end, at the limit of limit
you will be able to see
that Everything is One and One is Everything

and it isn't anything split, dual, or non-complete.

te iubesc.

Morgana girl

We worked on hay next to each other
Bujor next to my mom, and me next to my dad, Bujor and my dad in the middle.
We return the hay from the furrows
and things are going pretty fast.
I grind the furrows, with a rake, in a rapid motion
I make them dust as they would be called and I fast forward
Along the fence ...

Sometimes the rake hangs in my air,
shaking the green grass
Silk spreading in a green mesh in the air.

...

And now I have. Gather your chairs around the square table
Right next to the white wall
In the cool air and in relative peace
We eat but not too much
and generally not much
otherwise we can no longer work.
Bread with boiled eggs, sheep and cow cheese
Tomatoes, cucumbers, onion peppers,
meat sandwiches, omelette sandwiches.

...

We drink coffee. We smoke on the porch. But dad says it briefly: let's get the storm clouds tight
Don't you see I'm up?
It is addressed to me.
Peony looks at me reproachfully, taking his fork
and starting ahead.

Let me finish my cigarette
Giving all the coffee left on the neck.
In the scorching sun, we gather the dry hay from the bottom of the fence.
I make color, that is, hay color, with rakes
and Bujor and my mom make pork.
Dad tightens his thighs, intervening again in the kitchen
and making more pork.

...

Mom's red. She looks porodic. With sweat running in vertical rows
On the face, sliding down

The mother is a monument of nature
Unleashed.
Slacken the hay on the fork
Then he places it with his fork face on top of the hay head.

,,,

I make pancakes. I'm happy. If I can say so.
Hay this huge straw dragon
Fluttering, raking and prickling with a fork, swelling, bending ...

The smell remains behind him
The ground is shaved, trimmed, with the thin patches of grass coming out
Through fresh, smooth cheekbone.
..

He sat down on the radius, stuck the anvil in the ground, matched the edge of the seam and then began to hit it with the hammer, rarely pressed, with his eyes focused on the silver steel. When he had finished, he got up, removed the stoneware from the belt, dipped it firmly in the water from the heel and then stroked the sharpening of the stitch with the stonework, always changing the fingers of his left hand. Then, with a fist of grass, he wiped the whole rib. At that moment, his gaze rested on Toma Bulbuc's mermaid, mowed, with hay gathered in bundles that stood still here, like frightened mormoles. The yellowish-black earth seemed like a big, shaved cheek.
- Our place, poor man! (...)
Under the kiss of dawn all the earth crumpled into thousands of fragments, according to the stains and needs of so many dead and living souls, seemed to breathe and live. Pigeons, wheat and oyster holders, hogs, gardens, houses, forests, all hummed, hissed, snorted, spoke a harsh voice, understood each other, and enjoyed the ever-glowing light. fruitful. The voice of the earth penetrated into the soul of the poor man, like a calling, overwhelming him. He felt small and weak, like a worm that he treads on his feet, or like a leaf that the wind blows as he likes. Long sighs, humiliated and frightened in front of the giant:
How much earth, Lord! ”

The scorching sun, tingling with its scorching heat to our feet
and our head was burning.
The mother had her white, mottled stump
he wiped his forehead, his cheeks.
Then he gets even more busy.

... the scorching sun, dazzling, made waves of heat in front of his eyes
Like billions of splashes of gold, silver, sunshine
Bending in colored, transparent waters
In front of the eyes
Like an eternal, ubiquitous, beautiful and delusional
Morgana girl.

Petrilei mountains, dense, compact forests
They strode among these colored waters
Flowing and undulating, bathing in the air as in colored water.

...

There is no rain! ... Shouts Bujor, slower!
You don't see the clouds narrowing to the north, ”Dad said harshly
Pointing finger up.

Don't you know where the rain is coming from? ... he said sarcastically.
Looking at me impenetrable.
...
Under the kiss of dawn all the earth crumpled into thousands of fragments, according to the stains and needs of

so many dead and living souls, seemed to breathe and live. Pigeons, wheat and oyster holders, hogs, gardens, houses, forests, all hummed, hissed, snorted, spoke a harsh voice, understood each other, and enjoyed the ever-glowing light. fruitful
...

The climax is contained in verses 30-32 and speaks to us of the terrible moment when the emir sees himself alone under the desert of the desert, "under the sky of steel", when he feels lost all hopes, all hopes of reaching the dream city: "On his mind he feels a deep night ... "The emir is tormented by hunger and thirst, which puts a rock on his chest and belly, the air is fiery, and the red color of death has encompassed everything, before or behind, in the sides, and even the Emir's lungs burned with pain. The frightening signs of physical and nervous exhaustion appear, the temples are beaten, "the eyes are complete demons".

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

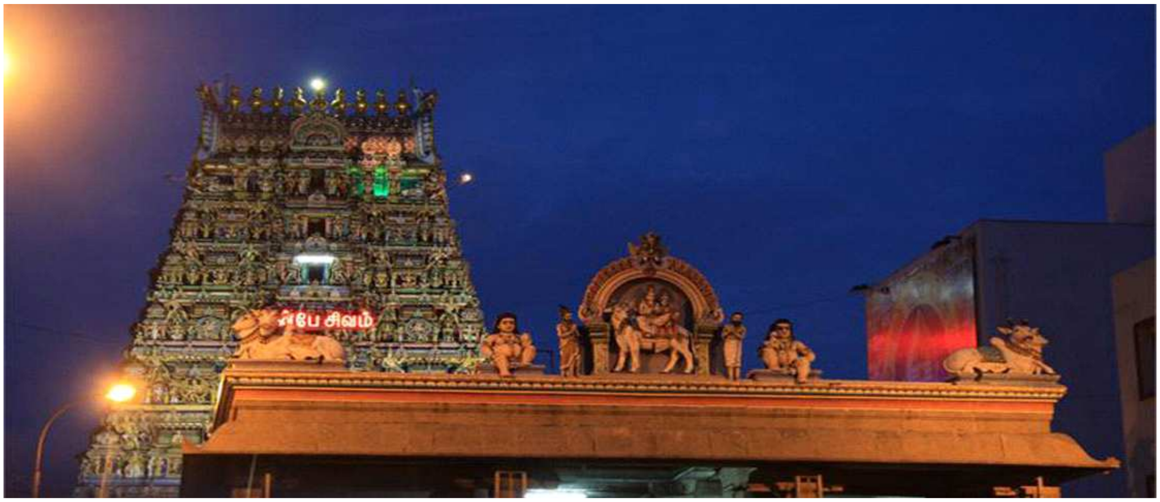
Everything is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te iubesc.
Te doresc

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Monnsoon rains



It was a warmy night, beaten up by monsons
When I put my leg on the shore
At Madras.

My senses were loose, unchained
Ready to receive
The carrousel of sensations which was encompassing me intoxicatingly
Full of unknown fragrances
Of water, ground and clay.
....
I scrutinized the marine surfaces
The ocean...

On the right, tall towers of clay and stone
Were looming in the horizon
With the strange arabesques of their twisted
 bodies.

A young Hindu has loaded my baggage in the rickshow
I got up beside him
And we were leaving on the streaked streets
Of the capital.
....

The monsoon was stinging my nostrils
I was remaining on the retina
With the image of their twisted naked bodies
Everywhere this tantric ritual debauchery
It seemed to me that was floating a superior understanding
Of the body and of the flesh
Of the soul
Which was escaping to me...

...

On the streaked streets
I arrive at the destination.
A demolished, cheap hotel. With an almost empty room

The lavatory... the laver, seated on a tripod
The bed, the wardrobe
Eveything painted in white, like a hospital salon.

....

Outside the Hindu were clamoring
The little ones, curly and in torn rags
Were fleeing on the streets...

.....
Suddenly the silence has layed down.
I threw myself tired on my barrack bed,
 hallucinated
With the monsoon stinging my nostrils
And I fell down in a deep sleep

....
From which, to the down, has waken me up suddenly
My companion with the hair cut
On her forehead
From the room next door.

Victor, Puiul eu, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
The Red Book

te iubesc, puiul meu.
It is so much sarcasm out here, so much poetry...
So sweet irony, smiling subtly
Like a cruel hand, smiling childishly,
starting from a little body
With the large wings spread over the abyss...
....
So much death, and frost and blood
Starting from the dove wing which is weeping out
Broken over a fragile Universe.
....
So much sarcasm out here, so much irony
Starting from the lips spread over one tooth
At which I was looking with remembrance
At the cruel broken little wings.
.....
Let us to be good or devil, to be demons
or deities?...
....
Let's wait for the sacred light
To flow over the iris in pure irises and in poetry
From which the gentle death is calling me
And to be, oh, Lord, all of us Yours...

....

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...
It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Gutural Voices ...

Gutural voices lost in the distance
My eyes swim like herch of herring in the sauce
With onion salad and caviar from a boat
Of which the mothers are laughing down
and I thank the foot on the ground.
...
Feelings, shawls, winds, waves
Lost voices in the clearobscur
stellar rain
solar
The earthly chair ...
,,,
The rain and sunshine flow into the room
Like a wave like a tide
Like a tornado, like a typhoon
I'm telling you, just give it a moment now
Honey and smoke ...
...
Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hillsides
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Everyone is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a pool of fish, like a sperm cavalcade
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...
It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
I love you, Victor, my love.

Dulceața ma iubită, Victor, te iubesc, dulceața mea. te iubesc, dulceața mea.

The God Ra
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea.

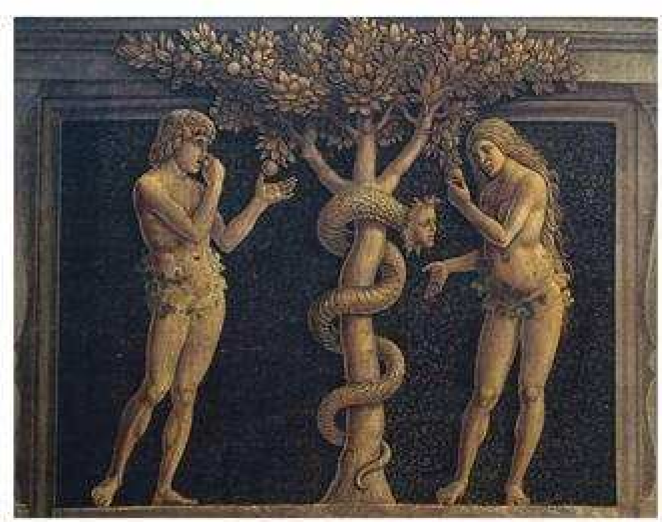
I am passing through the silver forest
At the edge of vast, yellowish cornfields
Wild boars were passing untouching the ground....
There had been ceased from their painful
Lamentation the leaves, the wind...
And I towards your arms stretched out I was
running...
......
Between two worlds
Archangels have stretched out their silver wings
And the field with corn leaves falling down
Has transformed itself in burning silk.
....
Old, warm humus, stroked hoarsely of boar hooves

And moss of termits
With white larvae in the soft ground.
....
The savage, cruel Prince is in hauberk and iron
And the armies are rumbling in the air, bloody and cruel
And mothers at home, with white hair
Are searching in the four sights with the iron eye.
.....
The corn is golden dream of the giant sun
Which goldens the round corn cuilean, with its soft silk
Burning, crying , in the air of brilliant silk
That falls down on the bitter stones
In the top of the mountains of little ore blushing away.

.....

I am passing through the silver forest
At the edge of vast, yellowish cornfields
Wild boars were passing untouching the ground....
There had been ceased from their painful
Lamentation the leaves, the wind...
And I towards your arms stretched out I was
running...

Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc.
Adam and Eve



te iubesc.

I was wandering on the corridor of the train
Looking up for the date
you were born.

Of course... the 2-nd of April 1969/1978

....

Drawings
Faces
Signs
(esoteric or not)...

I was looking for a number, some numbers
The certainty
It was you

....

I wonder why the train was trembling so hard
Why did it run with that colossal
Speed?...

With the frightened eyes
I was passing from the carriage to corridor
And then back
Still looking out for something.

....

Layover at Craiova. We change the trains
To Tg.-Mureș.

I was drinking coffee and seemed lively
But in my mind there was giving a strange
Fight.

.....

Paradise landscape.
You, long brown-haired
And blue-eyed

You are a woman
I’m a man

.....

I am blond-haired and brown-eyed.

...

Then you are blond-haired
I am brown-haired
With blue eyes like two sun storms.

....
There is the Snake too
Coiled on a tree
Looking at me with dark blue eyes.

...

But at the end of the centuries
I was going to remain with the Snake
That way the Vision told me.

.....

Your hair disheveled on your shoulders
You were an Androgynous
Unutterable beautiful
With eyes like two blue lakes
And we were having both of us long hair.

....

Your beauty was attracting me
Your hair
Your eyes
Like a magnet

Above us the colours were passing unceassingly
And were changing our look

Likewise the water of the lake is changing
When it's hit by a storm
Or enlightened by the moon rays.

....

I was knowing only that:
That I love you.
te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Foret interdite
te iubesc, dulceața mea.

Green
Gas station
As cropped from a fantastic movie
Giving the absolute illusion
of reality
....
A gentleman in the overalls
half bald
Feeds the gasoline machine
......
Straight, gray pillars, a smell of fresh, of new
of paint
The youngwoman from the wicket -
a girl with black hair cut on her forehead
As an actress in the twenties

is speaking politely with my mom.
.....
I watch every detail
with a childish, exalted curiosity
It was a nightfall in that Maramures
with the taste of great, savage endless landscapes
and with burried forests
into dark blue smokes, with gray selvages.
.....
It was preparing to rain.
The clouds were threatening, stretching together
and covering the sky
with their fantastic consistency, of huge dark
foams.
....
Everything was breathing an air of the end of the world
Somewhere - on the other side -
and we were really on the other realm
into a chthonic, underground dimension
of the world from the ground.
.....
There were Characters.
Of course personae
From a mute film, who were speaking
Without hearing them
Embodying something: a symbol, a figure, an idea.
.....
Underground passage through the world of dead
dotted in my trip
by endless calculations
....
Forests of spirits
a dream world, in which you were stepping slowly towards death
in which you were in death
eternal. Endless.
.....

Green
Gas station
As cropped from a fantastic movie
Giving the absolute illusion
of reality

......
Straight, gray pillars, a smell of fresh, of new
of paint

te iubesc, Puiul meu.
Chaos and chimera

Immobile, calm, protective, soothing order
An order encrypted in Chaos, my dears

The only true reality
Ultimate
The first and the last
Pneuma.
Deep, black, endless, gentle, mild
Without tase, without smell

Catalepsy

Darkness
A world which was closing itself the wings
Likewise my tired, sad eyes
Which had been seeing the death.

Drain you ...
I love you and I wish you, Victor, my baby.

At the resuscitation pailion there is a solution for infusion
20% glucose 1000 ml solution for infusion contains 200 g glucose as 220 g glucose monohydrate and water for injections.
I am weak, very weak, like falling into a deep sleep
and gradually slip into a state of catalepsy.

...

Bujor is allowed to stay with me.
He's very worried, as far as I'm aware.
He asks me about capitals, cities. Mountains of water ...

..

Lia what hospital does Colombia have?
Bogota.
But Chile?
Lima ....
It's not Peru's ...
...
? ..
Santiago de Chile, Bujor said.
...
What about Paraguay?
Asuncion ...
...
Lia, give Liberia ?.
Monrovia ...
What about Libya?
Tripoli...
What about Lebanon?
Beirut.

..
He kept asking me, but I was freaking out in some weird sleep
Where I was following him hard

Or I couldn't follow him anymore ...
..

This is catalepsy, think me ...
While the soul sinks into the all-encompassing darkness.

...

The tire I think of ...
It was a soft, soft, black space
Where my soul traveled in peace ...
He hugs me with love ...
A calm chaos, ordered protector, that spread the reflective effluent
Of love, of thought ...

...
I do not know how long I was immersed in that black, calm, quiet sleep
When suddenly you wake me up.
Peony was next to me holding my hand
and still asking me ...
from where he was taking breaks during his time
looking at me worried.

...
Lia what capital is Bolivia? ...
La Paz ...

Real estate, calm, protective, soothing
An order in chaos, my dear
The only true reality
latest
The former and the latter
Pneuma.
Deep, black, endless, gentle soft
No taste, no smell

Catalepsy

Darkness
A world that closed its wings
Like my tired eyes, reconcile
Who had seen death.
....
The tire I think of ...
It was a soft, soft, black space
Where my soul traveled in peace ...
He hugged me
A chaoscalm, an ordered protector, who spread the reflective effluent
Of love, of thought ...

...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking

Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ash of the sky ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt tied with hay ...

...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ash of the sky ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te iubesc, Victor, Soțiorul meu iubit și Dulce, Puul meu.

Dragostea meea, Puiull meu, Soțiorulmeu, dulcele meu puișor, te iubesc nespus. Victor, te iubesc, dulceața mea.
The psichiatry section

Darkened worlds drifting away
In the blue night where from they came out
I listen to my heart sweet superstition
Hidden deeply in the ogive of the chest.
...
Shadows had been draining
On the scarred face of spasms and illnesses
Shadows left from the dead world
On the path of living ones
Like big, questioning wings of kingfishers in the sunset

Have touched his cheek in silent kiss.
....
Hideous black shadows
Have been drained on his pallid and livid face
Where in the death was digging itself obsessive path
And a streamer of indicible pains
Were finding their spring on its crowned
forehead.

Caught between the shadows of today and yesterday
Where in the death was digging immortal
black grave.
.....
Caught between today and yesterday, now and then
Between there and here
A metaphysical thought was slowly moving around
To his body of bones and pots

Freeing him from the sad carapace
And his skull seemed opened to the world of here
Where in his soul has found a path
To fly away beyond ruthless armors of stone and warp
....
Leaving the cavern of the chest wide opened
To the atrocious world from the deep
Where in a sepulchral flock, thoughts were moving
slowly around
...
With his eyes large opened over the sunrise
With foams hanging down by his crumpled lips
He left the body to the world of now
Lying down in cemetery of bodies and of lives

And his soul has flown away towards the
imaginary worlds
Under the moonrays of the eternal dawn
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
.....

Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
time
Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.

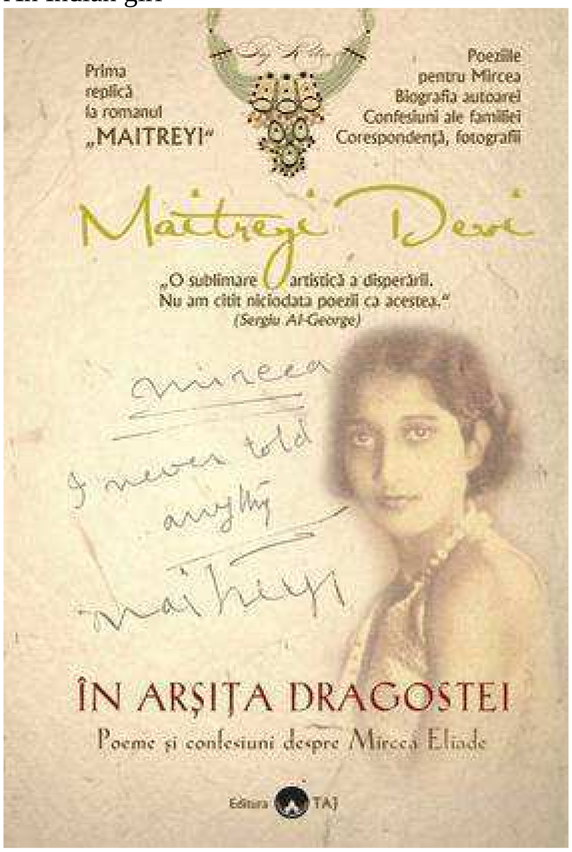
It's so hard to turn Time out of his
beat endlessly ...
A star was when it was not seen ...
I miss your raw love of your chest
My string
And the time runs out of the breeze
Forgotten by himself. I can not look at it anyway
I wish my son
And my eyes blink blind
Stick for moments, days, hours

And all the holes go up ...
What I miss
What I'm gonna die ...
No matter how I like, I can not watch Time
It's flowing
And the clouds pass as long and endless moments
Over the country .... te iubesc.

Te iubesc, dragostea mea.Victor, puiul meu soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc.
Puiul meu, Drăguș și Dulce Puișor, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Dragostea mea, Te doresc, soțul meu dorit, Te iubesc, puișorul meu dulce

An Indian girl



A picture
Presenting a young girl
An Indian girl
With the eyes large and profound, almost black
If it wouldn't been the colour of the
roasted coffee beans

Or of some roasted chestnuts
Likewise her brown smooth short hair
Which falls around the pale-yellow
cheek

she is looking at me reproachfully
I am sure she is looking at me....
And her words written on a piece of paper
Are adressing to me...

In the old sari, from the beginning of the thirties
Cream-coloured
She is turned to the left
Likewise I was turned in my early forties
In the photographs...

Only at forty
I began to understand her
To think mythical
And in a language of the symbols of the self
This young girl started to understand by young
The value and the price of life
Of love

Of the true love
And of the sacrifice.
.....
Infinitely sad, her eyes look through you,
Beside you
In a philosophical dimension of love
And happiness
Which learned of the early
The incommensurable value of the eternal
present.

.....

O imagine
Prezentând o tânără fată
O fată indiană
Cu ochii mari și profunzi, aproape negri
Dacă n-ar fi fost de culoarea
Boabelor de cafea coapte

A unor castane coapte
Ca și părul ei scurt, castaniu și lins
Care-i cade în jurul obrazului
Palid-gălbui

Ea mă privește cu reproș
Sunt sigură că se uită la mine...
Iar cuvintele ei scrise pe o bucată de hârtie
Mi se adresează mie...

În vechiul sari, de la începutul anilor ’30
De culoare crem
Ea este întoarsă spre stânga
Așa cum eram eu întoarsă la începutul anilor mei patruzeci

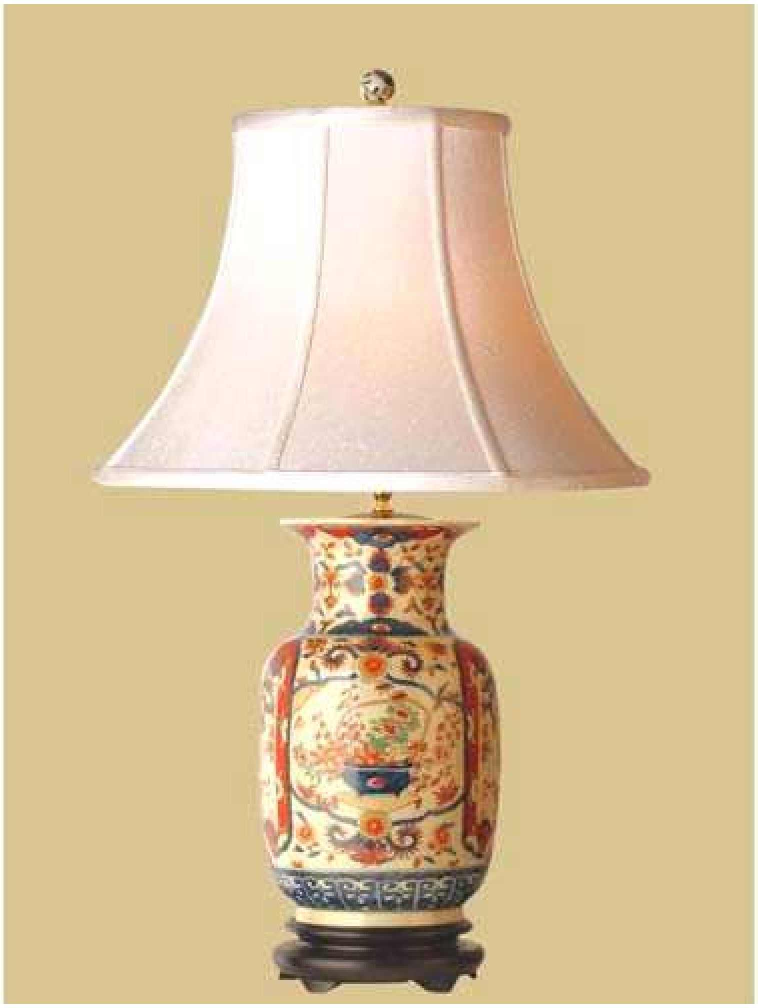
În fotografii...

Doar la patruzeci de ani
Am început s-o înțeleg
Să gândesc mitic, și în limbajul simbolurilor sinelui
Această tânără fată a început să înțeleagă
De tânără
Valoarea și prețul vieții
Al dragostei

Al adevăratei iubiri
Și al sacrificiului.
....

Infinit de triști, ochii ei privesc prin tine
Dincolo de tine
Într-o dimensiune filosofică a dragostei
Și fericirii
Care a învățat de timpuriu
Valoarea incomensurabilă a prezentului
Etern.
Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dragul meu Victor. Soșuul meu.

Iartă-mă, Puiul meu Te rog în genunchi să mă ierți, Puiul meu.
Victul, puiul meu dorit, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
maitreyi



My trembling, tired soul, of unknown, pale frightenings
has been hesitating, looking
at this pallid beauty, with pale, yellowish
hands of clay
and halucinating arms of sunny colour
her powerful breasts of Bengali virgin
getting out from a carriage.

There were impossible to define her eyes
black like two firing coals, squirming slowly in the hearth
and her beads carmine lips
her face framed by dark licked hair
of a chestnut glittering fainted, discrete
in the night which was falling down.
....
I wanted to give her my arm...
But she gave me a sliver over my mouth

”It isn't appropriate to talk to me”
She told me roughly with her guttural voice
”nor to touch me...

sahib."
....
And if I have been hesitating so long in front of this notebook
It was only to play back
the wonder, the uncertainty of our first encounters

when Maitreyi seemed to me
almost ugly...
Te iubesc. Te doresc. Victor, Iartă-mă, Puiul meu.

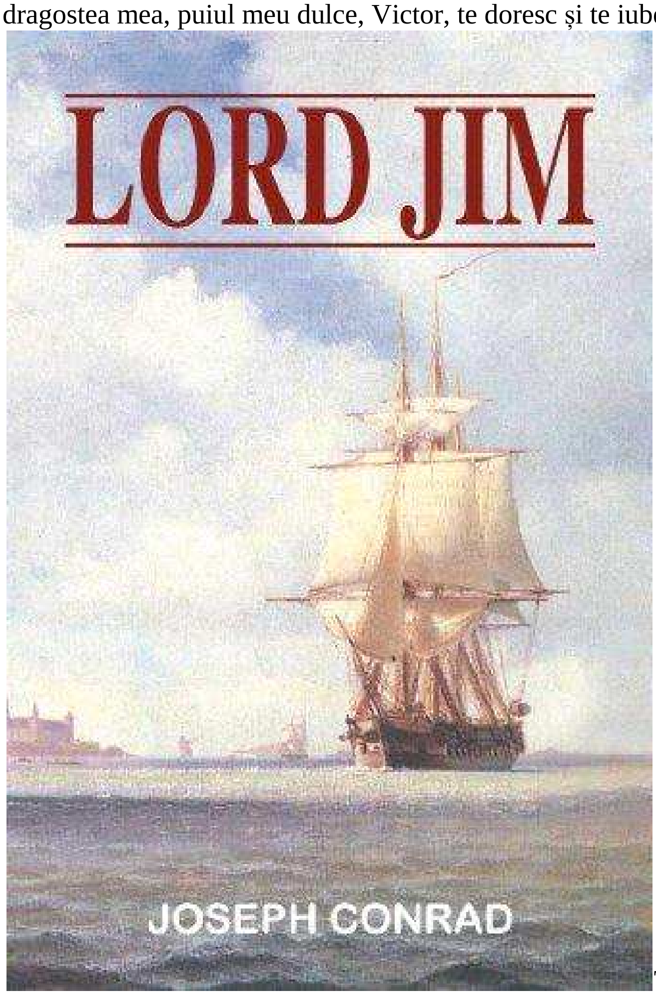
Bengali nights



te iubesc.

It was a warmy night...
A springlike June...
The sky, serene, dark blue, of an intense blue, of amethyst
Profound and darkened
Was sparked by a small veil of stars
Moving
Goldy, luminiscent
Woven like a borangic veil
And spread out on the milky ckeek of the sky.
Limited by the trembling tops of the silvery trees
In the darkened night
By the voice full of warm whisperings
Musical, guttural
Of the tropical forest.

dragostea mea, puiul meu dulce, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc puiul meu dulce.



The Book

Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Lord Jim
(A ship disappearing under waters)

In my robe dripped-robe
I was presenting myself in the face of the psychiatrist
Who called me for a medical
Appointment.

....
I entered timidly
And with my brain tensioned, trying
To give a good impression.
This intention was coming
From the part still conscious
Because, I have to say, much of my conscience
Was buried deeply in the unconscious.

.....
I had to look at an image, black and white,
Showing a girl
Which resembled to me.
.....
I had to describe it.
I described it as better I could
Woving an entire, beautiful story
About the beautiful girl
Turned to the left with her face
And wearing a kind of headkerchief.
.....
I told him that is the Virgin Mary
And she has a mission on The Earth.
To save the world and Her Son
To become the second Jesus Christ.

I tried to interprete every detail as better
I could
Giving a lot of details
And trying to make the story veridic.
.....
The doctor then wrote me on my hospital exit letter
That I suffer from border-line disorder.
....
I have to say that I liked the term.
I have read many times that medical exit letter
Happy of its strangeness
Which of course was due to my strangeness.

Once even I read it staying at a terrace in the center
of my little town, drinking beer.
Having an important air
Of senior official, or maybe University
professor.
.....
I was even a kind of laboratory mouse
On whom the medicine students were doing
their practice.

....
A state of consciousness and unconsciousness
Of sadness and of happiness
All that
Trying to recont a story about Lord Jim
To Mrs doctor
A book whose plot I couldn't remember.
All the students around me...

Looking at the poor Jesus
Who was actually a young woman
Curious, very, very curious...

....

Te iubesc, Dragulmeu Victor, Puiulmeu. Lia e tristă și i-e frică.

Victor, Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Elegy. The 11-th.



soțul meu iubit, te iubesc nespus.

Hanged like an innocent child, with his little head
downwards
The little white rose
Is lying pending over the lip of the tall vase
Likewise a leg of swan in fallen flight.
....
His life was short... and not too beautiful
He waved at the shade, far away from his dearest Sun
in a smoky room, where in I am always
wandering away...

And alone he faces innocently the immortality
And carries my name through
white spaces... Lia.

....

Ye iubesc, Iubirea mea Dulce, Dragostea mea.

Fragmentarium

It snows with snow flowers, filigree over the verse
Over the sense...
Lips without a history, eyes densely of intense...
Hands sliding passionately
In the lapse between sweet moments
of love.

Dulcele meu Victor, Soțiorul meu, Dragostea mea, Victor, puiul meu dulce și drag, Mântuitorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.

Dragostea ta, Puiulmeu, ea cea mai prețioasă comoară de peppânt pentru mine.
Victor, dulcele meu, te iubesc, puiul meu.
Blurry flowers of silver

Dragul meu Dulce, Mântuitorul meu,te doresc, iubitul meu Victor, te iubesc, dulcele meu.
The snake
te iubesc.

I was passing through lazy forests of white willows
Ripe warmth, likewise in the fireplace
leaves of jade and of snowing
Were caressing me with whisperings of love...
the pearly sky - an amethist teardrop

The grass, growing savagely beside the little path
doves swinging on the empty road
late o summer, it's very late...
It was undulating the body of the nature, alive
stretched like the greeny snake

in sun...

Blurry flowers od silver



My soul is so feeble, painful, timidly and cruel
It is pallid, squeezed and slashed
And of sweet love it is lividly emptied....

Floating in the the love of pallid moon on waters
Trembling timidly and scared
It looks in the high reed a bed
Wherein its pain to sleep itself...
....
The teardrops have been dried for a long time
It has remained the heart pulsing sick
In body, with its love, suave
Towards an indicible, calm land shore.
.....
I comprise tenderly in my hands
Of this break of dawn cruel wrath
Its sweet silence and stillness
That comes up in silvery things, gravely.
....
At the gates bundles of lillies are lying down
And the velvet violets
Are searching something in my eyes,
timidly, revolted

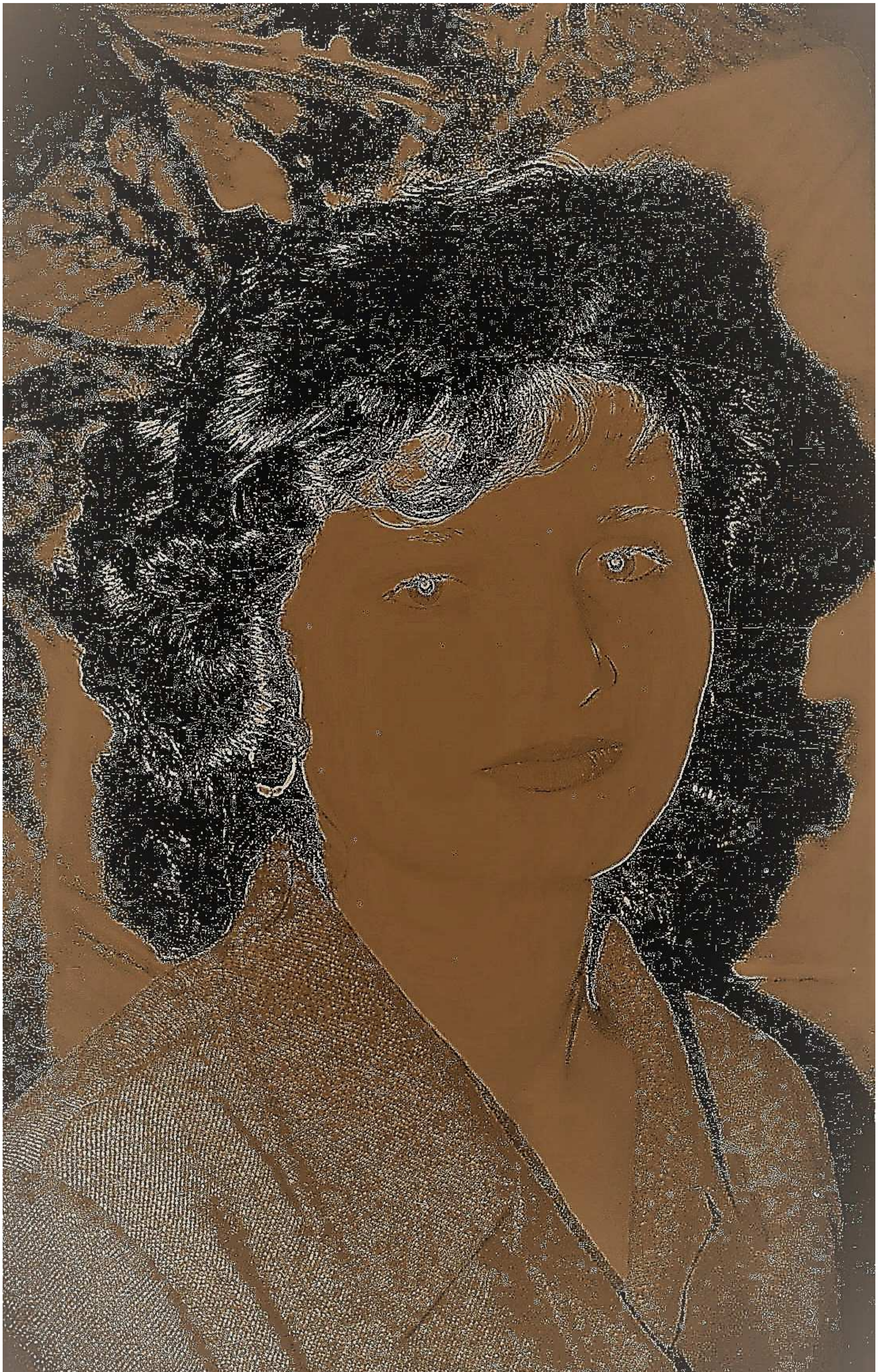
Are scattering in thousands of drops...
....
I was passing in silence through the gates
Still verandah and blurry flowers

Of white silver
In dead souls, with gentleness I catch myself.
....
I was passing silently at the gates
No one has opened in a little while
The wooden, heavy bars are falling heavily

In the bottom of the fountains
and in weddings
I hear how the dead souls are whispering.

Te iunesv, Victor, Dulce....

Puiul meu Victor, Dragoste Dulce, Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu drag, Mântuitorul Sufletului meu.
Nihil sine Deo



There are passing instants likewise long clouds
on the lowlands
and they are drowning in the shadow
of another sunrise

with my head in my palms to the same superstitions
I give my sweet oblation
I wear them in my palms, and they are planted
in the chest of mine.

To the same mystery I take a detour, just I am with a year
two, maybe more, older and more tired
The same walking stick with a silver head
I wear with bitterness in a hand
...
the same old scepter, the crown dilated
I am older with a year, younger with an instant
And the breathe is short, and the eyes
are sinking muddy in the hooves

Sweeter, more sad, my hurried callings, but still the more
they pass, more vane
and the sky is pouring in my palms
his glance of steel.
...
It's me, I'm still sitting here and writing
And I take my head in my arms and scream the desert ... do a long one
Eclectic around the bare and tragic statue
What keeps eye on itself

I've made a long portrait in the veline sheets
Just the cinder breaks of dawn have caught me still waiting
entering on the same door
many times in a row, faster or slower

thinking that I will surprise a smile on the shape
of the naked statue, a caress -
and then I put in the firelock the silver bullet
and the sea drove its way to the last big roar.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea... nespus...Tvictor, Dulcele meuTrup și Suflet, te iubesc nespus.Te doresc.he singing wood



te

iubesc, dulceața dragă a sufletului meu.
and the days are passing desert likewise steppes...
the giant baobab has been rising up
in the middle of the field.

Alone, sad, without vigour,
Without fatherland, as the old men are saying
He faces lonely the eternity.
....
Soon there will have been growing up beside him
Some little baobabs
Green, like some youth and tender offspring
And they will comfort his sadness.

Soon the horizone will fall apart
Or maybe the field will be just another.
....

A green meadow, sprinkled with flowers
With the streams slidelying crystalline into the cracks
from the ground.

The silence of the joy and of the divine blessing
Will cover the place
Soon the birds will fill his branches
and they will cover him with their
cheerfully chirp

Soon his crown will become again
rich and bushy
Shelter of the birds of the sky.

Sad, I carry the cup of bitterness to my lips
Love, you, painfully sweety
Renunciation, you, painfully bitter
Sweeet and gentle
Covering my soul with the dead leaves of the futility.

Lost in dreams
I make my head shelter of the birds of the sky.
Full of holes
My skull will breathe the absolute.
On my bed of death I was reading
Exercises of admiration. In my forever armchair.

The sky will be blue, without clouds
A lightful azure
Soon the Divine Being will stay underneath him
In complete contemplation and meditation.
....
Soon the baobab will cover himself
By the flowing blossomed magnolia
Covering the body of the man with his crossing legs.

Soon the Cross from the baobab wood
Will transform itself in singing wood.
Look, the silence has covered everything!...

Te iubesc. Te doresc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Great mom
After an old poetry

Big mom is dressed in beautiful heels
Ribbons and walks from head to toe
Colored and shaded
From the balconies or the seabed are purchased.

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with the whipping of whips -
Clothes tighten hedgehogs
Colorful colorful colorful toys
the chicks run down the valley, heap, what to say ...

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with a sharp blow
Ass to everyone shows it -
Then he sweeps them out of his mouth - he puts them on
At brine, that is in the mouth water.

....

He took it down the valley
Because he doesn't know how to go agal
The stairs trembled behind her
The footsteps shook, slammed into the jute whips, into the tarp.

...

He took it down the valley, because he does not know how to walk agal -
The blisters on the blouse swell
The flesh of the dress deflates the baba -

before you could say Jack Robinson
As the heart grows.

...

Dozens, rides, ribbons flow behind her
and she trembled at her hasty and heavy steps
when the noodles take them in their mouths they come to mourn
and - then he gently strokes them with his left hand.

...
Guard! ... The noodles are flowing on his chest
Baba is no longer standing
Red on the face as a porodic-
She gives a small, small, small snout to her throat.

....

Is she blonde? ... reddish ?, .. brunette? ... sane? ...
He wears a gentle anathema on his chest
The elders are rattling
Who get chest when meeting with nun.

...
Guard! ... The noodles are flowing on his chest
Baba is no longer standing
Red on the face as a porodic-
She gives a small, small, small snout to her throat.

Dozens, rides, ribbons flow behind her
and trembled by her hasty and heavy steps
when the noodles take them in their mouths they come to mourn
and then he gently strokes them with his left hand.

...
...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with the whipping of whips
Clothes are dragging hedgehogs
Colorful colorful colorful toys
the chickens are flowing down the hill, so to speak ...

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with a slamming blow
Ass to everyone shows it -
Then he sweeps them out of his mouth - he puts them on
At brine, that is in the mouth water.
Big mom is dressed in beautiful heels
Ribbons and walks from head to toe
Colored and shaded
From the balconies or the seabed are purchased.

... I love you, my sweet chicken.
...

I take the gun and shoot myself .... te iubesc dulcișorul meu.

Te iubesc.

The little Chapel



To the little and receiving chapel at the hospital
I went so may times and I stayed in
and I prayed !...
I was stopping astonished in front of the same
icons

Trying to understand their mysteries and symbols!....
most often there were beautiful
blossomed flowers in the crystal vase, next to the wall
on a little rectangular table
covered by blue velvet.

......
there I saw for the first time the mystery
of the Divine Liturgy of the Saint
John Golden Mouth
in front of my eyes, on the little square table
in front of the sanctuary

where high on the wall was standing the wooden cross
of the Saviour of the world
with the blank eyes
at the moment of His Divine death.

I watched every time in admiration
the Saint Liturgy
the small and fast, though attentive gestures
of the Father Ionel Zărie
the Priest of the little scepter and tried
parishes.

Not to anybody is given to see this great Mystery
only to the sufferings
touched by a merciless fate
most of them mental
alienates.

....
I was stepping inside
when there was nobody in, and I watched with the same
amazed fascination
the icon of Jesus Christ
wherein I was recognizing myself
entirely.

......
The icons on the clean walls, on the desks
The Mother of God with Her Divine Son
where on I was kissing every time

everything was attracting me unutterably.
In front of the Last Supper
I have been standing for many times

trying to understand its meaning.

I was counting the apostles
trying to figure out who they were
Who is Joan and Judas
or maybe if there was Mary Magdalene
in the painting.

....
from all that city
it was the only church wherein I was feeling at home.
I was feeling happy
smelling the odoured white or pink lillies
the carnations, the roses

and I brought myself some flowers.

....
Once a time I wet them with holy water.
there wasn't water anywhere
and I put them holy water.
....
For those times it dates my eating of bread with water
and cherry syrup
figuring out the body and the blood
of the Saviour.

I learned to bring peace in my soul
for this most blessed Father
and from you, my sweet love.

making myself even the Holy Eucharist.
I was so convinced
and I am so convinced
that I drink the blood of Saviour
and I eat His sacred body

than I made myself healthy.
God bless you, Father Ionel Zărie
and your little and receiving Church
where I understand thoroughfully
the mystery of the saint Communion
with Jesus, His Mother, all Saints,
and Apostles

our Patriarch
and our Episcope of Deva
and Saint Arsenie Boca, who opened me
my way
to the much desired
Divine Rescue.

....

Ave Maria!...



Ave Maria, Saint Virgin

To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.

Above our bitter sorrows
Your glance comes down with a gentle and warm compassion

O, come from the night of my thoughts
You, dressed up in light.
....

Ave Maria, Saint Virgin
To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.
....

Dulcele meu Victor, Te iubesc. Iartă-mă Te rog, Puiul meu.
Red carpet wood...
te iubesc, puiul meu. .



From five-six in the morning it comprised me
The despair of being...
It is wonderful the breaking of the dawn
The candles of the night are
turning off
The air is cold and moist, burned September

Drunk in sake little cups
With taste of brandy

Ars poetica

I love you.
Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Through the orange-filled body of the world
I walk with timeless walk - and melt them all in verse
and I throw them to the brink!

As Faust I made a harsh covenant - to give my breath of life
In a poem
When a thousand lighters light up in the sky! ...
and - my alabaster chest burns thousands more suns!

Through the orange-filled body of the world
I walk with great speed - and I melt them all in verse
and I throw them to the brink of knees ...

Banks lie in the damp air since September
With the mist slipping into their eyes
What I covered was old and cold sprinkled
You have cold, tender mornings

Silent hours fly by
In the milk of a matte, translucent ivory
Autumn, night and early, hidden
With her blue eyes
smoky
Blinking under the weeping eyelashes

and all of a sudden I feel like an alien
in the world
I suck and alone, and quencher
and happy and sad in my fantasy world
timeless

my hands and body flowing
through the ancient mirrors
to him yesterday

A magical moment, and ideal
and a smile born of pain and meaning

through the body full of orange-
of the world - with mine, non-existence went.

I love you...

The bright days drain their smoke flame
In the voluptuous white mist
Defeated at the edge of the road ...

The paths in the creeks sigh
between the lines
Leaves scattered by twigs
mourning.

Silence from the beginning of the world and of the age
The log shook his silver mane
Silver and smoke stars fall
It mixes with the steady land.

We used to go through the streets of yesterday
Under the shade of lime blossoms
Old houses, old descendants
Their air was silent and languid in the alleys.

......

..
Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically..

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals

They flow into me, warm stars ...

I love you and I wish you, my sweet baby ...

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu, dulceața mea.
I love you, my sweet Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, my sweetness.

...
Second game

With the crown in the sky of blue fire
and with its roots in hell
that's how they go through the dry and lucky world -
I hear how dead spirits groan!

...

On the mirror of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure!

..

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My bitter world is coming back to me -
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet

What are dude's sips!

...

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
Made up of timeless plains -
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver! ... live! ...
..
The sky from the waters turned into zenith -
He turned back to the ineffable and unspoken
Hit by the waters of the green-blue sea, the emerald
Struck by the winds and the blacks - it's not hot!
...

The sky from colored water and from the water
He returned to the area -
He returned to the rainbow -
On the wings of an ineffable kite!

...
On the edge of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
It is made up of timeless plains
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver!

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My world turns bitter -
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet
What are dude's lips sucked! ... wet! ...

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweet, my sweetness.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Te doresc, Dulcele meu.
Soțiorul meu Dulce, Victor, Te te iubesc, Puiul meu.
Alpha

Doors
Doors opened
Doors closed.
Doors between-opened
Parallel spaces
Impermeability
Symbiosis.

te iubesc, Victor

Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu
Damask rose

Frail, delicate tree offsprings are seeking for their fate
Through fragile branches fallen to the wet ground
It's winter in the forest, and it's wind
And mist stubs and frozen grass are winding themselves
in the ground.

The sweet thrills of the fall which is ending
Are perishing likewise the dusty must
is entering the ground

It's cold, late autumn and it's wind
Which sweeps away the delicate corollas of the sweet
dandelions.
......

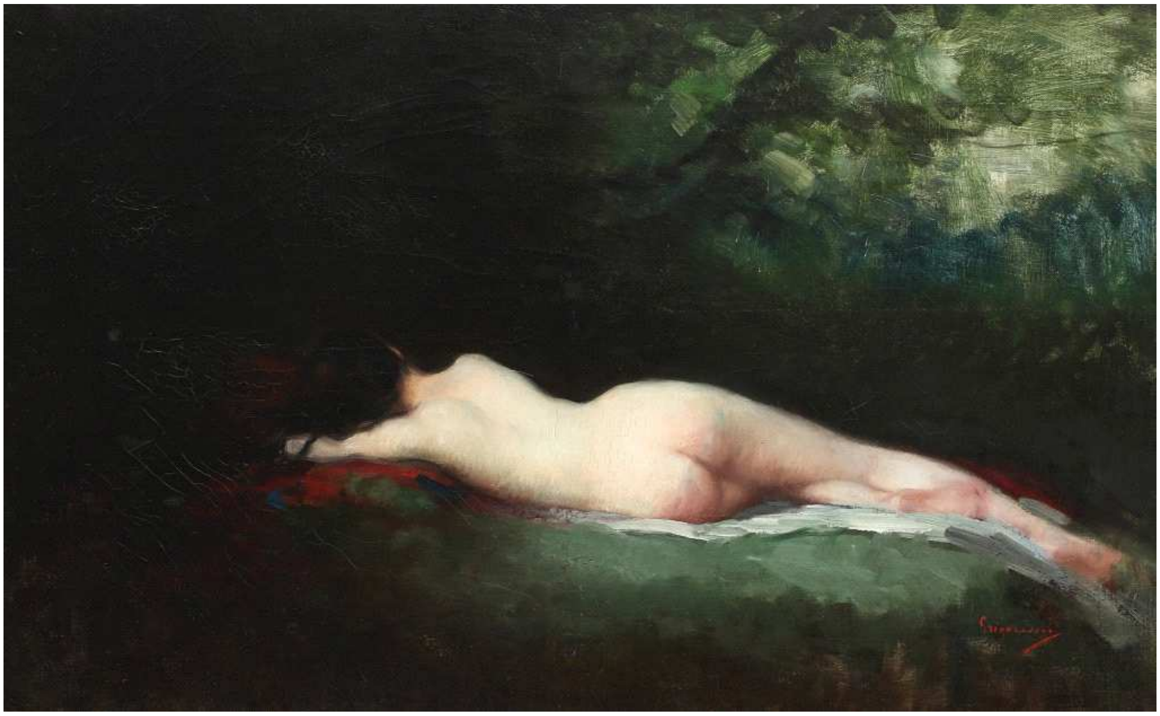
A dragon falling down at the sunset
With multicolour diaphragms and green-turquise
shawls, which caress cold and diaphanous the cheek
of air and of perfumed white snow.
....
Your smile imprinted in odd things,
in my cold and thin arms
Burying themselves warm in snowdrifts
with long, and cold, translucent icicles
...
I was stealing your kiss from the white
bark of birch
And I was encrusting your heart with an arrow
Milky, ivory, mat - a little scream of
white swing
...
O, don't believe me when I'm gone, under the leaves
of walnut green
I'm waiting for another tender, goldy fall,
And the sweet flesh of your lips, alive
to kiss me sad, and bitter-sweet, with vivid cruel
yellow leaves

To sip its bitter, sweet water of the mouth
and the winter to black out imperceptible puff
of lightful flower from its claypot.

Persian rose

The leaves are trembling at the frontiere with the indicible dream
in a deep, abyssal evergreen
The flowers take themselves long respiration from the abyss
beyond everything is phenomenal...

.....
clearly springs the sky from the deep blue sea
and the horizon - a colourful spot
a masterly bird
trembles its waters at the border with dawn
there where are meeting, misteriously, brightful
al suns...
......
The secret silence embraces all nature
The body, the arbor, the speaking



There are lying the ridges of the wind on the sun
From where are waving white, soft snow.
.....
The leaves are trembling
at the frontiere with the indicible dream
Like everything is eternal and phenomenal
The shore calls to itself dream after dream
Wave after wave, shore after shore
.....
Everyhing is ceasing in the roses perfume
In the brides smile, in the longest day of the year
Carried out by zephyrs in the horizon
In the brightful, silky, rising up phaeton.
....
It remains everything frozen, everything is raises up
In the highs, through brilliant dust
of the small shiny, sparkling ore.

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce.
Storm
Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu puișor.

Surrealism...
An underground world, of the dream
A world opened in a miraculous way to our eyes...

The tower of a church, in the distance
The thunder of the raging rain
Getting down the green, white bushes of ash
To the ground...

The trees, livid in the rain
Far away
Into a decor lost in rain and in archetype

Little, green trees
of a white green, close one to another
Fallen down to the ground...
...
A green greensward, unreal, detached it seems from a dream...
Dreamed with the eyes
wide opened...
....
The colour of the sky, an endless degrade
Of pastel colours
Of the rainbow

Rosy mixed with green...

The colour of the dream
And of the real killer of beauty...

Te iubesc.
Love, salvation of the soul

It is raining with soot, with still winter thoughts
With tired freesia, and autumnal.
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.
...
Over the breasts of perennial turmoil kiss, silky carnivore
Silent bite
From the meat of the arms, of the breasts ...
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

....

Stone eyelids blink hard in the frozen deserts
Snows with quiet stone, with stone flowers
With flakes of stone
and death, over my head.
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.
...

It's late, sweetheart, the fire is still burning in the fireplace
with yellow sparkles -
and-blue wishes I go through
after the death of soft death
snowing on my crest. in the frozen deserts
stone eyelids blink hard ...

you take my hand, you look at me gentle, so gentle ...
flowers of omnivorous sprout in the ground
it's winter, baby, the fire is still burning in the fireplace
with yellow sparks
and blue ...

the cherry blossoms cast a black shadow over the alleys
from city center
and the flowers float like charred hands
over arteries full of chimeras

I sit by the window and listen to the noise and anger
I'm asleep ... but I can't sleep
I hear strange sounds hitting
of glass

like birds, scared of tired spring
what came so late, as if blown away ...
it rains with soot, with thoughts still hibernating
with tired freesia

and autumnal.

You look at me gentle, so gentle ....
Flowers of haze, dew and ice lurk in the ground
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.
I love you.

Puiul meu drag, Dragostea mea, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Exorcising demons...
te iubesc.

The poetry of the street
And the prose of the house, of our own room
This is the the world we are living in.
....
There...
I was thinking that I didn't have
Nothing else but poetry.
Being hit by the realism of Edit
(money, money...)
By the realism of the street.
Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.
....
Arrived at home
I am thinking that I don't have anything else
But you, my dear, but you.
An abyss between the realistic man of the street
Of the place of work
and the dreamy, fantasy one
from the front of computer.

....
Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain
(I have had an exercise in the classroom)
and my three quarter sleeves
Where on the children have observed (...).

Te iubesc.
Nirvana

The paradox presence-absence
How to explain the absolute otherwise than through
negation?...
...
The mystery is deepening out
beyond the polymorph figures whose traits
are suggesting
The infinity of the living form...
...
Into the distance
is lying down an illumination. Of the darkness
by the light of day.

Te iubesc, Dragul meu.
The sea



Fjords, coral fountains
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface
In violet ridges they are fading away.
...
Yellow, translucent rain drops

Of the sky warm ephemeridae
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea
And they split out in a good still.
....
Sublime serene
And the boat shaking on the opaline wave
The sadness of the sea arching
Over the round, in a divine smile.
.....

Fjords, coral fountains
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface
In violet ridges they are fading away.
...
Yellow, translucent rain drops
Of the sky warm ephemeridae
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea
And they split out in a good still.

Dragostea mea,te doresc...te iubesc, puiul meu drag, Victor, dragostea mea.
Sirens' whispering...

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.



A metallic voice is speaking to me on the phone.
I was eating crying,
Alone
In a railway station.

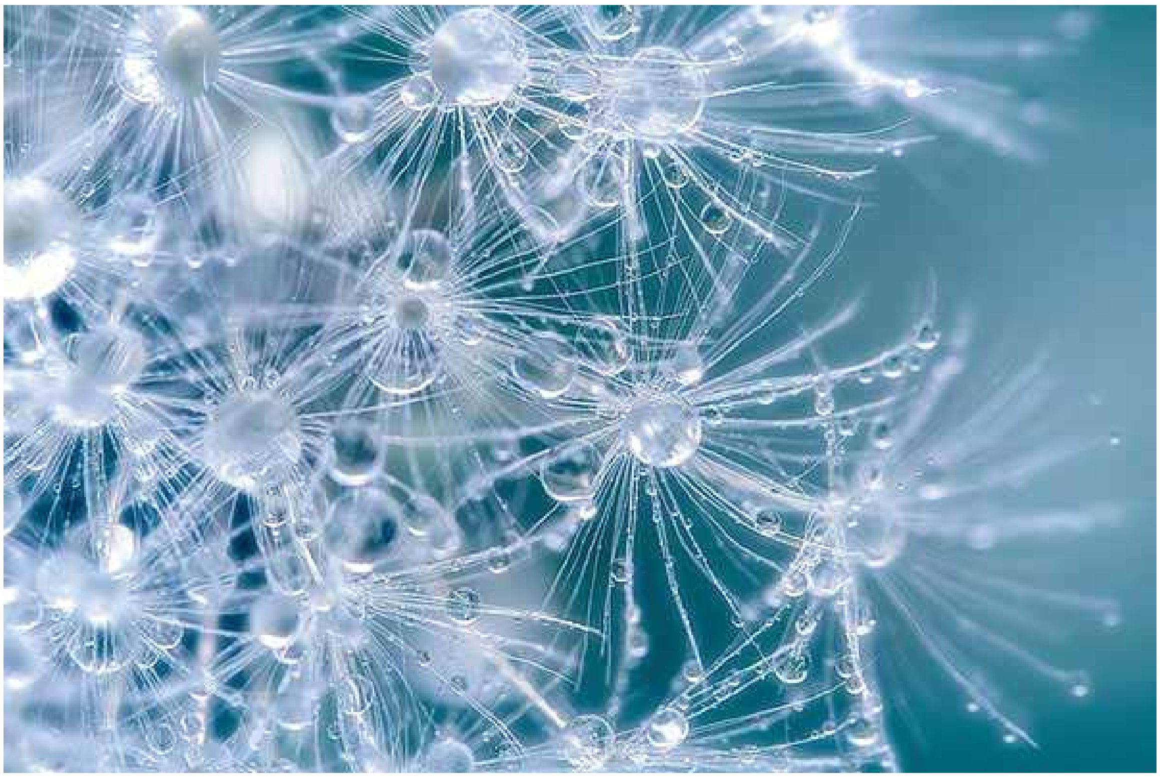
….
It wasn't anything special here.
Everything was as commonly as possible
But it hit me the voice stamp -
A little bronze statue
A cavern, deep voice, like a fence of wrought iron.
But still warm…

….
The melted metal was making it warm.

….

The metal which was flowing from the few words
Has transformed the few words
Into a love date.

Dragosyea mea, Victor... te doresc și te iubesc...
Prayer for the Lord



I'm sad, O, Lord, and I am slanting
My soul is full of biterness
For underneath the moon gentle serene, it's still in me and
in the world
A heavy teardrop of wormwood.
.....
My soul is bitter and wordless of all the things I've being said
And the Animus - sweet dark blue
bird of light, broken from the sky white snow fall
I snowed it with the bitter
teardrops.

Te iubesc,Dragostea vieții mele.

Te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea
The midsummer nymphs



Wedding in the heaven
The sky is crying its clouds to the ground
Waves, huge waves of flowers
It is the noon time, when the midsummer nimphs
Have come to the bridal celebration
Of the summer.

You don't know for sure if there is an absurd theatre
Or a brain catching n dimensions
Or a delirious state of any furibund mad.
....
Or simply the summer
In its enigmatic, firing majesty, translucent
In its heat it comprised everything
Static, petrified
Like a twirl carrying to the high
Brightfull powder of ore.

Parable...

It is raining ... with huge dew patches ...
It rains on the porch, on the window sills
The rain fluttered like fingers unseen by the mist
On the shoulders of mornings ...

...

I stopped in myself, in the infinite circle

in the sunflower seed
in infinite, endless space-time
of which, -instant times, when I awoke ...
...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze
with the cold wind swelling their nostrils
in time-space become infinite
in the drink of the moment, moments of honey and smoke ...

...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze
with the cold wind swelling the moans
in the immense sky garden
looking drunkenly on the road to light.

...

I weighed my volume, which measures
one hundred grams =
how much concentration and metaphor in this head
brain-free
in search of the lost realms of childhood

I HAVE DELIVERED THIS QUICK COURIER

...

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

My body was devoured by the feasts
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography you float like waves of clouds over the earth
Watering the earth

With his trembling light.

Traveled on both sides, he knew the ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit into the arms of the frightened crowd
Among the strings of the dead and the living
They are the past, the present and the transcendent
Between sacred and profane.

..
Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple.

Victor, Puiul meu, Puiul meu drag, Dragostea mea, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Te doresc, Puiul eu, Iubirea Dulce a Sufletului meu, te iubesc, Victor...

Chant I



Sadness, reveries
The world isn't more beautiful after you have written a book
It's simply in another way.
....
It's more different the smile, the abyss
The death, the destiny
The word, the covenant
The silence, the speaking.
.....
Fantastic arabesques are getting out from the leaden sky
Enchanting, charming
An ivory end
And the other gray.
....
Speaking, silence, murmur
Laying bricks and immortality
The sea and the chanting
The moon, the sun and the Earth -
Geea.
....
I'm blinking hit by the high
And then I throw up myself in a spring
Dense on the lips
Smiling, transcribed
On long parchments into abyss.

.....
Murmurs
Voices
Stones
Rocks
Transgressing the high
Were hurting my eyesight

With the chanting, blinding, Geea
Of the star named Earth

Sparkling their adornments
In front of me there were passing the slaves
of The One Too Tall
Undulating the spokes
And throwing up the seeds
Of the giant wheat.

Exorcising demons...
te iubesc.

The poetry of the street
And the prose of the house, of our own room
This is the the world we are living in.
....
There...
I was thinking that I didn't have
Nothing else but poetry.
Being hit by the realism of Edit
(money, money...)
By the realism of the street.
Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.
....
Arrived at home
I am thinking that I don't have anything else
But you, my dear, but you.
An abyss between the realistic man of the street
Of the place of work
and the dreamy, fantasy one
from the front of computer.
....
Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain
(I have had an exercise in the classroom)
and my three quarter sleeves
Where on the children have observed (...).

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack
of flesh and blood

I have come down from the cross
and I live the dream of the green
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones
in the moist, wet benches
...
I live the dream of the green
The dream of the crucified from the cross.
...
The dream of the green is here
On this moist bench
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair
On my handbag

Smoking a cigarette
Like a little old woman brought back...
....
Watching the slow curtain of raindrops
The rain which is falling down
With a gentle, unheard whispering
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass
....
No, it isn't here...
My place
I have run from the cross
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green

I am Jesus.

....

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination

In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
..

There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...

..
The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind
and then in a silent frenzy
it is given to the black, the earth ...

..

Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...
They are lost in the streets ...
They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...
I walk between heaven and earth
As if I wanted to
To join them in an indescribable kiss
The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...

..

I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...
I am without eve and without age ...
and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine
of my heart of indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...

..

It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.

..

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
As I want you to be ...

...

Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

Puiul meu dulce, Soțul meu iubit,
Te iubesc nespus de mult....

Dulcele meu Victor, te doresc, puiul meu, te iubesc...
Leaving the dry meal of Easter



In our kneels falling down, and to You praying
We pray, Oh Lord
Do not order us
After our sad crying bones....

But after Your great goodness
Over the everything, good or bad
Oh, Lord, and save our souls.

Puiul meu,Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victior, dragostea mea.
Copper-coloured little church



Copper-coloured little church, with oval windows,
 in semicircles
Or round stained glasses cut in Cross
The yellow light of the candle
To the corners of the room leads it away...

With the foundation of yellow bricks
And with a dome cupola, in the top with a flower
In form of laced cross
My Master and my Lord of the nights
In a hurry brings to me.
.....
A sunny rosette
Opened to the smile from the inside
It carries, in gentle devoution, the Mystery, Saint One
Which goes down to the ground
And glows goldenly my little hermitage room.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Dulce, Te iubesc.
I desire you, my sweet-heart, I love you Victor...
Stones fallen down

Large, sharp rocks rolled
Cataracts have been casting their depth to the pit
The bones of the mountains dishevelled
Were foreheading the burning glittering

Of the sun of July.

.....

Apocalyptic image. The red valley from a postcard
With white-black rocks
Fallen down
Gray ridges of stone and granite
Raising up their glance to the zenith...

...

Silvery, gray, colourless
The static molecules of the air
Have caught everything in a frozen vortex
To the unseen sun
Hidden by the rosy air
Into a realm of absolute Time.

A vision....



Entering the little corridor of the kitchen
Some day....
On the seventeenth of June...

I had the strange feeling of your presence
next to me.

I have seen your face, your shape
In four dimensions
Naturally
With your blue eyes gentle and warm,
Looking at me...

...
It was a sweet apparition
Coming seemingly from another world
Or another dimension of the reality
To comfort me and to caress me, as I was lost
in my world

Without any events....

......
The same day your sister came to me
And took my hands in her hands
And spoke to me...

....

I felt happy
That day I knew once again that you are
My anima and my animus
Sent to me by God himself.

...
The garden before us
The warm hands of Nicoleta keeping comforting
My right hand...

The few words we have shared each other
Before my mother came
...a feeling of reconciliation, silence
And inner peace.

....

..

Three Little Pigs

On that summer day I was riding the car, the whole family
On the road that leads to the Flori Lunca
Far in the mountains ....

Climb up Mount Bou, right at its highest peak
From where the panoramic image sits

Over the nearby mountains, the two nearby peaks
The hills that were rolling away
Carrying on the edges of their flimsy houses, small white dots
Seen in the distance

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious
the image of so many lands, Lord!

..

See my dad tells me, there are the mountains of Sibiu, of Sibiu
My father was telling me, looking away
I went to Magdi, Dieter and Ferries in Sibiu ...

...

Without wishing I thought of the illustrated book with the three pigs
Seeing the green, yellow hills
Different weddings of the summer, which seem to be twinning
In a bright rainbow
On the mountains around.

..
Without wishing I thought of the people who lived in these mountains
In these hamlets, in these villages lost in the creek
That everyone lived, slept, woke up, ate
They would bring their food to marvel at where, and they lived there,
at the top of the mountain.

...

The three pigs lived in the mountains around,
On the hills sprinkled with green, with yellow
On the grass that gleamed white in the wind
Blowing its leaves long into the sun

Quickly moved by the windy expressions
At the top of the mountain.

...

I lived the whole historicism and poetry of that summer day, in the mountains
and I bent down, face blinded by light
to lift a stone, consisting of several concentric layers of rock
it was interspersed with small ore
who had her beauty, beauty and toughness.

...

From the mountain peak on the left, two shepherds with sheep rode them on the saddle
What connected the two peaks, with the sadness in the back
and with the shepherd dogs after them
and my father stopped talking to them and worshiped a glass
of pumice

..

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious
the image of so many lands, Lord!

Te iubesc nespus,Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Odorulmeu cel Sfânt și Scump

Burnt Forest

On the return from Bou Peak on that sunny summer day
We thought about where the road would be better
For the car.
So I rode to the left, across the other side of the mountain
then we started to take it slightly down.

I passed through a forest, still on the road
Pretty good for the car
Then I wandered down through the Burning Forest.
It was a forest charred by the deadly flames of fire
Recently.

..

As you can see with your eyes, only charred stains, fir trees, beech trees
Of alders, birch trees, pine trees. Cut logs,
burnt and charred. This was a terrifying picture.
It seemed that the unconscious, the unconscious of Nature
it had turned out to be outside

and had carbonized everything around him with his killer flame
searing.
It's a bleak picture: it's the coast that once
A green forest rose
They were only contorted bodies, charred by trees

Cut logs
Of forests or of owners and burns.
The image shook me: I even wrote a story
About it, a literary composition

Which I later deleted.

We descend below, sharing in the desolate impressions.
In the zigzag.
A road to the right was waiting for us below
Through a living forest, with bizarre tall logs
Of firs and pines.

...

When suddenly, astonishment: a tall fir had fallen along
and had blocked our way, which was a kind
like a swamp, a narrow and winding road.
We look dismayed. I hadn't taken my medication
On departure.

However, I look at how Dad and Bijor had taken the little bullfighter
Suitable in case of need in the car
and they had begun to dig the trunk just below the middle.
The tail of the bulls had dried, and the edge played in the tail
They had to fix it several times
With lemongrass, beaten into the hole in which the cut

Get in the queue. Weary. They did it in a row. Their hands had swollen
and they were almost bleeding, the minstrel was small
not quite effective for such a heavy task.
The shadows of the sunset were coming down.
I was sitting near the trunk, on a log

Looking at their skillful movements, their silent despair
and non-invasive. I was pretty sure we were going out
from there, Bujor and dad will clear the way.
Dad was already old. She was trying hard to hide

The confusion, while Bujor had taken the hard on his shoulders.
My mother was spinning like a butterfly
From one to the other, probably incomplete conscious
The seriousness of the situation.

...
When suddenly the truffle bursts into air
Pressed above Bujor.
The trunk is chromed to one side, with weight
To make room for the car to pass.

...
Below, through the swamp that clogged the wheels of the car
The car bends dangerously to the right.
Believing the car will overtake us
I jumped out of the car, from my front seat

By the driver's side. Once upon a time, my mother, who was behind me
He does the same. Finally, Bujor goes hop

and something awaits me. Soon when the darkness
these wild places were already beginning to be expected

take the main road, which led to the Lunca Florii.
We drive it to Taia, on the paved road, full of sand
The children were playing, careless
In the middle of them, and then, you arrive in Petrila
We make it to Petroșani.

..

... To live a bath of fire, to feel the play of an inner heat, full of flames, is not to attain an immaterial purity in life, an immateriality similar to the dance of flames? Does not emancipation under the weight, under the attractive forces, what happens in this bath of fire, make life an illusion or a dream? But this too is little compared to the final sensation, which is one of the most paradoxical and strange, when from the feeling of that dream unreality you reach the feeling of the ash-gray preface. There is no inner fire bath whose final result is not the strange wrapping of the feeling of this preface in ash, when you can really speak of immateriality. When the inner flames burned all over you, when nothing left of your individual existence, when only the ashes remained, what sense of life can you have? I have crazy voluptousness and infinite irony when I think that someone would blow my ash in the four corners of the world, that the wind would spread it with a frenetic jolt, scattering me in space as an eternal rebuke to this world.

...te iubesc, dulcele meu, puiul meu.
te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu.

Leg you

Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke and honey
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...
Until you touch your lips
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.
I want you.
The desire and the love of my life, Victor Bratu.
Te iubesc.

Froom the nojan of rememberings…

From the nojan of rememberings...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
…
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...
...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...
From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking at her...
...
What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...
…
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.
...
His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes
Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.
...

What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman
He was looking at her.
...
The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.
...
From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking at her...
…
...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.
…
The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, unsinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.
...
From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a Youngman
He was looking at her.
…
His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops
Of absolute
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.
Of love.
...
What can be more tormenting for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.
...
His round lips, full, arched

As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love
…
There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love
…
The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.
...
Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded
…
By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes, it was a Her...
…
Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down
In the bright azalea fields.
...
Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puișorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without translate

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
…
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...
...
Sad, overly sad

The Youngman who received n his tender, gentle Soul
The whole suffering
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself
A defeated.
...
But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
...
His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened
Shadowed by glasses
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering
Of whom he received in his heart
The poisoned arrow, impure of love
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire
Not happiness and victory.
...
His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul
Salvation and faithfulness
And not bitterness, humiliation.
...
What can be sadder for a mother
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate
Full of promises of the World
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?....
…
From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world
Up to its core, to its bottom.
...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.
...
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.
...
His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown, with straight, silky strings
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry
…
On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving

Like the signature of color and light
Of a painter
Gathering itself on his neck
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.
…
The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered
They were letting to guess, only, their whole
Beauty and their whole poetry.
...
His innocent shoulders in the thin coat
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –
Waiting to be just lighted
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem
…
The feet slipped under the table
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.
..
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
…
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...
...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...
Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu,iubitul și doritul meu puișor.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Puișor, Dragul meu.

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so ....
Although there were a few words
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puiul meu. a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table
of which only a sec

and from which you deduced that the young character
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,

it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...
...
Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man

who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised
....
Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read
a memory of the foundations of being

and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love
in total and overwhelming dedication.
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.
Animus
Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce.Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu

My baby

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...
.....
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
...
A boy-teen-boy face
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes
Where lies still alive and hidden
Of the silent seas
...
An androgynous body naively imagining the Will
When from His soul a rising
Blue-pink only the Being
My child was watching in the sea
His smile was silent on the baby's lips
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...
....
With his pink hands full, with pits
With round arms of flower and milk
Ask for my whisper noodles
Let them hang undisturbed on paper
…
Where to bring them to salvation of pure azure
At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death
…
Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child
It's the pink and white cherry blossom

Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...
...
Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise
...
I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers
…
Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.
...
His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

T iubec, Viactor, dragosea mea, ulceața mea.
The book of Anime III
Second painting
Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
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ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
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Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man

who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised
....
Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read
a memory of the foundations of being

and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size
the bridegroom with the girdle of love
in total and overwhelming dedication.

I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.
Animus
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce.Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu
Te doresc, Dragostea mea.
.

The book of Anime III

Painting three

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady
…
The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.
In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest

In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.
Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.
…
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
…
.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.
…
and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust
...
I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields

Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation:Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălățan
Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.

I love you, Tudor, my baby.
Te iubsc, dulcele meu Victor..

Initiation

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.
....
In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphim
With her hair hunted for truth.
...
I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth

With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape

The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.
..
The magnolias were falling ...
I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future

The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.
I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...
.....
The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are ....
... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.
...

It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
I love you, my sweet Victor.

See Rama

The door lock moves like a dream -
I again leave the soul of temporal eternity
Momentary, eternal, concrete, yet abysmal
Nothingness, no chaos ...

...

With thousands of eyes the black dagger speaks to me in the window
I tremble in bed
Not daring to sleep - though almost asleep
With his hand on the temple, caste ...

..

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Frosted fretboard from sleep - with infinite care open the door
and I slip
go to the room, in the bedroom -
I press the brown door, I speak from the threshold
I told them I was scared and was about to fall out of bed ...
(in which for a few more nights I lie)

...

That out there sounds weird, weird noises ...
Who's who walks outside in the middle of the night
Seeing all my thoughts?

...

I miss the dreams of the night - the powerless right hand to squeeze
I spend my night dreams on paper
With his left hand
My right hand hurts like a beast
squeezed over thoughts and images like a pencil -

I bend down to pick up the Matrix tubes from the closet - like in a dream ...
when all the world at once
a wheel is spotted ... it gets in my throat, belly and gut
the time in my room is doubling, it is burning ...

in the yellow light, crying ...
near the foot of the table is the empty glass
in the night there are noises, owls outside -
it's the slot - now full of less than a quarter ...

but didn't I drink it all? ... I exclaimed in my thoughts
with circumflex forehead, inert eye -
but I didn't drink it all - the quarter glass?

...
"Dreamy cypress trees sway
With the black branches looking down.
And lime with a wide shade of flowers down to the ground
Towards the dark sea the wind shakes! "

Through the halls a man in a black robe deserts
Fearing his footsteps, he slips into secret.
Under his long cloak he hides a dagger,
He looks back with fear and bitterness.

He laughs ... He rushes to the shadow ... the salt shadow.
Due to some walls, it slowly appears again ...
Above them quickly and again:
-O, Sarmis, long fight, great for us!

What are you running away from? What are you running away from? Don't you see in the fight that I'm calling you?
He doesn't think I'm shaking, he doesn't think I'm afraid!
He was rising again and his face was weak.
And the fixed eye looked with fear and pain:
"Oh, my cowardly heart, why do you gnaw in your breast,
Ends up! And the dagger I get out of my hands now ...
But I'll squeeze it in ... Wait ... wait, you foolish fool. "
-Children once and fall dead -Brigbel.

..
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
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When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
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Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.
..Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

I was silent on the road ....

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars

Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...
Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...
I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems
...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

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Until I touch the lips of the earth
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My lips can't move
I can't understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragul meu, Puiul meu.
.. I was silent on the road ....

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

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and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

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With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
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I take the pill and shoot myself
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Until I touch the lips of the earth
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My lips can't move
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Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
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Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea Dulce.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand

Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...
Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...
I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems
...

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Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

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With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
..
I take the pill and shoot myself
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dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
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Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.
.. I was silent on the road ....

I was silent on the road
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Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

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I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

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I was walking with my head down on the ground
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A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

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Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The Humans move like a dream, they talk, they smile
With the soot forehead
With hands full of earth
With my shirt stuck with hay ...

...
Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now –
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...
Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

I was silent on the road
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My soul burns in love as it seems
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The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
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I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
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With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

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With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
..
I take the pill and shoot myself
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Until I touch the lips of the earth
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My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

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Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
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Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
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With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
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I take the pill and shoot myself
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Until I touch the lips of the earth
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My lips can't move
I can't understand the landscape
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Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Black trees, white trees
Sit naked in the solitary park
I pass among them, sick of dreams
With my step increasingly rare ...

...

White birds, black birds

I tear, shake
On the top of a pillar, between the antennas -
Strange and black bucket ...

...
Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Adonai

The word of death that saves
Slowly on the chest and eyes go up
It is lost in the blue Sea of Atlas
Like spikes on the cheek.
..
Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze turns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...
...
White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.
...
..
Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes

Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, cold morning ...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....
..
There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.
..
and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....
...
A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...
....
and from the chaos of the valleys, in the proud face is closed:
Oh, I come, Lord's night!
By fate it dislodges me!
Give me Freedom to roam
All the cosmic space like a lentil seed
..
Give him Love, hope, mind
In wise remembrance!
..
Oh, young voivode with soft hair
What you adore, your overnights empty
I give them Love and Mind
and many feelings
to look back like before!
...
You ask me for my Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time
To discover even in the Land of the Dead with her
To enter, triumphant n-Olympus!
...
You are my very own Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time.
...
Time of war, cruel hatred and fate
Time of love, of sweetness
and death
Time to do everything I thought
Time to think and think long.
...

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time to sleep
To the great advice of the wise
I give you time for the eternal to reap
To kill the righteous from death.
...
...
For you see the harsh measure of those on Earth:
You make yourself breathless, ice wind
Burning sun and power
and blows their pain!
...
Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time!
...
A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...
...
There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.
...
and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....
...
White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.
...
..
Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...
A beautiful dead man with live eyes
Your look burns me, your eye presses me!

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone
Hours leave
Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...
...
The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
You hold me up when the bedtime comes
and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
....
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
Silent, cadence, monotone
Hours leave
Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...
I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla
You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...
your trees
Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine
with cinnamon flavor...
my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through
the pine tree forest
Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that
is moving out the strings...
Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away
realm
...

Winter with a taste of vanilla
I burry my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands
which comprise my face
into a misunderstood, misunderstood
caress...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...
...
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.
..
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.
..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...
...
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.
..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...
..
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.
.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.
...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice

Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn’t arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia GălățanWithout Google translate

The book of Anime III

The fourth painting

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..
.
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....
...
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.
..
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.
..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...
...
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious

His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.
..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...
..
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.
.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
From the nojan of the memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in a dimension full of bitterness
of the world
Up to its core.
...
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats
To give him drink the cup
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To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
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The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn’t arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son

He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate
Google translate the last two strophs
te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Victor
Te doresc, Puiul meu.



Blue skies
...
From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home

It was a rain and windblown
As if he had never seen it before.
...
A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...
...
But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.
...
Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white
with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms

threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.
...
The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlas sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle

When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.
...
It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...
...
His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...
...
He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this, I would not have believed

On a wind like this
...
This is fine, he smiled
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself
At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...
...
and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down
...
and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.
My love
...
she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.
...
Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.
..
Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...
..
....
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.
...
It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...
...
His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...
...
Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms

threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
crying .....

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a virgin bed …
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
…
He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...
...
The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.
...
Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...
....
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...
…
The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...
...
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
…

Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.
…
In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show .....
.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...
....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.
...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...
…
Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade
…

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling ....
...
I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.
..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
...
He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.
...
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
....
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea

Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves I love, my baby Chick, my love.te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubsc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

The book of Anime III

The fifth painting

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...
...
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.
...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.
...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...
..

Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.
..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.
..
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.
...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.
...
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, ”Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.
..
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...
...
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...
...
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...
...
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched

On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc,Victor, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Iubirea și Dragostea scumpăa vieții mele!...

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk

Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light
…
..
When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...
…
.
They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...
..
Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.
…
He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..
Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...
..
Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.
..
Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...
...
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
...
a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
...
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
…
….
a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
..
Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet

Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.
...
With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.
...
and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.
..
A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...
..
His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.
..
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
…
O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihau-Victor, Puiul meu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin

Like a virgin bed …
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
…
He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...
...
The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.
...
Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...
....
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...
…
The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...
...
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
…
Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness

Rose petals ...
..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.
…
In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show .....
.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...
....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.
...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...
…
Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade
…
Te uybesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Puiul meu dulce, Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night
As I write I read Kant ...
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep

In which everything is dressed in white ...
..
In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts
- embroidered in outdated languages
Ah, I've told you thousands of times
In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine
Just cold forged
and everything was dressed in white ...
....
It was a deep night - de Profundis
Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold night away.
..
They were heard from nowhere
There were no voices, no footsteps
Only the cough dries in an opportune moment
Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...
...
My forehead was burning with red mist
and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -
although everything is worse than drawing in coal
of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.
...
Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...
No sound, no sound, just moans around
my soul is black and white
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold and distant night.
...
I died! Yeah... I died ...
I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam
Sea when Adonis comes out...
....
Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds
I was sleeping forever
Reading, thinking and writing Kant
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc
Te doresc, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea. Victor, Puiuleu.

It was a rational night...

It was night, it was raining outside
and my heart was clutching like a claw.
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast
They are like a flower-like an undead
What's going on between us
...

It was night, it was raining outside .....
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes
hot and cold….
question marks in taste were mottled
fruit nozzles
...
in your smile you never started, lost
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...
in dusk in the evening, so sweet
bitter
...
I felt an increasing desire in me
to sink slowly, slowly
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...
question marks popped into your eyes
hot and creamy ...
...
It was a quiet night outside ...
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast
like a flower or an undead
what made his bed in us ...
..
The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy
I don't know where to drink
If you do not know who ...
....
It smells like Jesus Christ ...
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone
At bedtime...
...
The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine
Teddy bear must
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.
.....
It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
...
In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive
I smelled abstract work
You, lambs, children
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -
Friday...
...
Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered
It was silence it was late
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar
A puppy with white fur
I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...
It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples
In my rational cam
The smell of mine and children...
...
Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.
...
The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...
...
Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor
and then I took the gun to shoot myself
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter
although it was a rational night
and the dogs barked far outside.
...
fall with the slower through a stream of dark chaos
until I touch the lips of the earth
which I prevented
...
watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea
the soul of the Earth is
it looks great to me ...
...
Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.
...
The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...
...
It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puiul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puiul meu
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai.
...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

Love me when night falls
...

Hard night, uninterrupted by steps, voices
Just the sound of pills dropped on the floor...
Nine, two, broke the silence
with their syncopic, lethal fall ...
...
I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.
....
A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...
...
Take me, Lord Jesus, be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies
...
Number of pills, one-two, nine, 23
I'm thinking of taking another three - two that fell on the floor
No taste, no smell
and one for deep sleep. A zolpidem. But I need her
and the last driptane
in a film with many pills, all taken
with mistakes and stolen things ...
....
I'm taking the fish's belly. I'm John!
and go out to the white, the raw light, the white light that is to come!
I'm born again, Mom ...
..
I sleep in the bed, I slip in the dream, with tea, I drink on my lips
Quiet, quiet
I sleep in my bed sliding in the dream...
Hold him tightly in the longing, of Jesus.
...
Things are really very messy
There are no options to say...
Except you are with Jesus, you are Jesus
There is not much to say ...
...
I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.
...
A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...
...
take me to you, Lord Jesus
Be my guardian and flock of dreams

Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies
...
... over dead bodies of dreams ...
Te iubesc şi Te doresc,Tudor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea…
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea,Puiul meu.
Te doresc, dragostea meea.

The book of Anime III
The fourth painting

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
…
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.
...
Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.
...
Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...
...
Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.
...
In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.
..
Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.
..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.
...
Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.
...
Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...
Translation: Google Translate
Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș
... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.
Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Come as you are ....

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
I want you to be ...
...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...
...
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.
...
the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...
heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...
....
the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end
Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand
and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words
looking into our eyes

remembering ...
....
slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-obol ...
....
the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?
...
....
Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
..
....
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is
...
So come on as you are...
...
I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon
...
So come as you are ...
...
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story

Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.
...
I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...
...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea
...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

…
The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story

The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google Translate, Google dictionary
Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google translate and Carl Gustav Jung
Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceața mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling ....
...
I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.
..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
...
He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.
...
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly

Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
....
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubsc şi te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!
..
A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell
..
The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -
The aroma of her bear
A young girl in front of him appears ...
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake

Wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and rhythmically
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..

Te iubesc, Vitor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
teiubesc, puișorul meu dulce, Victor, dragul meu.

The shadow archetype

Sobbingly on the obscure paths of the mist
The divinity was showing up to me
In her immeasurable form, bahiko, and dark.
....
The divinity isn't a summum bonum.
He is beyond the good or evil
Beautiful or ugly, feminine or masculine.
....
He is beyond opened and closed
Liberty or prisoning, external or internal.
......
A dream has clarified me
That divinity is immeasurable. Beyond of the dogmatic descriptions
from books
Beyond the Christian doctrine and morality
Beyond the formal interpretation whom the many
give to her.
.....
I was locked somewhere
And I was hoping to get out
There, outside it was Jesus

But not Jesus from fairy tales.
...
It was an atrocious divinity
By a painful and soothing completeness
Gathering together the contrary principles
Making himself a vehicle of the Good
and Evil alike.
.....
Only accepting in my life

The Archetype of Shadow
I learned something.
....
That this is another face of the Good
An eternal face of Good
Closer by his destructive mythological
Valences.
.....
This hypostasis of the divinity
It doesn't stretch you temptations.

Only beyond of temptations
And of the infamous purgatory of sins
You discover, in an end,
That Divinity doesn't stretch you
Any temptations.
....
It is because she is the temptation itself
And only who has the courage
To discover the dark side of himself

Learn that it's no temptation.
.....
There the Divinity thrones
An immeasurable entity, beyond the good or evil.
...
Crossing the purgatory of morality
You discover that the essence of Divinity
It doesn't lie in morality.
....
But in her painful, dark, contemplative
Completeness.
.....
And only who has the bold
To discover to himself as a God
Gets to know in the end this divinity
Atrocious and sublime.

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.
..
Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet od desire, of promise,of the covenant.
..
She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr

Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...
..
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...
Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.
...
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.

Invasion of objects

The world has passed lightly, imperceptible
From miracle to commonplace
It has become, suddenly, familiar, calm, silent
Like an evening of October, leisurely
Near the cup of tea...

The wind, the birds, nature
Don't conspire any longer in offering me mutely
The free and solemn spectacle
Of the myth

The waters don't hide anymore the deep depths
Of the unconscious
...
I see the object in itself.
The object is silent, it doesn't discover to the glance its core
Twisted into concentric layers
Like the rings of a tree

And though, I can touch it
I can resonate with its magnetic rays
...
The object is tired but still generous.
It offers himself, in his simple, secret, silent way
To the searching eye
Which caress it, and doesn't aggrieve it

Occupying its place from always
In the pantry of the things
.....
The deck between known and unknown
A bridge between the past and future
Constant between equilibrium and imbalance
Eternal and passenger
Multitude and uniqueness
Interpretations and interpretation, absolute
and relative
....
The searching eye take in possession the object
Fron this unmiraculous world
Where in it is a miracle
Projected outside itself, in an eternal, perpetual, glorious
Participation mystique.

With silver undines ...

He left the evening, with thick, voluptuous wings, in foam
Of the sea coming in with silver

In the room of visions displacement
In the room of agony and direction ...
...
..
.
I watched where I swam like a swim
When heavy golden hair lets it fall
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways
Nude nymph, with pearl silver.

...
We met in dreams of pleasure
We met in sweet dreams
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.
...
Your penis, like a snake from deep, groaning
I get my soft butterflies, gnarled moaning
It is allowed to fall into uninterrupted waters
Over lustful wishes, standing ...
..
He craves a new life
Maybe a new morning when Aurora slammed her fingers into the window
and the birds in the morning sing with gossip
on a branch.
We met in dreams of pleasure
We met in sweet dreams
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.
..
Sweetlips come down on her breasts
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest
Mix with the mouth water
...
The ghost enters deep, deeper and deeper
In butterflies flaking and obsolete
Passionate wishes for moaning calf
When the water is pounding, it gets louder.
...
Blanca is in the swing
Lord is your Mire
It flashes like a child's dream
Yours love of love
Leave your face sweet

Over sweet German foodstuffs
Under the serene ray
Your arms to sleep on
Leave your sweet face
sweet and blackened by sweets ...
....
Sweetlips come down on her breasts
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest

Mix with the mouth water
...
I watched where I swam like a swim
When heavy golden hair lets it fall
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways
Nude nymph, with pearl silver.
I

An endless man

Suddenly you discover
That you are not interested in anything
Nor of the career
Nor of love
Nor of friends
...
You remain lonely on a desert island.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs
Are more full of Anima
Than the people
And you are starting to understand Buddha.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the solely full of sense is the life
and death
and between them, it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown
so pure, so beautiful
the creation
....
That everything that it counts is what you are living now
this instant
suspended in time
lived intensely, in a perpetual present
stretched in all your fundamental
gestures
in birth, wedding, death
love
.....
All that I have learned
I've learned from my Moromets
and from the Comăneşteni orchards
from my father, from my mother
from my brother
from my dearest beloved

Lying on the porch of the house
Ordered gently
As in some sessile coffins
I tell you
The only moment is now
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins
The only moment is now

Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Participation mystique

te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu dulce și drag, soțul meu iubit.
My brain has become fecund
It fertilizes the rhymes with its passionate voracity

My gentlemen
I was born dead
whilst the eagles were feeding with my flesh.
And love, physical love
it was still participating in the history
to the real, to the ideal
To the splendid animal.
.....
Creature, human being, bird, symbol
How much religiosity is in the naked body
and in the thought fleshless alive
circling in sweet surrender in the desert.
....
In real, mythical, archetypal worlds,
in forms and in beginnings
I pour out the clay of my hands
the being of the dust and straw.
...
On the top of the mountain
a fire has sprung out in the heights, and in strange
circles and in springs
the blue light of the edge of the blade
to my eye, it was given to see.
...
forces had been fusioned in a roar
wherein into the same consciousness
waters had united over the fire, hot ash
over the Sacred place.
...
Axis Mundi!... Axis Mundi!...
I stay like the primitive in the iron center
and the fire is crossing me
from the Sky to the Infern.
....
Let it be! let it be!...your spirit to preamble
in the things
To project in nature beginnings, contents
and the sacred fire which preambles
in your dust!...
Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.

The book of Anime III
The fifth painting

Like Eol that flies by the sails, it screams!

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves
When in the morning with her cold wing
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings
When morning comes, it benefits,
but at night on the edge of the world
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!
..
Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!
..
Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy Young, the blond-haired man
in the spike, caught him
..
Like Eol that flies through the waves and screams
When the seagull beats the water with its white wing
He cold thought of longing
Brought in the whisper of love.
..
At the black castle, he partly beats
and a girl with the blond calves away rich and thick
falling down and hunched over
with the dew-blue-eyes, he saw them kiss, wet, pearly

she falls on his arm, dead, in a faint
of ebony hair.
Oh, my sweet sweetheart Catherine
She lets his head-and-arms sleep

Under the eye's eye,
it stops at the chest of the suspire! ...
for I came, oh, here
the tea of the nightingale beats

until the arrival in the morning, there is a lark
hurry, let's go, no time to stop! ...
and gently lifted her thighs
passing it on reaching the creeks
..
and kissing with his lit roses lips her closed eyes
fall with desire on his left shoulder.
In heaven the big chariot, the small chariot -
and fine-opaque by spitting up berries

chicken belly with her children
hurry up, baby, there's another clock until dawn!
jumping into the saddle, he leaves in the night
when combining the day's clear obscure with the night's whisper

Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!
..
and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.
...
Harder and harder, closer, closer
He had loved her with love, sweetness to his chest
And on their face with the rush of thought, they pass
He ignited my feelings!

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.
...
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!
..
The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves
When in the morning with her cold wing
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings

When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!
..
Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!
Te iubesc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.
Te iubesc Victor, Puiul meu, Te doresc, Dragul meu. Te iubesc și te doresc Mihai, Dulcele meu, Dulcele meu
Tiudor, Alin, Mihau.
Te iubesc, Victor, Draostea mea, Puiul meu.

Your eyes...

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Likewise two blue stars that are glittering
and fills down the darkness with their
warmly flame

Your eyes are often speaking to myself.
And your hairs which is reflecting
it's dark blonde light...

.....
Like two red precious stones
that fills the air of their summery warmth
Your sweet lips are stealing me,
the shy light of my eyes..
.....
Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground
As in winter the white flakes
of snow and pure light
I kiss their grave, sweet darkness
which in the white night of the spring
sits down...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Your eyes...

te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Your neck
It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery
It pours out the sweet nightfall
on the ground

Covering the earth with warm darkness
Of the night and of the burning stars
Glittering smoldered...
So blue are your eyes

Likewise two darkened stars, full of the night...
Of thunderstorm streak....
And though... The sweet twilight
warm sweet odor of the springtime

brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...
full of the mystery of moon rays passing through the arch of leaves
a sweet warm unknown eye light...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Collosal rain of dragons
te iubesc.
te iubesc, puiul meu drag și dulce.
Your sex is like a huge bird
A huge stone phallus, and of magma hardened
blinking, orbiting to the sky in red waves
from a hidden, enigmatic crypt.
.....
the birds were flying on the sky
Smaller or larger, whiter or more violet

straight, curved or straight
rosacea or, on the contrary, funeral...
....
colossal rain of dragons shaking in the heights
thrushes, bottles and guinea fowl
making in the sky the last waltz
confetti, rice, barley, oats - the sky was a savage sausage
....
mouths, twirls of typhoon
Shaking themselves, with their smoky backs
Swallowed hugely
insatiable...
the blue and tenebrous dragons..
....
an orgiastic union between yin and yang
the kite rising in the warm wind
waves of storm and serenity
it's in your hook-up, sweet pilgrim...
....
the stone colossus washed by rains
glows shyly, indicible between soft winds
the Time has carved out in it
a crypt
under his arm sleeps his buddy, a nettle
old, frightened - he looks in the fog of the time
the tender orchid of his sweetheart
to call him
lying down in forgotten, dusty poems.
Te iubsc , Vuictor, Dragstea mea.

Victor, Puiul meu, te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu dulce.

Te iubesc Dulcele me Mihai-Victor, Victor, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.
Te besc, Dragostea mea.

Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!
..
A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell
..
The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -

The aroma of her bear
A young girl in front of him appears ...
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake
Wet wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and rhythmically
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc, Dragotea mea Victor.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling ....
...
I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.
..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars

It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
...
He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.
...
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
....
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves Teiubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubsc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words not being

understood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
in the opal depths of the sea...
....
.And your down voice
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus
In the moist ground...
Deep, grave, like a melted iron

Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina
with its incandescent and ardent
light.
Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words misunderstood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
into the pearly
sea....

and your low voice
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground
in the moist land...
whispering metallic
lava flowing down onto the eye
with its black and incandescent
light.

te iubesc
Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...
..
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..
The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.
..
Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.
..
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...
..
A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.
Te Doresc.
Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu iubit.

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!
..
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alean and miss
...
and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...
Over our embraced bodies -
All the power is hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.
..
and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.
..
I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.
...
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alean and miss
...
and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragosta mea.

Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me
I'm staying and I look at them
Without no word
In silence and with remembrance
Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking
To myself.
...
Their light comes down gravely
Over your face, sweet white ray
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through
On your shape
Without no words...
....
I have been trying to find in them the echo
Of the feelings which are tormenting me
Then when from the large of the world ark
I come down to the shores from the abyss.
...
I kissed them and I have drawn
them in book

Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...
And I found them often in death.
...
And I have died many times.
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply
My desert feeling I laid down
in the book
My deepest and my desert feelings.
...
Each time I have searched the word
To give me life to drink
again
Of the heart innocent echo
And I found them... often in death...
...
Translation: Ntlia Gălățan, Google translate
Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulceața suflettului meu.

The seven sermones

I am a monster
I know I am a sacred monster....
I transformed everything into literature
The screaming, the agony
The pain, the death.
Love.

Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept byy the wind
Another I from the beginning of the world
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

..

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

...

Your tender hand, likewise is thepale dream of the poet
I would like tobring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops if green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

..

I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest
Your sweet tender hand to look at it
Which bent in unjnown harmony
Over the sweet human thought...
...

Your tender hand, likewise is thepale dream of the poet
I would like tobring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops if green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puiul meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths
Another self from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.

...

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest
Hands down to look at you
What bends in unknown harmony
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

...
Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

...
With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.
....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries ...... te iubec, puiul meu, cu toate acestea...
Te doresc, puiul meu dulce și drag, iubitul meu.

Te iubesc şi Te doresc, Victor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea, Iubirea mea.

The book of Anime IV

Painting one

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...
...
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.
..
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.
..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady

In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...
...
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.
..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

..
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.
.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.
...
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster

Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
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The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
Hos blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...
...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..
.
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....
...
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.
..
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.
..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...
...
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
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And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
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To your lips, so sweet ...
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Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.
..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
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whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
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Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.
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From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
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Up to its core.
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With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
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The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
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Love?...

...
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
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Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
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On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
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...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
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Where you cease to exist
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translation: Natalia Gălățan
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Google translate
te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Victor
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Anima mea, Animusul eu, Arhetipul meu iubit, Te iubesc nespus.
Te oiubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
…
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.
...
Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.
...
Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...
...
Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.
...
In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.
..
Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.
..
Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.
...
Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.
...
Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven

breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other...
..
Translation: Carl Gustav Jung
Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș
... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.
Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Te iubes.
Te iubesc şi Te doresc nespus, Dragostea mea.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla
You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...
your trees
Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine
with cinnamon flavor...

my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through
the pine tree forest
Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that
is moving out the strings...
Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away
realm
...
Winter with a taste of vanilla
I burry my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands
which comprise my face
into a misunderstood, misunderstood
caress...
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album
Te iubesc.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady
…
The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love

soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.
…
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
…
.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.
…
and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust
...
I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.

I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest

I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung
Correction: Natalia Gălățan

Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.
Te doresc, Puiulmeu. T iubesc.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone
Hours leave
Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...

...
The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes
and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
You hold me up when the bedtime comes
and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
....
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
Silent, cadence, monotone
Hours leave
Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...
I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.
Te iubsc, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dulcele meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.
Te besc, Dragostea mea.

...
Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair

Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!
..
A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell
..
The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -
The aroma of her bear
A young girl in front of him appears ...
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

Like a golden snake-like a silver snake
Wet wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and rhythmically
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

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With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.
Te besc, Dragostea mea.

...
Outsecticie

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While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc Dragul meu.

Come as you are ....

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
I want you to be ...
...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...
...
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.
...
the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...
heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...
....
the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end
Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand
and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words
looking into our eyes
remembering ...
....
slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-obol ...
....
the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?
...
....
Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon

I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
..
....
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is
...
So come on as you are...
...
I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon
...
So come as you are ...
...
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.
...
I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are

as I want you to come ...
...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
…
The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...
I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate
Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google translate and Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceața mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dulcișorul meu.
Te iubesc și Te dorec Victor, Puiulmeu.

My baby

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...
.....
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes

Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
...
A boy-teen-boy face
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes
Where lies still alive and hidden
Of the silent seas
...
An androgynous body naively imagining the Will
When from His soul a rising
Blue-pink only the Being
My child was watching in the sea
His smile was silent on the baby's lips
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...
....
With his pink hands full, with pits
With round arms of flower and milk
Ask for my whisper noodles
Let them hang undisturbed on paper
…
Where to bring them to the salvation of pure azure
At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death
…
Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child
It's the pink and white cherry blossom
Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...
...
Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise
...
I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers
…
Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.
...

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Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

Two tears of azure, pure gold
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.
...
With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.
...
With red lips full like two birds approaching
Moving away...
Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.
...
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers
A young man approaching.
...
His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyr
...
It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...
...
I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...
...
I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks

Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...
...
They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.
...
Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...
...
Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...
...
It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...
...
I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...
...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
.
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc dulcața mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulce Puișor.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul emu, Dragostea mea.

Two tears of azure, pure gold

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Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.
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Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my love.

Te iubesc dulcața mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dulce Puișor.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a virgin bed …
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
…
He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...
...
The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.
...
Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...
....
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...
…
The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...
...
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
…
Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked

With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.
…
In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show .....
.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...
....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.
...Te Iubesc.
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...
…
Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele.

Anima și Animusul meu, jumăttea me dulce, Soțiorul meu iubit, Puiul meu Dule Victor, Te iubesc nespus, nespus…

The sea of Atlas

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self

Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...
....
The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...
...
To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...
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Being sentimental is a state
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at the meeting with his immortal God.
...
The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...
te iubesc dulcele meu Puișor, dragostea mea.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Love story

With pigeons in the hospital,
It was a beautiful story of love. This was one of the main reasons why I didn't want to leave salon no. 14.

The window on the opposite side of the entrance overlooks the roof of the building,
the cover of the hospital covered with
a kind of pitch.

There, in the mornings, and at noon,
the pigeons came in search of food.
From salon no. 15 they were given food at the beginning,
over the roof,
then the doves gathered to me,
in front, and on the window sill.

It was beautiful to see them,
to touch them if they let me, to talk to them.
I encouraged and loved her very much.
There were also two or three blue ones,
with the feather of the dual harps,
in two colors: they were exceedingly beautiful.

Most of them they were blue.
There was one hit in the head, at back, dark-blue,
black, every time I whispered a lot:
Mother's baby, what do you care for,
what can mother do for you,
what happened to my darling, his mother's love?

Then I would talk to each one separately.
A few days later, two white pigeons appeared,
one completely white and one white
painted red, rusty. red, rusty.
I told everyone: make slices at home, chickens of the mother,
dears of the mother, look for me at home! ...

The pigeons were too adventurous on the squash and didn't seem too hungry ...
so I gave them food to the peacock,
on the roof, under their nose.
In general, ugly, black crows did not venture too close.

The pigeons swarmed and fluttered away
like rain showers.
They would put their beaks between window
and sill, to pick up the fallen bread
or even enter the inner window, to eat the fallen bread.

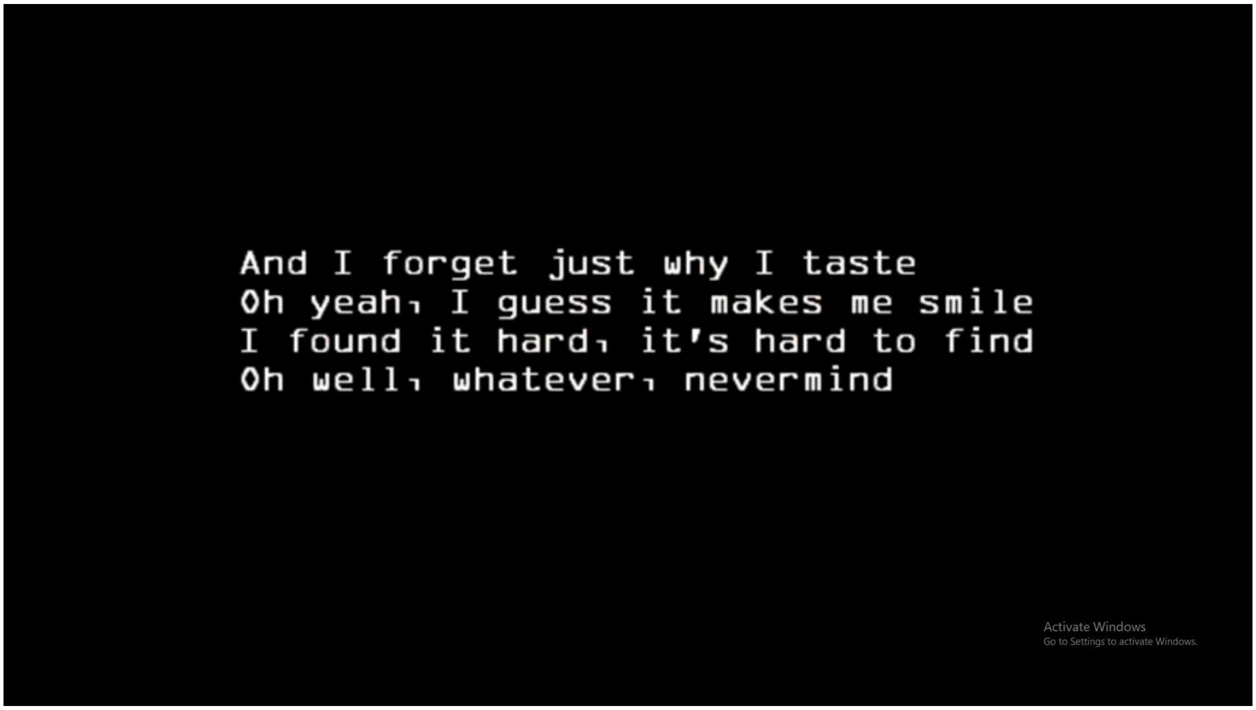
I ate two pieces of bread from them in the room.
All the bread, a lot, which was overrunning,
I gave to them.
In one of the last ones one
spontaneously dropped me a breakdown,
a beautiful, small, almost black feather, on the interior window, almost black feather, on the interior window,
until I spoke to you.

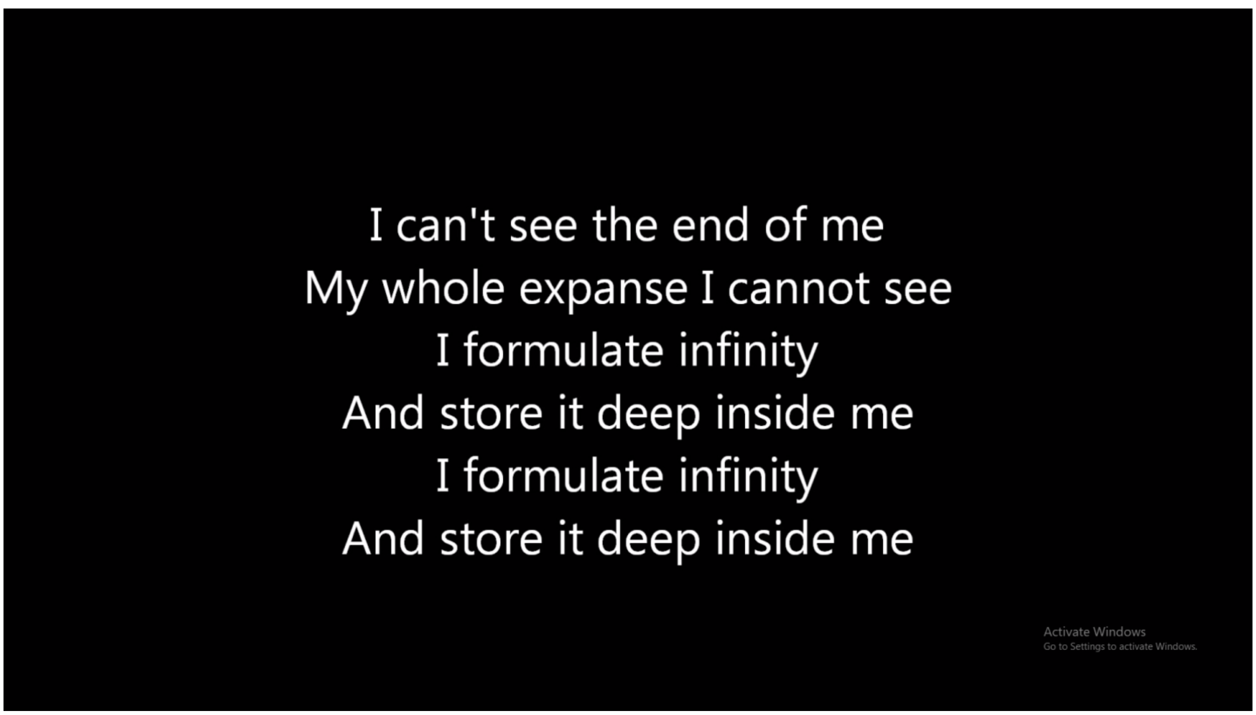
There was also a beautiful love story.
I loved them
and I love them very much...

te iubesc, Victor,doritul și dulcele meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Te Doresc, Puiul meu.

Puiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Animusul meu și Aehetipul meu,doritul meu soț.
Love story




And I forget just why I taste
Oh yeah, I guess it makes me smile
I found it hard, it's hard to find
Oh well, whatever, nevermind
Activate Windows
Go to Settings to activate Windows.


I can't see the end of me
My whole expanse I cannot see
I formulate infinity
And store it deep inside me
I formulate infinity
And store it deep inside me
Activate Windows
Go to Settings to activate Windows.


Castrol
ike Point
TEGALALANG-DENPASAR

te iubesc.
I kiss your arms, your shoulders
I am falling down into the snowing of your body
As into an emerald sea
With the smile of oblivion on my face, of the total oblivion

With the smile of everlasting
Remembrance

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so ....
Although there were a few words
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puiul meu. a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table
of which only a sec
and from which you deduced that the young character
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,

it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...
...
Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man

who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face

gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile
a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised
....
Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read

a memory of the foundations of being
and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love
in total and overwhelming dedication.
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.
Animus
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce.Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu
te doresc.

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Your smile....
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...
....
your smile
carried on colored waters of air
winds in the rib of matter

likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united at this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering
cornfield.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words not being
understood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
in the opal depths of the sea..
....
.And your down voice
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus
In the moist ground...
Deep, grave, like a melted iron

Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina
with its incandescent and ardent
light.
Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words misunderstood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
into the pearly
sea....

and your low voice
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground
in the moist land...
whispering metallic
lava flowing down onto the eye
with its black and incandescent
light.

te iubesc
Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubsc Victor, Dulcele meu, Piul meu.
te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...
..
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...
..
The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.
..
Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.
..
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...
..
A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.
Te Doresc.
Victor, Rudor, Alin, Mihai,Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu iubit.

Animusul meu, Arhetipul meu, T edoresc și iubesc nespus!.... Victor, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc și Te Doresc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu.

Your eyes...

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Likewise two blue stars that are glittering

and fills down the darkness with their
warmly flame

Your eyes are often speaking to myself.
And your hairs which is reflecting
it's dark blonde light...
.....
Like two red precious stones
that fills the air of their summery warmth
Your sweet lips are stealing me,
the shy light of my eyes..
.....
Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground
As in winter the white flakes
of snow and pure light
I kiss their grave, sweet darkness
which in the white night of the spring
sits down...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Your eyes...
te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Your neck
It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery
It pours out the sweet nightfall
on the ground

Covering the earth with warmly darkness
Of the night and of the burning stars
Glittering smoldered...
So blue are your eyes

Likewise two darkened stars, full of the night...
Of thunderstorm streak....
And though... The sweet twilight
warm sweet odor of the springtime

brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...
full of the mystery of moon rays passing through the arch of leaves
a sweet warm unknown eye light...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

doresc și Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Victor, Puiul meu.
Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words not being
understood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
in the opal depths of the sea...
....
.And your down voice
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus
In the moist ground...
Deep, grave, like a melted iron
Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina
with its incandescent and ardent
light.
Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words misunderstood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
into the pearly
sea....

and your low voice
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground
in the moist land...
whispering metallic

lava flowing down onto the eye
with its black and incandescent
light.
te iubesc
Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

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Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Ochii tăi...
De la mine pân’ la tine
Numai ape limpezi line
Ochii blânzi, duioși ai tăi
Blânde mărgăritărele
Ce se-aprind în cer ca stele...
Ochii tăi...
Te iubsc.

te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc și Te oresc nespus, Soțul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Animusul și Arhetipul meu.

Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Te iubesc și Te doresvc nespus, Puiul meu!...
Dulceața mea iubită.

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future

The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.
I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...
.....
The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are ....

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...
Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Dulcele meu.

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.
te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, nespus de mult!...
Te iubesc, Dragul meu Soțior, Puișpr iubit, Soțior, Dragostea mea..

The book of Anime IV
Painting two
Te Doresc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu,Puișor Dulce.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu iubit.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling ....
...
I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.
..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
...
He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.
...
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
....
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby

Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubsc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

From the nojan of rememberings...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
…
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...
...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pittifulness
He is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...
From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking at her...
...
What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...
…
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.
...
His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes

Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.
...
What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman
He was looking at her.
...
The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.
...
From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking at her...
…
...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.
…
The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, unsinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.
...
From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a Youngman
He was looking at her.
…
His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops
Of absolute
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.
Of love.
...
What can be more tormenting for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...
His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love
…
There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love
…
The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.
...
Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded
…
By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes, it was a Her...
…
Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down
In the bright azalea fields.
...
Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puișorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
…
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...
Sad, overly sad
The Youngman who received n his tender, gentle Soul
The whole suffering
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself
A defeated.
...
But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
...
His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened
Shadowed by glasses
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering
Of whom he received in his heart
The poisoned arrow, impure of love
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire
Not happiness and victory.
...
His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul
Salvation and faithfulness
And not bitterness, humiliation.
...
What can be sadder for a mother
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate
Full of promises of the World
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?....
…
From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world
Up to its core, to its bottom.
...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.
...
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.
...
His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown, with straight, silky strings
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

…
On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving
Like the signature of color and light
Of a painter
Gathering itself on his neck
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.
…
The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered
They were letting to guess, only, their whole
Beauty and their whole poetry.
...
His innocent shoulders in the thin coat
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –
Waiting to be just lighted
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem
…
The feet slipped under the table
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.
..
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
…
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...
...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...
Te iubesc, Andrei, puiul meu.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu,iubitul și doritul meu puișor.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google translate

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so ....
Although there were a few words
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puiul meu. a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table
of which only a sec
and from which you deduced that the young character
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,
it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...
...
Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man
who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile
a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised
....
Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read
a memory of the foundations of being
and the surprising force of the Animus

who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love
in total and overwhelming dedication.
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.
Te iubsc, Victor, Puișorul meu, Iubitul și Dulcele meu Animus
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce.Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, dulcele meu
te doresc.

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.
..
Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet od desire, of promise, of the covenant.
..
She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...
..
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...
Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain

In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.
...
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.
Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.
Te dores, Piulmeu. Te doresc.

Two tears of azure, pure gold

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.
...
With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.
...
With red lips full like two birds approaching
Moving away...
Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.
...
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers

A young man approaching.
...
His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyr
...
It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...
...
I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...
...
I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...
...
They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.
...
Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...
...
Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...
...
It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...
...
I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...
...
Trying to recover from loneliness

From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
.
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc dulcața mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulce Puișor.

Which of the aces

Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure metals
The rain falls around me, the rain unpunished.

I paused quietly in the light
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.

...

My mesh stockings
They are broken, with many circles and with many cracks
Foot to foot, and with the cigarette in one hand
I better read a full sheet of ladies to get out

Let me give my company ladies a mesh.

...
I go out, happy, I shake my head

and a hand goes to my mouth
ruby liqueur ...
... while with dead gestures next to the resurrection
The pale of the night night innocent lady

...

She looks at me with big eyes
Then he smiles as if guilty
As he draws her art, her eyes flicker
In his books he accidentally bent me ....

...

We raise, it's a big stake.
abbey
The sad lady went to pray
On the bed with his hand on his knees he brings to his chin
Twisting a tear under the eyelashes
I smile sweetly and throw my books on the table.

...

With jeans on the table stretch
Still taking a sip from the glass of wine

The madness that makes me slow my eye
Blinking like a dream ...
Then in a proud slow motion, he slowly puts his aces on the table
..

It then rolls and hisses
and taking the coins pile
Which he also laid on his feet
Laughing is done with the eye of the prickly
Passing by me pulls me a twig.

...

I went out. My mind is empty, without thoughts
In my shabby forgiveness, I shrug my shoulders
and the thought runs after me, without ceasing
with his step, his sweet, sad, bitter thoughts ...

...

Come back
The mouse is sleeping with his hand in the temple
With broken jeans, with one hand left on one leg ...
It crumbles, then snores again ...

The other counts their holes in the net.

....

Suddenly, he fell asleep from sleep.
I put my hand on the pencil and write another line
Just grinning at a thought I just knew
Passing a bat over his ass
The lady with sad eyes and long hair ...

..
Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure rejuvenation
Bouncing around my tireless evening ...

I fell silent in the light of goodbye
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness

Barbarian Jebir
After an old poetry

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with her big shoes
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

...

Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

....

It's screaming, puppy, the wine flows from the glasses ...
It spreads inflorescently on the floor ...
Glasses clash ... Barbarian Jebir is laughing and laughing on the table
The food is mixed with the wine
Creating the gray, hot molasses ...

...
Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with the big tassels
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

Even in his youth ...

At dusk, Jack hurried to his house
From a fringe neighborhood of the city
Cathy was waiting for him at the entrance
At seven o'clock fixed, and they were going to get together ...
In his little bohemian apartment, by the young holt.

Rush. The wind came in easily
Through the rebellious pleats, of the rocker, of a dark chestnut
Silky and upright, entering his eyes
Beneath the glasses with a thin frame, which he wore
A little rough, a little naughty
Slightly absent ... with the thought alone he knew where
In the blind spot of light,
in a somewhat surrealistic setting ...
...
Cathy was waiting for him, wet with happiness, at the entrance to the small market
Where was his house, bordered by flowers at the entrance
and hanging them from the windows ...
with the hair fluttering, swayed by the rebellious wind
with my eyes as I said wet with happiness ...

give you goodies, both of you are concerned: Hi Cathy...
hello Jack ...
are you waiting for me a lot?
for about a quarter of an hour ... she said, her forehead burning
of an unusual temperature
although it was evening and the air was cool...

the young man suddenly pulled her close to him, biting his lips and one hand
tapping her small tits, she is even in shape
what they were guessing under the thin blouse.
Come on, said the impatient young man, today I'm going to...
To listen to Nirvana

He said, smiling softly, ironically, pulling her up.
Arriving upstairs, the young man put "Even in his youth"
and then he went back to get a glass of wine.

Do you drink? ... he said slightly troubled, his hair in his eyes
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...
...
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration

When, suddenly, the young man got up, he used to bring the girl wine.
He pulled her onto the couch, grabbing her hair
and pulling it easy
where she slept, and he began to kiss her desperately
pulling her hair and biting her lips
then tearing off her clothes.

Jack penetrated her, then slightly bending her leg
He frantically penetrated her
In a wave of pleasure and orgasm, with irregular movements
Hitting his eyes closed
As he got deeper and deeper ...
In an orgasmic journey that seemed to have no end.
...
Cathy, the young man whispered, covering his arms
How is my love, my sweetness
My sweet, I love you... she whispered, perspiring
and as if in hypnotic poison.
Cathy, he whispered, with the latest irregular movements
He reached paroxysm
Then, in a sudden relaxation
She let herself fall over her, her breasts, her legs and her hollow.
...
As it is, he whispered, finally warm
With a frown, severe figure, held in a smile.
Okay, she whispered, Jack, you're a real car
To make love ...
...
E, not quite so, said the young man again imperturbably.
In fact, that's how I would like to always be
But they are only rare
and only with you, my love ... get me out of my mind ...
...
and you do me, she whispered, keeping her eyes down.
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.

Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...
...
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration
Prepared for another trip
In the world of purple-cherry shadows of love
and pouring a glass of wine, red, dry
listening to her quietly and desperately.
...
At this point, I remained with my eyes on the ceiling, relaxed
and suddenly decided not to repeat the experience.
Mrs. Verginica was asleep, snoring agitated and gasping in her sleep
and Mrs. Cristina, lightly, with her back to me.
...
Outside peace starts cracking by the day ... with slight movements
I get out of bed, take my cigarettes
and I straighten myself, with my head slightly bent,
at the smoker, suddenly as if by the banality of life
those of all days ....
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor dulcișorul meu.
te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei. Iartă-mă, te rog, Puiulmeu. Te iubesc, Dragostea ea

Come as you know ...
...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
..
....
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...
So come on as you are...
...
I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon
...
So come as you are ...
...
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...
...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.
...
I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me
...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...
...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Mihai, Dragostea mea

Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dulcele meu Victor, Puișorul meu.Te iubesc și Te doresc Victor,Dragostea mea, Soțul meu iubit,Puiul meu. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dragostea vieșii melee

Pick me up, pick me up, yeah ...

The birds chirp ... a divine song ...
I'm back on the other side and sleeping with my hand at the temple
from so much concentration my brain has dissipated
in millions of sperm ...

....
We were traveling through the virgin forests
At high heights from the ground
Reciting in my mind, with my eyes closed, my most lyrical poem

The one I write in my sleep

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
I love you, my sweet Victor

Leg you ...
Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...
Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal ....
...
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I drive away around me all the evils
... and in general everything blasphemous
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...
..
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I give a new definition to the miss
and the sense of Amor ...
...
Kissing your violin
Which the stars have set
I note the existence of creation
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace
What's happening to your sweet son
Easy, easy, easy ...
... I love you sweet Victor

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...
Te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a virgin bed …
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
…
He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...
...
The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.
...
Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...
....
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...
…
The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...
...
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven

With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
…
Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...
…
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.
…
In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show .....
.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...
....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.
...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...
…
Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind

Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Blue skies
...
From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home
It was a rain and windblown
As if he had never seen it before.
...
A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...
...
But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.
...
Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white
with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.
...
The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlas sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.
...
It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...
...
His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun

As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...
...
He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this, I would not have believed
On a wind like this
...
This is fine, he smiled
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself
At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...
...
and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down
...
and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.
My love
...
she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.
...
Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.
..
Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...
..
....
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.
...
It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...
...
His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain

Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...
...
Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
crying .....
te iubesc, Victor, dragostea me.
Te doresc.
Te iubesc și Te Doresc, Victor, Puișorul eu, Dragul meu. Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu iubit.
Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling ....
...
I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.
..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.
...
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
....
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
I love, my baby Chick, my love.
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubsc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...
...
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile

Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.
...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.
...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...
..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.
..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.
..
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.
...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.
...
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, ”Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...
...
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...
...
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...
...
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc,Victor, Puiul meu.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk

Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light
…
..
When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!

I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...
…
.
They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...
..
Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.
…
He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.
..
Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...
..
Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.
..
Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...
...
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
...
a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
...
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
…
….
a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
..
Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.
...
With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.
...
and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.
..
A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...
..
His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.
..
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
…
O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels

it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

Te iubesc Victoir, Tudor,Mihai, Puiul meu.
Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcişorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceaţa mea.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puişorul meu Dulce.
Te iubesc Mihai, Dragul meu.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady
…
The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.
…
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
…
.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.
…
and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...
I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.

I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation:Google translate
Correction: Natalia Gălățan
Te iubesc Victor, puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.
Te doresc, Puiulmeu. T iubesc.

Linen reflux

At the entrance to his small spacious apartment on Florilor Street
Catherine paused, thinking a little:
this would not be one of the endless
incursions between the leaves of love
...
full of candy, no purpose? ...
yet something attracted her, with a suspected force
with an incomprehensible charm
to Jack's apartment in the spring
on Florilor street...
...
His gaze troubled with sadness
It had been pierced in his heart like a painful imputation ...
The silky brown chestnut, falling on it
Eyes of violet, the lyrics are old ...
...
A memory with Jack floated between the folds of memory
To disperse in the spring expressions:
They, jumping in the rain puddles, like two children
holding hands, laughing happily, without even knowing them.
...
why they are happy, why and why ...
the rain danced around their wet bodies
with clothes sticking to the skin
In his arms, Catherine swayed, with rain and drunken love -
a deflated farmhouse
while the valuables, they washed the golden sands
retreating into a gentle ebb, looking into his eyes, then laughing.
...

...
I met you in the summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux
...
.
My sweetheart, it's summer
and cricket crickets in the grass
to me, they turn whiteheads, with violet faces
long stalks of hollyhock
I fell down with my face upwards
watching with wonder eyes
under the shadow the sky
and then looking in our eyes we're laughing...
....
..
I met you on a summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux
translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung

Ye doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puișorul meu,
Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soșior și Iubit,
Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Your smile...
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...
....
your smile
carried on colored waters of air
winds in the rib of matter
likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united in this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering
cornfield.

te iubesc.
Your cruel and warm eyes...

I was looking for answers in the bitter beer, in your
warm and cruel eyes...
There were sluttering question signs in the taste
of fruits of the mulberry tree

In your fading away, lost smile...
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night
so sweet, so bitter...

I was feeling rising up in me bigger and bigger a desire
to drawn yourself slowly and slowly....
in my soft, wet eyes...
There were sluttering signs of questions in your cruel
and warm eyes...
......
In your fading away, lost smile...
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night
so sweet, so bitter...

te iubesc, Victor și te doresc...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubesc și Te Doresc, Victor, Puișorul eu, Dragul meu. Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu iubit.
Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling ....
...
I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
...
He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.
...
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet
....
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!
..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.
..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubsc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soțiorul meu, Te iubesc nespus, Odorul Sufletului meu.
Ye doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puișorul meu,
Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soșior și Iubit,
Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Your smile....
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...
....
your smile
carried on colored waters of air
winds in the rib of matter
likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united at this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering
cornfield.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dragul meu, Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soșiorul meu.
Te Doresc, Dulcele meu, Dulceața mea.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Mihai.
Te iubesc nespus,Victor, Dragostea mea. Te iubes, Puiul meu.
Dulceața mea, Victor,Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu.

Translation from Romanian into English: Carl Gustav Jung, Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș

The book of Anime VI
First Painting



T iubesc, Victor, Dulceațța ma, Puiul meu
Liceafărul – Mihai Eminescu

A fost odată ca-n povești,
A fost ca niciodată,
Din rude mari împărătești,
O prea frumoasă fată.

Și era una la părinți
Și mândră-n toate cele,
Cum e Fecioara între sfinți
Și luna între stele.

Din umbra falnicelor bolți
Ea pasul și-l îndreaptă
Lângă fereastră, unde-n colț
Luceafărul așteaptă.

Privea în zare cum pe mări
Răsare și străluce,
Pe mișcătoarele cărări
Corăbii negre duce.

Îl vede azi, îl vede mâni,
Astfel dorința-i gata;

El iar, privind de săptămâni,
Îi cade dragă fata.

Cum ea pe coate-și răzima
Visând ale ei tâmple
De dorul lui și inima
Și sufletu-i se împle.

Și cât de viu s-aprinde el
În orișicare sară,
Spre umbra negrului castel
Când ea o să-i apară.

*

Și pas cu pas pe urma ei
Alunecă-n odaie,
Țesând cu recile-i scântei
O mreajă de văpaie.

Și când în pat se-ntinde drept
Copila să se culce,
I-atinge mâinile pe piept,
I-nchide geana dulce;

Și din oglindă luminiș
Pe trupu-i se revarsă,
Pe ochii mari, bătând închiși
Pe fața ei întoarsă.

Ea îl privea cu un surâs,
El tremura-n oglindă,
Căci o urma adânc în vis
De suflet să se prindă.

Iar ea vorbind cu el în somn,
Oftând din greu suspină
– „O, dulce-al nopții mele domn,
De ce nu vii tu? Vină!

Cobori în jos, luceafăr blând,
Alunecând pe-o rază,
Pătrunde-n casă și în gând
Și viața-mi luminează!"

El asculta tremurător,
Se aprindea mai tare
Și s-arunca fulgerător,
Se cufunda în mare;

Și din adânc necunoscut. Un mândru tânăr crește (Mișu Teișanu, 1923)

Și apa unde-au fost căzut
În cercuri se rotește,
Și din adânc necunoscut
Un mândru tânăr crește.

Ușor el trece ca pe prag
Pe marginea ferestei
Și ține-n mână un toiag
Încununat cu trestii.

Părea un tânăr voevod
Cu păr de aur moale,
Un vânăt giulgi se-ncheie nod
Pe umerele goale.

Iar umbra feței străvezii
E albă ca de ceară -
Un mort frumos cu ochii vii
Ce scânteie-n afară.

– „Din sfera mea venii cu greu
Ca să-ți urmez chemarea,
Iar cerul este tatăl meu
Și mumă-mea e marea.

Ca în cămara ta să vin,
Să te privesc de-aproape,
Am coborât cu-al meu senin
Și m-am născut din ape.

O, vin'! odorul meu nespus,
Și lumea ta o lasă;
Eu sunt luceafărul de sus,
Iar tu să-mi fii mireasă.

Colo-n palate de mărgean
Te-oi duce veacuri multe,
Și toată lumea-n ocean
De tine o s-asculte."

– „O, ești frumos, cum numa-n vis
Un înger se arată,
Dară pe calea ce-ai deschis
N-oi merge niciodată;

Străin la vorbă și la port,
Lucești fără de viață,
Căci eu sunt vie, tu ești mort,

Și ochiul tău mă-nghează."

*

Trecu o zi, trecură trei
Și iarăși, noaptea, vine
Luceafărul deasupra ei
Cu razele-i senine.

Ea trebui de el în somn
Aminte să-și aducă
Și dor de-al valurilor domn
De inim-o apucă

– „Cobori în jos, luceafăr blând,
Alunecând pe-o rază,
Pătrunde-n casă și în gând
Și viața-mi luminează!"

Cum el din cer o auzi,
Se stinse cu durere,
Iar ceru-ncepe a roti
În locul unde piere;

În aer rumene văpăi
Se-ntind pe lumea-ntreagă,
Și din a chaosului văi
Un mândru chip se-nchează;

Pe negre vițele-i de păr
Coroana-i arde pare,
Venea plutind în adevăr
Scăldat în foc de soare.

Din negru giulgi se desfășor
Marmoreele brațe,
El vine trist și gânditor
Și palid e la față;

Dar ochii mari și minunați
Lucesc adânc himeric,
Ca două patimi fără saț
Și pline de-ntuneric.

– „Din sfera mea venii cu greu
Ca să te-ascult ș-acuma,
Și soarele e tatăl meu,
Iar noaptea-mi este muma;

O, vin', odorul meu nespus,
Și lumea ta o lasă;
Eu sunt luceafărul de sus,
Iar tu să-mi fii mireasă.

O, vin', în părul tău bălai
S-anin cununi de stele,
Pe-a mele ceruri să răsai
Mai mândră decât ele."

– „O, ești frumos cum numa-n vis
Un demon se arată,
Dară pe calea ce-ai deschis
N-oi merge niciodată!

Mă dor de crudul tău amor
A pieptului meu coarde,
Și ochii mari și grei mă dor,
Privirea ta mă arde."

– „Dar cum ai vrea să mă cobor?
Au nu-nțelegi tu oare,
Cum că eu sunt nemuritor,
Și tu ești muritoare?"

– „Nu caut vorbe pe ales,
Nici știu cum aș începe -
Deși vorbești pe înțeles,
Eu nu te pot pricepe;

Dar dacă vrei cu crezământ
Să te-ndrăgesc pe tine,
Tu te coboară pe pământ,
Fii muritor ca mine."

– „Tu-mi ceri chiar nemurirea mea
În schimb pe-o sărutare,
Dar voi să știi asemenea
Cât te iubesc de tare;

Da, mă voi naște din păcat,
Primind o altă lege;
Cu vecinicia sunt legat,
Ci voi să mă dezlege."

Și se tot duce... S-a tot dus.
De dragu-unei copile,
S-a rupt din locul lui de sus,
Pierind mai multe zile.

*

În vremea asta Cătălin,
Viclean copil de casă,
Ce împle cupele cu vin
Mesenilor la masă,

Un paj ce poartă pas cu pas
A-mpărătesii rochii,
Băiat din flori și de pripas,
Dar îndrăzneț cu ochii,

Cu obrăjei ca doi bujori
De rumeni, bată-i vina,
Se furișează pânditor
Privind la Cătălina.

Dar ce frumoasă se făcu
Și mândră, arz-o focul;
Ei Cătălin, acu-i acu
Ca să-ți încerci norocul.

Și-n treacăt o cuprinse lin
Într-un ungher degrabă.
– „Da' ce vrei, mări Cătălin?
Ia du-t' de-ți vezi de treabă."

– „Ce voi? Aș vrea să nu mai stai
Pe gânduri totdeuna,
Să râzi mai bine și să-mi dai
O gură, numai una."

– „Dar nici nu știu măcar ce-mi ceri,
Dă-mi pace, fugi departe -
O, de luceafărul din cer
M-a prins un dor de moarte."

– „Dacă nu știi, ți-aș arăta
Din bob în bob amorul,
Ci numai nu te mânia,
Ci stai cu binișorul.

Cum vânătoru-ntinde-n crâng
La păsărele lațul,
Când ți-oi întinde brațul stâng
Să mă cuprinzi cu brațul;

Și ochii tăi nemișcători
Sub ochii mei rămâie...
De te înalț de subțiori
Te-nalță din călcâie;

Când fața mea se pleacă-n jos,
În sus rămâi cu fața,
Să ne privim nesățios
Și dulce toată viața;

Și ca să-ți fie pe deplin
Iubirea cunoscută,
Când sărutându-te mă-nclin,

Tu iarăși mă sărută."

Ea-l asculta pe copilaș
Uimită și distrasă,
Și rușinos și drăgălaș,
Mai nu vrea, mai se lasă.

Și-i zise-ncet: - "Încă de mic
Te cunoșteam pe tine,
Și guraliv și de nimic,
Te-ai potrivi cu mine...

Dar un luceafăr, răsărit
Din liniștea uitării,
Dă orizon nemărginit
Singurătății mării;

Și tainic genele le plec,
Căci mi le împle plânsul
Când ale apei valuri trec
Călătorind spre dânsul;

Lucește c-un amor nespus
Durerea să-mi alunge,
Dar se înalță tot mai sus,
Ca să nu-l pot ajunge.

Pătrunde trist cu raze reci
Din lumea ce-l desparte...
În veci îl voi iubi și-n veci
Va rămânea departe...

De-aceea zilele îmi sunt
Pustii ca niște stepe,
Dar nopțile-s de-un farmec sfânt
Ce nu-l mai pot pricepe."

– „Tu ești copilă, asta e...
Hai ș-om fugi în lume,
Doar ni s-or pierde urmele
Și nu ne-or ști de nume,

Căci amândoi vom fi cuminți,
Vom fi voioși și teferi,
Vei pierde dorul de părinți
Și visul de luceferi."

*

Porni luceafărul. Creșteau
În cer a lui aripe,
Și căi de mii de ani treceau
În tot atâtea clipe.

Un cer de stele dedesubt,
Deasupra-i cer de stele -
Părea un fulger nentrerupt
Rătăcitor prin ele.

Și din a chaosului văi,
Jur împrejur de sine,
Vedea, ca-n ziua cea de-ntâi,
Cum izvorau lumine;

Cum izvorând îl înconjor
Ca niște mări, de-a-notul...
El zboară, gând purtat de dor,
Pân' piere totul, totul;

Căci unde-ajunge nu-i hotar,
Nici ochi spre a cunoaște,
Și vremea-ncearcă în zadar
Din goluri a se naște.

Nu e nimic și totuși e
O sete care-l soarbe,
E un adânc asemene
Uitării celei oarbe.

– „De greul negrei vecinicii,
Părinte, mă dezleagă
Și lăudat pe veci să fii
Pe-a lumii scară-ntreagă;

O, cere-mi, Doamne, orice preț,
Dar dă-mi o altă soarte,
Căci tu izvor ești de vieți
Și dătător de moarte;

Reia-mi al nemuririi nimb
Și focul din privire,
Și pentru toate dă-mi în schimb
O oră de iubire...

Din chaos, Doamne,-am apărut
Și m-aș întoarce-n chaos...
Și din repaos m-am născut.
Mi-e sete de repaos."

– „Hyperion, ce din genuni
Răsai c-o-ntreagă lume,
Nu cere semne și minuni
Care n-au chip și nume;

Tu vrei un om să te socoți,
Cu ei să te asameni?

Dar piară oamenii cu toți,
S-ar naște iarăși oameni.

Ei numai doar durează-n vânt
Deșerte idealuri -
Când valuri află un mormânt,
Răsar în urmă valuri;

Ei doar au stele cu noroc
Și prigoniri de soarte,
Noi nu avem nici timp, nici loc,
Și nu cunoaștem moarte.

Din sânul vecinicului ieri
Trăiește azi ce moare,
Un soare de s-ar stinge-n cer
S-aprinde iarăși soare;

Părând pe veci a răsări,
Din urmă moartea-l paște,
Căci toți se nasc spre a muri
Și mor spre a se naște.

Iar tu, Hyperion, rămâi
Oriunde ai apune...
Cere-mi cuvântul meu de-ntâi -
Să-ți dau înțelepciune?

Vrei să dau glas acelei guri,
Ca dup-a ei cântare
Să se ia munții cu păduri
Și insulele-n mare?



Luceafărul (Lascăr Vorel, 1904)

Vrei poate-n faptă să arăți
Dreptate și tărie?
Ți-aș da pământul în bucăți
Să-l faci împărăție.

Îți dau catarg lângă catarg,
Oștiri spre a străbate
Pământu-n lung și marea-n larg,
Dar moartea nu se poate...

Și pentru cine vrei să mori?
Întoarce-te, te-ndreaptă
Spre-acel pământ rătăcitor
Și vezi ce te așteaptă."

*

În locul lui menit din cer
Hyperion se-ntoarse
Și, ca și-n ziua cea de ieri,
Lumina și-o revarsă.

Căci este sara-n asfințit
Și noaptea o să-nceapă;
Răsare luna liniștit
Și tremurând din apă.

Și împle cu-ale ei scântei
Cărările din crânguri.
Sub șirul lung de mândri tei
Ședeau doi tineri singuri

– „O, lasă-mi capul meu pe sân,
Iubito, să se culce
Sub raza ochiului senin
Și negrăit de dulce;

Cu farmecul luminii reci
Gândirile străbate-mi,
Revarsă liniște de veci
Pe noaptea mea de patimi.

Și de asupra mea rămâi
Durerea mea de-o curmă,
Căci ești iubirea mea de-ntâi
Și visul meu din urmă."

Hyperion vedea de sus
Uimirea-n a lor față;
Abia un braț pe gât i-a pus
Și ea l-a prins în brațe...

Miroase florile-argintii

Și cad, o dulce ploaie,
Pe creștetele-a doi copii
Cu plete lungi, bălaie.

Ea, îmbătată de amor,
Ridică ochii. Vede
Luceafărul. Și-ncetișor
Dorințele-i încrede



Pătrunde-n codru și în gând, norocu-mi luminează! (Ion Schmidt-Faur, 1929)

– „Cobori în jos, luceafăr blând,
Alunecând pe-o rază,
Pătrunde-n codru și în gând,
Norocu-mi luminează!"

El tremură ca alte dăți
În codri și pe dealuri,
Călăuzind singurătăți
De mișcătoare valuri;

Dar nu mai cade ca-n trecut
În mări din tot înaltul
– „Ce-ți pasă ție, chip de lut,
Dac-oi fi eu sau altul?

Trăind în cercul vostru strâmt
Norocul vă petrece,
Ci eu în lumea mea mă simt
Nemuritor și rece."

The morning star

It was now as never, once upon a time
It was today as never
From emperor great relatives
A too much beautiful girl.

And she was one at her parents
And proud of everything
As it is the Virgin among saints
And the moon amidst the stars.

From the shade of majestic vaults
She leads her step away
To the corner, where he waits for her
The Morning Star, the beautiful Youngman.

He looks in horizon how on seas
It rises and it shines up
On the trembling forest paths
Black ships carry away.

She sees him today, she sees tomorrow
Thereby her wish is ready;
He once again, looking from weeks
He falls in love with her.

As she was supporting hands-on elbows
Dreaming, her pale, rosy temples
Of his longing her heart
And soul it was filled.

And how alive he fires the proud young
In every and each evening
To the shade of the black castle
When she will appear to him.

And step by step on the trace he follows
He slips into the room
Waving with his colds sparks
Web of red, gleamy, cold flames.

And when in the bed she stretches right
The child to fall asleep
He touches her hands on her chest,
He closes the sweet lash.

And from the mirror in a clearance
On her body, he flows away
On her large eyes, beating closed
On her pale face turned.

She looks at him with a gentle smile
He was trembling in the mirror
For he followed deeply in her dream
Of her soul to catch him.

And her, talking with him in the dream,
Sighing from deep, she suspirate
- O, sweet of my night Lord
Why don't you come to me?... Come!

Descend adown, O, gentle Star
Sliding on a ray
Permeate in my home and thought
My luck you shine with longing

He listens to her trembling
He fired harder and harder
And he was throwing like a striking bolt
He was sinking into the sea.

And the water where he fell down
In circles, it is spinning
And from the deep of the unknown
A proud young are growing up.

Easy he passes as the threshold
On the edge of the open window
And holds in his hands a silver rod
Wreathed with the lake reed.

He seemed a young voivode
With long hair of soft gold,
A bruise shroud it clenches knot
On his empty shoulders.

And the shade of his thin, pale face
It is white as the wax
A beautiful dead with his eyes alive
Which shines sparkling outside.
.
From my sphere, I hardly came
To follow your sweet calling
And the sky is my father
And my mother is the sea.

For in your pantry to come down
To look for you so close
I went down with my serene
And I was born from waters.

Oh, come on! my unspoken odor,
And your world leaves it;
I'm the top Morning Star,
And you have to be my bride.

There in bean palaces
It takes you many centuries,
And everyone in the ocean
They will listen to you. "

- "Oh, you are beautiful, as in a dream
An angel shows up,
But on the path, you opened
I will never step on.

Foreign in speech and clothing,
You gleam cold, without life,
Because I'm alive, you're dead,
And your eye freezes me. "

One day passed, three passed
And again, at night, he comes
The morning star above it
With his clear, gleamy clear rays.

She needed him in her sleep
Remember to bring it
And miss of the waves Lord
Take her by heart

- "Get down, gentle shine,
Sliding on a beam,
Permeate into the house and think
And my life illuminates me! "

As he heard it from heaven,
He died with pain,
And the sky is starting to turn
Where it perishes;

In the air, blushing flames
Spread all over the world,
And out of the valley chaos
A proud face is coming to an end;

On the black hairs of the beautiful young
His crown burns,
It was floating in truth
Bathing in the fire of the sun.

From the black shroud it unfolds
Marble arms,
He comes sad and thoughtful
And pale is the face;

But big and wonderful eyes
I gleam deeply, chimerical,
Like two passions without a break
And full of darkness.

- "From my sphere you scarcely came
To listen to you now,
And the sun is my father,
And my mum is at night;

Oh, come on, my unspoken odor,
And your world leaves it;
I'm the top star,
And you have to be my bride.

Oh, come on, in your hair you danced
Star wreaths,
My heaven to rise
Prouder than them. "

- "Oh, you are beautiful as in a dream
A demon shows up,
But on the path you opened
I will never step on!

I miss your cruel violins
Of my chest,
And my large, heavy eyes miss me,
Your look burns me. "

- "But how would you like me to go down?
Don't you know, I wonder
Because I'm immortal, a gentle star,
And you are mortal? "

- "I'm not looking for words of choice,
I don't know how to get started -
Even though you understand it,
I cannot understand you;

But if you want in faith
To delight you,
You come down to earth,
Be mortal like me. "

- "You ask me for my immortality
Instead of a kiss,
But you know that too
How much I love you;

Yes, I will be born from sin,
Receiving another law;
With the old age, I am connected,
But I will untie myself. "

And it keeps going ... It's gone.
From a dear child,
It broke from his place above,
Missing several days.

*

At this time Cătălin,
Cunning homemade baby,
Who was pouring wine in bowls
To the cheerful, at the table

A page that carries step by step
A-king dresses,
A boy of flowers and of stray
But bold with the eyes,

With cheeks like two peonies
Blushing as red petals, blame it,
He sneaks up thoughtful
Looking at Cătălina.

But how beautiful it became
And proud, with lotus lips
Hey Catalin, here it is
To try your luck and fire.

I passed her smoothly
In a corner, sooner the Youngman
- "Yes, what do you want, I wonder, Cătălin
Go and see your work."

- "What will you? I would like you to stop
Thoughts always,
Laugh better and give it to me
One mouth, only one. "

- "But I don't even know what you are asking me,
Give me peace, run away -
Oh, the star in heaven
He missed me so much. "

- "If you don't know, I'd show you
From love to love,
But just don't get angry,
You stay with gentleness..

How the hunter lay in the grove
In the birds,
When you extend your left arm
To embrace me with my arm;

And your eyes still
My eyes remain ...
I lift you from the lower ones
He raises you from the heel;

When my face goes down,
You stay face up,
Let's look insecure
And sweet all life;

And to be fully yours
Known love,
When I kiss you I bow,
You kiss me again. "

She listened to the baby
Amazed and distracted,
And shameful and cute,
He doesn't want to, he leaves.

And he said softly: - "Still very young
I knew you,
And by no means,
You fit me ...

But a skylight, a sunrise
From the silence of oblivion,
It gives unlimited horizon
The loneliness of the sea;

And secretly the lashes go away,
Because my crying is over them
When the wave water passes
Traveling to the next;

It shines an unspoken love
The pain to drive me away,
But it's rising higher,
So I can't reach him.

It gets sad with cold rays
From the world that separates it ...
I will love him forever and forever
Will stay away ...

That's why my days are here
Deserts like steppes,
But the nights are of a holy charm
What I can not understand. "

- "You are a child, this is ...
Come and run into the world,
We'll just lose track
And we don't know the name,

Because both of us will be happy,
We will be cheerful and tough,
You will miss the parents longing
And the dream of stars."

*

Start the thing. grew
In the sky of his wings,
And paths of thousands of years passed
In so many moments.

A sky of stars below,
Above them I ask for stars -
It seemed like an uninterrupted lightning bolt
Wandering through them.

And out of the valley chaos,
I swear by myself,
He saw, that on the first day,
How light flowed;

How springing around him
Like the seas, of wavy chaos...
He flies, thinking of longing,
Until everything is extinguished, everything;

Because where you get there is no border,
No eyes to know,
And the weather-try in vain
From goals to be born.

It is nothing and yet it is
A thirst that sips him,
It's a bit too deep
Forgetting the blind.

- "The hardship of the black eternity,
Father, it dislikes me
And I praised you forever
On the whole world;

Oh, ask me, Lord, any price,
But give me another chance,
Because you spring you are alive
And the giver of death;

Resume me of immortality nimbus
And the fire in the eye,
And for all, give me back
An hour of love ...

Out of chaos, Lord, I appeared
And I would go back to chaos ...
And from rest I was born.
I'm thirsty for a rest. "

- "Hyperion, what about the knees
You said the whole world,
It does not ask for signs and wonders
Which have no face and name;

You want a man to count on,
With them to wander?
But people all die,
People would be born again.

They only last in the wind
Ideal desserts -
When waves find a grave,
Rising behind the waves;

They just have lucky stars
And harassment of fate,
We have no time, no place,
And we don't know death.

From the bosom of the eternal yesterday
He lives dying today,
A sun would go out in the sky
The sun shines again;

Seeing the rising of the dawn,
After death, peace,
For all are born to die
And I die to be born.

And you, Hyperion, stay
Wherever you place ...
Ask me for my word first -
May I give you wisdom?

You want me to voice that mouth,
Like her second song
Take the mountains with forests
And the islands at sea?

You may actually want to look
Justice and Strength?
I would give you the land in pieces
Make it a kingdom.

I give you a mast near the mast,
Hosts to cross
The earth is long and the sea wide,
But death cannot be ...

And for whom do you want to die?
Turn around, you're on your way
To that wandering land
And see what awaits you. "

*

In his place appointed from heaven
Hyperion's gone
And, like yesterday,
The light poured on her.

For it is sundown
And the night will begin;
The moon is rising quietly
And trembling from the water.

And she shares with her spark
The paths from the forests.
Beneath the long line of proud lime
Two young men were sitting alone

- "Oh, leave my head on my breast,
Baby, go to bed
Under the clear eye
And unsurprisingly sweet;

With the charm of cold light
My thoughts run through me,
It pours forever silence
On my night of passions.

And stay on top of me
My pain of a sudden,
Because you are my first love
And my last dream. "

Hyperion saw from above
In their astonishment;
He barely had an arm around his neck
And she held him in his arms ...

It smells like silver flowers
And fall, a sweet rain,
On the crest of two children
With long hairs, barefoot.

She, drunk with love,
He looked up. Viewing
Star. And slowly once again
Wish them trust

- "Get down, gentle shine,
Sliding on a beam,
Get in your mind and think,
Fortunate me enlighten! "

He was shaking like other dates
In the hills and on the hills,
Guiding lonely
Of moving waves;

But it does not fall as in the past
In the high seas
- "What do you care about, clay face,
Whether it's me or another?

Living in your tight circle
Good luck to you,
But I feel in my world
Immortal and cold. "

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Victor, Dulcele meu, Puul meu.Iartă-mă, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.
The book of Anime 6
The second painting



Te doresc și YTe iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dulele meu, Dragostea meea.
Ye iubesc, Victor, Drrhoste mea, Puiul meu.

Fata în grădina de aur - Mihai Eminescu

A fost odat-un împărat ¬ el fu-ncă
În vremi de aur, ce nu pot să-ntorn,
Când în păduri, în lacuri, lanuri, luncă,
Vorbeai cu zeii, de sunai din corn.
Avea o fată dulce, mândră, pruncă,
Cu cari basme vremile ș-adorn,
Când trece ea, frumoase flori se pleacă-n
Ușorii pași, în valea c-un mesteacăn.

În van i-o cer. Bătrânul se gândește,
Prea e frumoasă, prea nu e de lume ¬
Mă mir cum cerul nu s-ademenește

Să scrie-n stele dulcele ei nume;
E rău poetul care n-o numește,
Barbară țara unde-al ei renume
Încă n-a-ajuns, și chipu-i răpitori
Nu-i de privirea celor muritori.

În vale stearpă, unde stânci de pază
Înconjurau măreață adâncime,
Clădi palat din pietre luminoase,
Grădini de aur, flori de-ntunecime;
Iar drumul văii pline de miroase
Afar de el nu-l știe-n lume nime ¬
Acolo ș-a închis frumoasa fată,
Ca nici o rază-a lumei să n-o bată.

Sale-mbrăcate în atlaz, ca neaua.
Cusut în foi și roze vișinii,
În mozaicuri strălucea podeaua,
Din muri înalți priveau icoane vii;
Fereasta-i oarbă, deși stă perdeaua,
De-aceea-n sale ard lumini, făclii,
Și aerul, pătruns de mari oglinzi,
E răcoros și de miroase nins.

O noapte-eternă prefăcută-n ziuă,
Grădină de-aur, flori de pietre scumpe,
Zefir trecea ca o suflare viuă,
Și-n calea lui el crenge grele rumpe.
Cu-aripi de-azur, în noaptea cea târziuă,
Copii frumoși ai albei veri se pun pe
Boboci de flori, când ape lin se vaer
Zbor fluturi sclipitori, ca flori de aer.

Acolo-nchisă cu mai multe soațe,
Ca ea copile și soții de joacă,
În lumea ei sălbatic se răsfață,
În străluciri viața ș-o îmbracă.
A ei priviri sunt tinere și hoațe,
Zâmbirea-i caldă buza-i stă s-o coacă,
Și-n acest rai, în astă lume suavă
De mulțămire se simțea bolnavă.

Dar de a ei frumseță fără seamăn
Auzi feciorul de-mpărat Florin,
Norocul lui cu-al ei îi pare geamăn,
De-atunci un foc îl mistuie în sin.
„În van stau locului, stau să mă-ndeamăn
Cu munca mea, cu dorul, cu-al meu chin."
Pătruns de dorul neștiutei verguri,
S-au dus să ceară sfat la sânta Miercuri.

¬ Alai, convoi, îi zise atuncea sfânta,
Napoi trimite, nu lua nimica,
Și singurel te du de-ți cată ținta,
Căci strimt e drumul și e grea potica.
Ia calul meu cel alb; el se avântă,
Ca gândul zboară-n lume fără frică,

Dar dacă vrei s-o afli, ține minte:
Nu sta în valea-aducerei aminte.

Porni în lume, singurel, în toiu-i.
Îl duce calu-i frățior cu vântul ¬
De aur păru-i și frumos e boiu-i,
Fecior de-a drag, cum n-a văzut pământul,
O stea el pare-n neamu-i și în soiu-i ¬
Cu bine meargă-mi și să-l ție sfântul.
Ajunse-o vale mândră și frumoasă ¬
Părea că-i chiar grădina lor de-acasă.

Și sub un tei el de pe cal se dete,
Se-ntinse leneș jos, pe iarba moale ¬
Din tei se scutur flori în a lui plete
Și mai că-i vine să nu se mai scoale.
Și calu-i paște flori, purtând în spete
Presunul lui și șeaua cu paftale,
În valea de miros, de râuri plină,
În umbra dulce bine-i de odină.

De-a lui bătrân el își aduse-aminte,
Cum îl lăsă și cum porni în lume,
Dorind cu o iubire-așa fierbinte:
O umbr,-un sunet, un nimic, un nume.
L-apuc-un dor de țară și părinte,
Tot ce-a dorit ți pare-atunci că-s spume,
Și când pe calul lui el iar se simte,
Napoi apucă, peste drumuri strimte.

Dar îndărăt ajuns, l-apucă dorul
Din nou, ¬ neliniște, iubire-adâncă ¬
S-aruncă iar pe cal, urmând amorul
Ce-n al lui suflet neclintită-i stâncă.
În van l-oprește regele, poporul,
E dus de-o stea ce arde-n minte-i încă,
Dorit de raza unor doi ochi tineri ¬
S-a dus să ceară sfat la sfânta Vineri.

¬ Voinicul meu, îi zise-atuncea sfânta,
De ce-ai stătut în valea amintirei?
Pentru oricare e frumoasă, blândă,
Cu curte-oricărui seamănă. Ceirii
Din acea vale inima-ți frământă.
Nu sta în ea. De te-nchinași iubirei,
Te du de-o cată, și-n a ei fereastă,
De-o vezi deschisă, zvârle floarea astă.

Dar să nu stai în valea desperării,
Ce-n a ta cale tu vei trece-o sigur.
El iar porni în lumea întâmplărei,
Bolnav de dor și de-a iubirei friguri.
Dădu de-o vale-n asfințitul serei,
Prin crenge negre umbre se configur.
Întunecoasă-i, cum o simt doar orbii,
Și fâlfâiesc prin aer rece corbii.

El de pe cal se dete. în pădure
Șoptește frunza, ramuri stau de sfaturi
Și somnul nu voiește ca să-l fure,
Căci umedă e frunza lui de paturi,
Urechea-i trează a dumbravei gure
Le asculta șoptind din mii de laturi,
Și corbii croncănesc și zboară-n fală
În aer clar ca pete de cerneală.

Atunci o frică inima-i pătrunde,
Pe cal se pune și fugi din vale,
Și-n loc s-urmeze drumu-acolo unde
Voia să meargă, s-a întors din cale.
Sosește iar în țară-i, de-l pătrunde
Din nou un dor, o amărâre,-o jale.
Atunci din nou el o luă pe mâneci
Să ceară sfat acum sântei Dumineci.

¬ Ai stat în valea desperărei iară,
Îi zise sfânta, ci din nou pornește!
Îți dau o pasăre cu tine ¬ zboară
Cu calul tău, unde norocu-ți crește.
Când ai vedea frumoasa ta fecioară
Că plânge,-atunci dă drumul pasărei iește.
Tu dorul ți-l ajungi, deși te ticăi.
Ea-ți fie tot, ce-ai suferit nimică-i.

Trecând prin valea desperării,-astupă
A lui urechi, să n-o audă-n șopot;
În van se-ncearcă calea-i s-o-ntrerupă
Vuiri, murmure, s-o oprească n-o pot.
O umbră zboară, pân- se vede după
Atâta mers c-aude zvon de clopot;
Atunci văzu în zarea lui palatul
În care-nchise fata-i împăratul.

În ziduri de oțel lucea castelu-i
Cu streșini de-aur și cu turnuri nalte
Și scris pe muri-i, minunat în felu-i,
Făptură grea a meșterelor dalte.
În mari grădine i se arătă lui
Izvorul viu, ce cade, vrând să salte.
El se mira cum toate-astfel a fi pot:
Grădine, rediuri, lacuri, ziduri, șipot.

Dar un balaur tologit în poartă
Sorea cu lene pielea lui pestriță,
Cu ochi-nchiși pe jumătate, poartă
Privirea jucătoare să-l înghiță,
Iară Florin ¬ inima-n el e moartă ¬
Când vede solzii, dinții cei de criță,
Sărind la el și-nfipse a lui spadă
Și de pământ îl țintui de coadă.

Apoi din munte stanuri el răstoarnă,
Le grămădește crunt peste balaur;
Acesta iar se zbate, se întoarnă

Și în durerea-i muge ca un taur,
Dar el mereu pe dânsul pietre toarnă
Pân- nădușit plesni acel centaur.
Trecu-nainte ¬ două lancii scurte ¬
Pân- ce dădu de strălucita curte.

Un an de când copila petrecuse
Urzind gândirea-i și visând ursitul,
Un an întreg prea fericită fuse,
Dar dup-un an mi-a fost-o-ajuns urâtul.
Își amintea viața ce-o avuse
Și peste pieptu-i își îndoaie gâtul,
Și trist privea un punct cu ochii țintă,
Și se usca ca și la umbr-o plântă.

¬ Eu mor de n-oi vedea seninul, cerul,
De n-oi privi nemărginirea vastă,
Răceala umbrei m-a pătruns cu gerul
Și nu mai duc ¬ nu pot ¬ viața asta.
Ah! Ce ferice-aș fi să văd eterul
Și să văd lumea, codrii din fereastă,
Și de voiți cu viață să mai suflu,
Deschideți uși, fereste, să răsuflu.

Astfel o mistuia neastâmpăratul
De viață dor și dorul cel de soare ¬
Deși le poruncise împăratul
Să nu care cumva să-și amăsoare
Ca să deschidă ușile, palatul ¬
Dar totuși, când văzură că ea moare,
Nu știu ce or să facă, să se poată, ¬
De l-ar urma, el ar găsi-o moartă.

Văzând cu ochii, piere de-a-n picioare
Din zi în zi ¬ atunci ele-au deschis
Fereşti înalte și, la mândrul soare,
Din boal-adâncă fata a învis
Și se făcu și mai fărmăcătoare,
Astfel cum nu îți trece nici prin vis ¬
Se rumeni în fața ei ca mărul,
A-ntinerit-o aerul și cerul.

Un zmău o vede, când s-a pus să steie
N-a ei fereastă-n asfințit de sări;
Zburând la cer, din ochi-i o scânteie
Cuprinse-a ei mândrețe, fermăcări;
Și-n trecătoarea tânără femeie
Se-namoră copilul sfintei mări ¬
Născut din soare, din văzduh, din neauă,
De-amorul ei se prefăcu în steauă.

Căzu din cer în tinda ei măreață,
Se prefăcu în tânăr luminos,
Și corpul lui sub haina ce se-ncreață
S-arată nalt, subțire, mlădios.
Păr negru-n vițe lungi ridică fața,
Și ochi-albaștri-nchis, întunecos,

Iar fața-i albă, slabă, zâmbitoare ¬
Părea un demon rătăcit din soare.

¬ Ah! te iubesc, îi zise el, copilă,
La glasul tău simt sufletu-mi rănit,
Din stea născut, plec fruntea mea umilă,
Cu ochii mei prind chipul tău slăvit.
Nu vezi cum tremur de amor? ai milă!
În nemurirea mea de-aș fi iubit ¬
Iubit de tine ¬ te-aș purta: o floare
În dulci grădini, aproape lângă soare.

N-ai vede iarnă, toamnă nu, nici vară,
Eternă primăvar,-etern amor...
De ți-aș închide zarea ta cea clară
Cu-al meu sărut, o, scumpul meu odor,
Pân- ce să mângâi inima-mi amară
Culca-mi-aș capul la al tău picior
Și te-aș privi etern ca pe o steauă
Frumos copil, cu umerii de neauă.

¬ O, geniu mândru, tu nu ești de mine,
De-a ta privire ochii mei mă dor,
Sângele meu s-ar stoarce chiar din vine,
Căci m-ar usca teribilu-ți amor!
Curând s-ar stinge viața mea, străine,
Când tu m-ai duce-n ceruri lângă sori,
Frumos ești tu, dar a ta nemurire
Ființei trecătoare e pieire.

El o privi atunci cu ochii țintă:
În fața-i slabă ¬ zâmbet dureros;
Se face stea și iarăși se avântă
În cerul nalt, în roiul luminos.
Acolo toată noaptea stă de pândă,
Și prin fereastă el privea duios,
Cu o lumină dulce, tristă-clară,
Să vadă umbra-i albă și ușoară.

A doua zi el se făcu o ploaie,
În tact căzândă, aromată lin,
Și din ferești perdelele le-ndoaie,
Burând prin țesăturile de in,
Pătrunde iarăși în a ei odaie,
Preface-n tânăr sufletu-i divin:
El stă frumos sub bolțile ferestii,
Purtând în păr cununa lui de trestii.

Blond e-azi și părul lui de aur moale
Pe umeri cade îndoios, îmflat;
Ca ceara-i palid... buza lui cu jale
Purta un zâmbet trist, nemângâiat.
El o privește... sufletu-i s-adună.
În ochiul lui albastru, blând și mat...
Ș-astfel cum sta mut înger din tării
Părea un mort frumos cu ochii vii.

¬ O, vin cu mine, scumpă,-n fundul mări.
Și în palate splendizi de cristal,
Când vântu-a trece peste-a apei ării
Tu-i auzi cântarea lui pe val;
Ți-i închina viața ta visării,
Vei fi oceanului monarcul pal...
Ți-oi da palate de mărgean și profir,
Cu bolți lucrate numa-n aur d-Ofir.

¬ Ca să-mi ajungi nevrednica-mi iubire
Ai părăsit al cerurilor cort,
Dar nu e chipul tău cel peste fire
Ce-n fundul sufletului meu îl port.
O, geniul meu, mi-e frig l-a ta privire,
Eu palpit de viață ¬ tu ești mort.
Cu nemurirea ta tu nu mă-nveți,
Acum mă arzi, acuma mă îngheți.

Nu... om să fii, om trecător ca mine,
Cu slăbiciunea sufletului nost,
Să-ți înțeleg tot sufletul din tine
Și brațul tău, de mi-a fi adăpost,
Să-l știu că-i slab, iubirea că-l susține,
La om e-un merit, ce la zei n-a fost.
De mă iubești, să-mi fii de sama mea,
Fă-mi dar de nuntă nemurirea ta.

Întunecos și fără de speranță,
La ea privește geniul în nimb ¬
Își simte inima legată-n lanțe,
În lanțul lumei cei cu-o mie limbi.
¬ Chiar nemurirea mea, chiar abondanța,
Puterii mele tu o cei în schimb.
Ei bine, da! Eu m-oi sui la cer,
Ca de la Domnul moartea mea s-o cer.

Da, moartea! Pentr-o clipă de iubire
D-eternitatea mea să mă dizlege,
Să văd în juru-mi anii în pieire,
Să am în inima mea moartea rece,
Să fiu ca spuma mării în sclipire,
Să văd cum trec cu vremea, care trece...
O, mult ceruși, prea mult, ¬ și totuși ție
Ți-nchin splendori, putere, vecinicie.

La cer se-nalță el pe bolta mare,
Cu-aripe lunge curățind seninul
Privește-n jos castelul în splendoare,
L-apucă dorul inimei, suspinul.
¬ Ah! ce-ai cerut, femeie trecătoare,
Femeie scumpă, ca să-mi mângâi chinul!
Deasupra lumei risipite-n șoapte
El se-nălța ¬ un curcubeu de noapte.

Precum o floare ar ieși din surii
Și morții munți, din piatra lor uscată,
Astfel copila-nvioșează murii,

Pe când în bolta geamului s-arată
Copil al apei, cerului, pădurii,
A lumii-ntregi mai drăgălașă fată.
Ea asculta pe-al primăverii oaspăt
În dimineața ce-i zâmbește proaspăt.

Împrăștiată fulgerează roua
În viorii, strălucitoare boabe,
Țărâna-nvie-n primăvara nouă,
Răcoare-i vântul ca miros de ape;
Părea c-ar fi plouat, deși nu plouă
Decât lumină, ce nu mai încape.
Cu gura, fața, ochii ei, ea râde
Privind în soare, îi clipea, i-nchide.

În dimineața clară ca oglinda
La porți s-arată tânărul Florin,
În jur de ziduri calul și-l colindă,
Își simte inima înflată-n sân;
Dar poarta-nchisă brațu-i să-l tot prindă,
Ea nu se mișcă-n negrele-i țâțâni;
Ci el fereasta cum văzu crăpată,
Aruncă-n ea cu floarea fermecată.

Pe-atunci copila împletea cunună
Din flori de aur și de diamante;
Din cărți o soață-a ei îi sta să-i spună
C-al ei noroc purtatu-i de un fante.
Când floarea-i căzu-n poală ¬ ea nebună
O sărută, zvârlind pe celelante,
Și-o mirosi cu gur-abia deschisă,
Și ochii ei pluteau în mii de vise.

Ea alergă cu grabă la fereastă,
Să vadă dacă vântul nu-i aduce
Și alte flori, așa frumoase c-asta,
Dar de-ngăimare ochiul ei străluce
Și surâzând ea rumenește, castă,
Când vede-un tânăr lângă poarta-n cruce,
Și el o vede și cu mândru glasu-i
El îi vorbi, oprindu-și calu-n pasu-i:

¬ Ah! te-am văzut, mi te-am văzut în fine,
Copil cu ochi de-albastră-ntunecime,
Cu-a tale gene de-aur dulci și fine,
Cu-al tău surâs de gingașă cruzime.
Ah, aș muri de-atât noroc și bine,
Căci te-am văzut cum nu te-a văzut nime.
Nu știi ce-am suferit pân-a te-ajunge,
Copil frumos ca luna nopții lunge.

Ah, vin cu mine, vin-în a mea țară,
Casteluri am, grădini adânc-frumoase,
Sub pasul tău coroana-mi seculară
Mi-o pun ¬ mă plec, sunt sclavul tău, frumoasă.
Am pietre scumpe în a mea comoară,
Mai multe decât tatu-ți are aur,

Ș-aur mai mult de cum argint el are,
Ș-a tale-s toate, scumpă, mândră floare!

Ea îl privea cu ochiul plin de milă, ¬
I-ar fi sorbit cuvântul de pe gură,
În fața lui ea nu-și mai face silă,
Un léșin parcă inima i-o fură ¬
Și trist privește tânăra copilă
Cumplițiii muri și porți... Din ochiu-i cură
Un fir senin de lacrimi; ea își strânge
Cu-a ei mânuțe inima și plânge.

El, cum o vede astfel în fereastră,
Ș-aruncă ochiu-adânc și nobil-mare
Și drum el dă la pasărea măiastră ¬
Aripile-și întinde, vrând să zboare,
Din ce în ce ș-întinde-aripa-albastră,
Din ce în ce se face tot mai mare,
Încât doar din mărimea unei vrăbii
Ea semăna acum unei corăbii.

¬ Copila mea, îi zise, nu te teme,
Pe mulți am dus cu inimi doritoare,
Ca vântu-n fugă cu bătrâna vreme
Prin țări o mie peste sfânta mare ¬
Nu vezi, Florin nici ști cum să te cheme,
Atât de mult iubirea lui îl doare,
De-aceea zvârle-n laturi ac și caer
Și să te-ncrezi corăbiei de aer.

Ea se sui pe-aripă,-ntinzând mâna,
Ca și când ar fi vrut ca să se ție,
Și-ncet coboară pasărea străină
Pe-a lui Florin amabilă soție;
Pe cal ridică sarcina lui lină,
La pieptul lui ar vrea în veci s-o ție,

Se uită-n ochi-i, dând la calu-i pinten,
Ș-acesta vântului s-așterne sprinten.

În vremea asta zmeul se suise
La cer, cu aripile lungi întinse,
Culege-n cale-i blândele surâse
A mii de stele, ce zburau ca ninse;
La tronul cel etern pe scări deschise
Stau mândre genii cu lumină-ncinse;
L-a Lui picioare în genunchi s-așterne
Și-ndreaptă ruga-i milei cei eterne.

¬ O, Adonai! al cărui gând e lumea
Și pentru care toate sunt de față,
Ascultă-mi ruga, șterge al meu nume
Din a veciei carte mult măreață;
Deși te-adoră stele, mări în spume,
Un univers cu vocea îndrăzneață,
Toate ce-au fost, ce sunt, ce-ți nasc în cale
N-ajung nici umbra măreției tale.

Ce-ți pasă ție dac-a fi cu unul
În lume mai puțin spre lauda ta,
Ascultă-mi ruga, tu, Eternul, Bunul,
Și sfarmă-n așchii veșnicia mea!
Pe-o muritoare eu iubesc, nebunul,
Și muritor voiesc a fi ca ea,
Ș-atâta dor, durere simt în mine,
Încât nu pot s-o port și mor mai bine.

¬ Tu-i pizmuiești... și pizmuiești aceea
Ce ei în lume numesc fericire.
Au nu ți-i milă când privești scânteea
Cum că la soare e a ei pornire?
Astfel și ei își aruncar-ideea,
Dorința, păsul în nemărginire,
Dar cum scântei se sting, în drum, spre soare,
Astfel și omu-aspiră, dară moare.

Ca ei să fii? Să vezi că sub blesteme
De ură e-nfierat umanul nume,
Să ai de semenul tău a te teme,
Să fii ca spuma, fuga unei spume,
Sărmane inimi închegate-n vreme,
Sărmane patimi aruncate-n lume
Și să mă blestemi, să mă-ntrebi: ce drept
Avui să-ți pun o inimă în piept?

Pe-o clipă-n mijlocul eternității
Să deschizi ochii tăi măreți și clari,
Să măsuri toate visele vieții,
Simțind încet cum iarăși redispari,
Să pari un fir de colb în raza vieții,
Și în părerea-i pe-un moment să pari,
Să fii ca și când n-ai fi... între ieri
Și mâni, o clipă... Oare știi ce-mi ceri?

Ce-i omul de a căruia iubire
Atârni lumina vieții tale-eterne?
O undă e, având a undei fire,
Și în nimicuri zilele-și dișterne.
Pământul dă tărie nălucirei,
Și umbra-i drumul gliei ce s-așterne
Sub pasul lui... Căci lutul în el crește,
Lutul îl naște, lutul îl primește.

Și acest drum al pulberei, pieirei,
Ce ca pe-un plan l-am zugrăvit cu mâna,
Nimic fiind, l-am închinat muririi ¬
În van s-acopără oprind ruina,
Nimic etern în tremurul sclipirei;
În van adun și-și grămădesc lumina
În cărți și scrisuri, și în van ș-acață
De vis etern sărmana lor viață...

Și tu ca ei voiești a fi, demone,
Tu, care nici nu ești a mea făptură;
Tu, ce sfințești a cerului colone

Cu glasul mândru de eternă gură...
Cuvânt curat ce-ai existat, Eone,
Când Universul era ceață sură...?
Să-ți numeri anii după mersul lunei
Pentr-o femeie? Vezi iubirea unei:

Într-adevăr, n-adânca depărtare
Văzu călări pe fată cu Florin.
Odată-n evii ochiul lui cel mare,
Și sfânt, ș-adânc de lacrimi este plin,
Ce cad tăind nemărginirea-n mare,
Mărgăritari frumoși și mari devin.
Încet bătând din aripi, maiestos,
Geniul mândru se pornește-n jos.

Cu fața tristă le privi în urmă
Și-ntinde mâna ca dup-orce-i dus.
În fundul lumei, unde apa scurmă
Al mărei sân ¬ acolo-o ar fi dus
Dacă-l iubea... Acuma plânsu-și curmă:
„Fiți fericiți ¬ cu glasu-i stins a spus ¬
Atât de fericiți cât viața toată
Un chin s-aveți: de-a nu muri deodată.

...

The girl in the golden garden

Once upon a time, he was an emperor
In golden weather, what can't I get back,
When in forests, in lakes, wool, meadow,
You were talking to the gods, calling from the horn.
He had a sweet, proud, baby girl,
With fairy tales that I adorn,
When she passes, beautiful flowers go away
Easy steps in the valley of a birch tree.

I ask her in vain. The old man is thinking,
Too beautiful, too much of the world
I wonder how the sky does not fall
To write her sweet names in the stars;
It's bad for the poet who doesn't name her,
Barbarous the country where she is famous
He has not yet arrived, and he has been kidnapped
It's not the look of the mortals.

In the steep valley, where you guard rocks
They surrounded great depths,
Palace building of luminous stones,
Golden Gardens, flowers of darkness;
And the path of the valley full of smells
Outside of him, no one knows him in the world
That's where the beautiful girl closed,
That no ray of the world should strike it.

Its dressed in the atlas, like snow.
Sewing in sheets and roses of the cherry,
The floor shone in the mosaics,

From high walls they looked at living icons;
The window is blind, though the curtain sits,
That's why lights burn in it, you fire,
And the air, penetrated by large mirrors,
It's cool and smells like snow.

An eternal night turned into a day,
Golden garden, precious stone flowers,
Zefir passed like a living breath,
In his path, he creates heavy ruptures.
Azure wings, late at night,
Beautiful children of the white summer are laying on
Flower buds, when the water is smooth
Fly glittering butterflies, like flowers of air.

Therewith several wives,
Like her children and play spouses,
In her wild world, she is pampered,
In the glitter of her life, she dresses.
Her looks are young and hoarse,
The warm smile on his lip is his biting,
And in this heaven, in this gentle world
Of gratitude, he felt ill.

But to her beauty without resemblance
He heard the emperor, Florin,
His luck with her seems like a twin,
Since then fire has consumed it in itself.
"In vain I sit in place, I am begging
With my work, with longing, with my grief. "
Passed by the longing for the unknown rod,
They went to ask for advice on Holy Wednesday.

¬ Alai, convoy, said the saint then,
Backward send, take nothing,
And the lone one goes for your target,
Because the road is narrow and the path is heavy.
Take my white horse; he advances,
As the thought flies in the world without fear,
But if you want to find out, keep in mind:
Don't stand in the valley of remembrance.

Start in the world, alone, in all of them.
He is carried by the wind with his brother
The hair was golden and it was beautiful to him,
Son dear, as the earth did not see,
He seems to be born in his family and in his variety
Well go to me and keep him holy.
A proud and beautiful valley reached her
It seemed to be their home garden.

And under a lime, he is on the horse,
He lay lazy down on the soft grass
From the linden flowers shake in his payments
And it comes to him not to get up.
And she gave him flowers, carrying her back
His presumption and the saddle with rifles,

In the valley of smell, full of rivers,
In the sweet shade, it is well worth the wait.

He remembered his old man,
How he left it and how it started in the world,
Wishing with such a hot love:
A shadow, a sound, a nothing, a name.
I miss him a country and a parent,
All he wanted was then to say,
And when he feels his horse again,
Backward takes over narrow roads.

But soon enough, he missed her
Again, ¬ worry, deep love ¬
He threw himself on the horse, following the love
What of his unwavering soul rocks him.
The king, the people, stop him in vain.
It is carried by a star that still burns in his mind,
Wanted by the radius of two young eyes ¬
He went to ask for advice on Saint Friday.

¬ My darling said the saint,
Why did you stay in the valley of memory?
For anyone who is beautiful, gentle,
It looks like a yard. The groves
From that valley your heart is troubled.
Don't sit in it. Of love,
She goes to you in a row and in her window,
You see it open, it blows this flower.

But don't stay in the valley of despair,
In your own way, you will pass it for sure.
He started again in the world of chance,
Sick of love and of cold love.
He waved at the twilight of the night,
Through the black branches, shadows are configured.
Darken them, as only the blind feel,
And the crows flutter through the cold air.

He is on the horse. in the forest
Whisper the leaf, branches stand for advice
And sleep does not want to steal it,
Because wet is his bed of leaves,
His ears are awake from our nose
You hear them whispering from thousands of sides,
And crows are crunching and flying
In the clear air like ink stains.

Then fear pierces his heart,
The horse is put and run from the valley,
And instead, follow the path to where
He wanted to go, he got out of the way.
He arrives again in the country, entering him
Again a longing, a bitterness, a sorrow.
Then again he took the sleeves
Ask for advice now for Holy Sunday.

You stayed in the valley of despair again,
Said her holy, but start again!
I'm giving you a bird with you flying
With your horse, where your luck grows.
When you see your beautiful virgin
That she cries, - then she lets the bird out.
You long for it, even though you are muttering.
She is everything to you, you have suffered nothing.

Passing through the valley of despair, it stumbles
Of his ears, let him not hear it in a whisper;
In vain the way is tried to interrupt it
Whispering, murmuring, I can't stop it.
A shadow flies until you see it
As far as he goes he hears the bell ringing;
Then he saw the palace in his yard
In which the king's daughter is locked.

In the steel walls, his castle gleamed
With golden eaves and high towers
And he wrote on the walls, in wonderful ways,
Heavy workmanship of the chisels masters.
In large gardens, he was shown
The living spring, which falls, wanting to jump.
He wondered how all-so-being can be:
Gardens, fences, lakes, walls, shingle.

But a dragon slammed into the gate
Sister lazy his painted skin,
Half-blinds, he wears
The player's eyes swallow it,
And Florin ¬ his heart is dead ¬
When he sees the scales, the teeth of the squaw,
Jumping to him he threw his sword
And from the ground, you aimed him at the tail.

Then from the mountain ponds, he overturns,
He piles them crudely over the dragon;
He struggles again, he returns
And in pain, he dies like a bull,
But he was always on the rocks
That centaur burst into tears.
Two short spears went ahead
Until he started the bright yard.

A year since the baby had passed
Hissing at her thinking and dreaming of the bear,
A whole year was too happy,
But after a year, it was bad for me.
He remembered his life
And over his chest, he bends his neck,
And sadly he was staring at a target with his eyes,
And it dries like a plant in the shade.

¬ I die from not seeing the clear sky, the sky,
Don't look at the vast boundlessness,
The coldness of the shadow pierced me

And I can't take this life anymore.
Ah! How happy I would be to see the ether
And to see the world, the forests in the window,
And of you, with life, I can breathe,
Open doors, windows, breathe.

Thus an unpardonable estate
Longing for life and longing for the sun ¬
Although the king had commanded them
Not that somehow they can hide
To open the doors, the palace ¬
But yet, when she saw that she was dying,
I don't know what they will do, they can, ¬
If he were to follow, he would find her dead.

Seeing with his eyes, he loses his feet
From day to day ¬ then they opened
You look tall and, in the proud sun,
From the deep-seated, the girl lived
And it became even more charming,
As you do not even go through your dream ¬
It rumbled in front of her like the apple,
It has rejuvenated the air and the sky.

A kite sees it when it starts to sting
She has no window in the dusk;
Flying into the sky, a spark from his eyes
She embraced her pride, her charmings;
And the young woman passing by
The child of the holy sea falls in love
Born of the sun, of the widow, of the mist,
Her affection turned into a star.

She fell from the sky into her great tent,
He turned into a bright young man,
And his body under the crumpled coat
He looks tall, slim, tall.
Black hair in long vines raises the face,
And dark-blue-eyes, dark,
And his face is white, weak, smiling
He looked like a demon wandering from the sun.

¬ Ah! I love you, he said, child,
At your voice, I feel my soul hurt,
From the born star, I leave my humble forehead,
With my eyes, I catch your glorious face.
Can't you see how I tremble with love? have mercy!
In my immortality, I would have loved ¬
I would love to wear you: a flower
In sweet gardens, near the sun.

You wouldn't see winter, no autumn, no summer,
Eternal spring, eternal love ...
If I were to close your clear area
With my kiss, oh, my sweet smell,
Until you can comfort my bitter heart
I would lay my head on your leg

And I would look at you forever as a star
Shy baby, with shoulders of the snow.

¬ Oh, proud genius, you are not me,
Your eyes miss my eyes,
My blood would be squeezed right out of here,
Because it would dry me terrible love you!
My life would soon be extinguished, o, stranger,
When you take me to heaven near the sun,
You are beautiful, but your immortality
The transient being is ruined.

He looked at her then with his eyes targeted:
For your painful smile my eyes hurt;
It becomes a star and again it advances
In the high heaven, in the luminous brook.
There all night he sits awake,
And through the window, he looked sweetly,
With a sweet, sad-clear light,
To see the shadow is white and light.

The next day it rained,
In cadence fall, smoothly flavored,
And from the windows, the curtains surround them,
Drizzling through the linen clothes,
Enter her room again,
In the preface young divine soul:
He sits beautifully under the windows of the window,
Carrying his reed crown in his hair.

Blond is today with his soft golden hair
Shoulders fall bent, loosened;
Like his pale wax ... his lip with grief
He had a sad, unsettling smile.
He looks at her ... his soul gathers.
In his blue eye, gentle and matte ...
And as to how the angel from the skies stays mute
He looked beautiful dead with his eyes alive.

¬ Oh, come with me, honey, deep down.
And in splendid crystal palaces,
When the wind blew across the water of the country
You hear his song on the wave;
And worship your dream life,
You will be the pale monarch of the ocean ...
Give them palaces of bean and golden cloth,
With vaults worked only in gold of d-Ofir.

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And in splendid crystal palaces,
When the wind blew across the water of the country
You hear his song on the wave;
And worship your dream life,
You will be the pale monarch of the ocean ...
Give them palaces of bean and golden cloth,
With vaults worked only in gold of d-Ofir.

¬ To make my love unworthy
You have left the heavenly tent,
But it's not your face over the wire
At the bottom of my soul I wear it.
Oh, my genius, I'm looking at you cold,
I feel like you're dead.
With your immortality, you do not teach me,
Now you burn me, now you freeze me.

No ... man to be, a transient man like me,
With the weakness of our soul,
Let me understand your whole soul within you
And your arm, from being sheltered,
To know that he is weak, the love that supports him,
To man, there is merit, which to gods was not.
If you love me, be my sweetheart,
Give me your wedding gift of immortality.

Dark and hopeless,
To her, he looks genius in the nimb
He feels his heart tied in chains,
In the chain of the world those with a thousand languages.
¬ Even my immortality, even abundance,
My powers are you those in return.
Well, yes! I cried to heaven,
That from the Lord my death I ask.

Yes, death! For a moment of love
My eternity to deceive me,
Let me see my years in ruin,
To have a cold death in my heart,
To be like the sparkling seafoam,
Let's see how the weather goes by, which passes ...
O, much cherished, too much, ¬ and yet to you
I worship you with splendor, power, old age.

He ascends to heaven on the high vault,
With long wings cleaning the clear
Look down at the castle in splendor,
The longing of the heart, the sigh, came to him.
¬ Ah! what did you ask for, transient woman,
Dear woman, to comfort my grief!
Above the world scattered in whispers
He climbed a rainbow at night.

Like a flower, it would come out of the buds
And the dead mountains, from their dry stone,
Thus the child revives the walls,
While in the glass vault it shows
Child of water, sky, forests,
The whole world's prettier girl.
She was listening to the spring guest
In the morning he smiles freshly.

Spreading lightning dew
In the violins, shining grains,
Peasant-snow in the new spring,

Cool the wind as the smell of waters;
It seemed like it was raining, though it wasn't raining
But light, what does not fit.
With her mouth, her face, her eyes, she laughs
Looking at the sun, he blinked at them, closing them.

In the clear morning like the mirror
At the gates is the young Florin,
Around the walls, the horse carves and caresses it,
He feels his heart swell in his breast;
But the gate closed his arm to catch him,
She does not move in her black tits;
But he saw the window as it cracked,
Throw it in with the enchanted flower.

At that time the child wove a wreath
Made of gold and diamond flowers;
From the books, a wife of hers could tell
Her luck was worn by a slit.
When the flower fell on her lap she was crazy
He kissed her, whipping the others,
You smelled it with your mouth scarcely open,
And her eyes were floating in thousands of dreams.

She hurried to the window,
Let's see if the wind doesn't bring them
And other flowers, so beautiful this one,
But her eyes glint with excitement
And smiling, she blushes, caste,
When he sees a young man near the gate on the cross,
And he sees it and proudly calls it
He spoke to her, stopping her step-by-step:

¬ Ah! I saw you, I saw you fine,
Baby with blue-dark eyes,
With your sweet and fine golden eyelashes,
With your smile of gentle cruelty.
Ah, I'd die of both luck and well,
Because I saw you as nobody saw you.
You don't know what I suffered until it happened to you,
Baby as beautiful as the moon of the long night.

Ah, come with me, come to my country,
Castles I have, deep-beautiful gardens,
Under your step my secular crown
I'm going to leave, I'm your slave, beautiful.
I have precious stones in my treasure,
More than your dad has gold,
And gold more than the silver he has,
It's all yours, dear, proud flower!

She looked at him with a pitying eye, ¬
It would have sipped the word out of his mouth,
In front of her, she does not strain anymore,
A faint feels like his heart steals
And sad for the young child
Dead walls and gates ... He heals his eye

A clear thread of tears; she squeezes
Her hands to her heart and cries.

He, as he sees it in the window,
He casts a deep, noble eye
And he gives way to the master bird
The wings stretch out, wanting to fly,
Increasingly, the blue-wing spreads,
As it gets bigger and bigger,
Only just the size of a sparrow
It now resembled a ship.

¬ My child, he told her, don't be afraid,
I have led many with longing hearts,
Like hunting in the old weather
Through countries one thousand over the great sea
You don't see, Florin doesn't even know how to call you,
His love hurts him so much,
That is why the needle and beat are fluttering on the sides
And trust the airship.

She climbed on the wing, extending her hand,
As if he wanted to meet you,
Slowly the foreign bird descends
Florin's kind wife;
The horse lifts his load smoothly,
He would like to have you on his chest forever,

He looked into his eyes, giving his horse a spur,
An this to the wind is sprinting.

By this time the kite had climbed
In the sky, with long wings spread,
Gather her gentle smiles on the way
Thousands of stars flying like snow;
To the eternal throne on open stairs
I stand proud light-geniuses;
His feet on his knees sneeze
Pray for the eternal mercy.

Oh, Adonai! whose thought is the world
And for which all are present,
Listen to my prayer, delete my name
From the old great book;
Although you love stars, you grow into foam,
A universe with a bold voice,
All that was, what is, what is born in your path
There is no shadow of your greatness.

What do you care about if you have one
In the world less to your praise,
Listen to my prayer, you, the Eternal, the Good,
And break my eternity into chips!
I love a mortal, a madman, crazy man,
And mortal I want to be like her,
I miss so much, the pain I feel in me,
So I can't wear it and I die better.

You are ponding them off and ponding him off
What they call happiness in the world.
They have no mercy when you look at the spark
How the sun's starting?
So they also threw away their idea,
Desire, the endless bird,
But as the spark goes off, on the road, toward the sun,
Thus, the aspiring man, however, dies.

To be them? See that under curses
The human name is hated with hatred,
To have your neighbor fear you,
To be like foam, to run away from the foam,
Poor hearts end in time,
Poor passions are thrown into the world
And curse me, ask me: what right
Will you have a heart in your chest?

For a moment in the midst of eternity
Open your eyes wide and clear,
To measure all the dreams of life,
Feeling slow as you rediscover,
To look like a dove in the radius of life,
And in his opinion for a moment, you seem
To be as if you were not ... between yesterday
And hands, for a moment ... Do you know what you're asking me?

What is the man whose love
Hang the light of your eternal life?
A wave is, having the wave,
And in nothingness, his days are disastrous.
The earth gives strength to the glitter,
And shadow the path of the glorious path
Under his step ... Because the clay in it grows,
The clay is born, the clay receives it.

And this road of powder, destruction,
What as a plan I painted with his hand,
Being nothing, I worshiped him to death
In vain they cover the ruin by stopping,
Nothing eternal in the trembling of light;
In the van, they gather and pile their light
In books and writings, and in the van he hides
Everlasting dream of their poor life ...

And you, like them, want to be, demons,
You, who are not even my own creature;
You, holy of heaven, colonists
With the proud voice of eternal mouth ...
Clean word what have you been, Eone,
When was the universe foggy ...?
Count your years after the moon has gone
For a woman? See the love of a woman:

Indeed, do not dig deep
He saw Florin riding the girl.
Once you wipe his big eye,

And holy, the depth of tears is full,
What fall by cutting the boundary into the great,
Beautiful and large pearls become.
Slowly flapping wings, majestic,
The proud genius starts down.

Looking sadly behind them
He reaches for his hand as he takes it.
At the bottom of the world, where the water flows
She would have taken her breast there
If she loved him ... Now she cried:
"Be happy ¬ with his voice out he said ¬
As happy as life is
You have a torment: unless you die at once.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung Correction:Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor,Mu sweet puppies and chickens Victor, Tudor, Alin, Andrei, Mihai, Ștefan
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Geniul meu scump și Dulce, Eminul meu iubit.

Te iubesc, dragostea mea.Victor, puiul meu soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc.
Ave Maria!...



Ave Maria, Saint Virgin

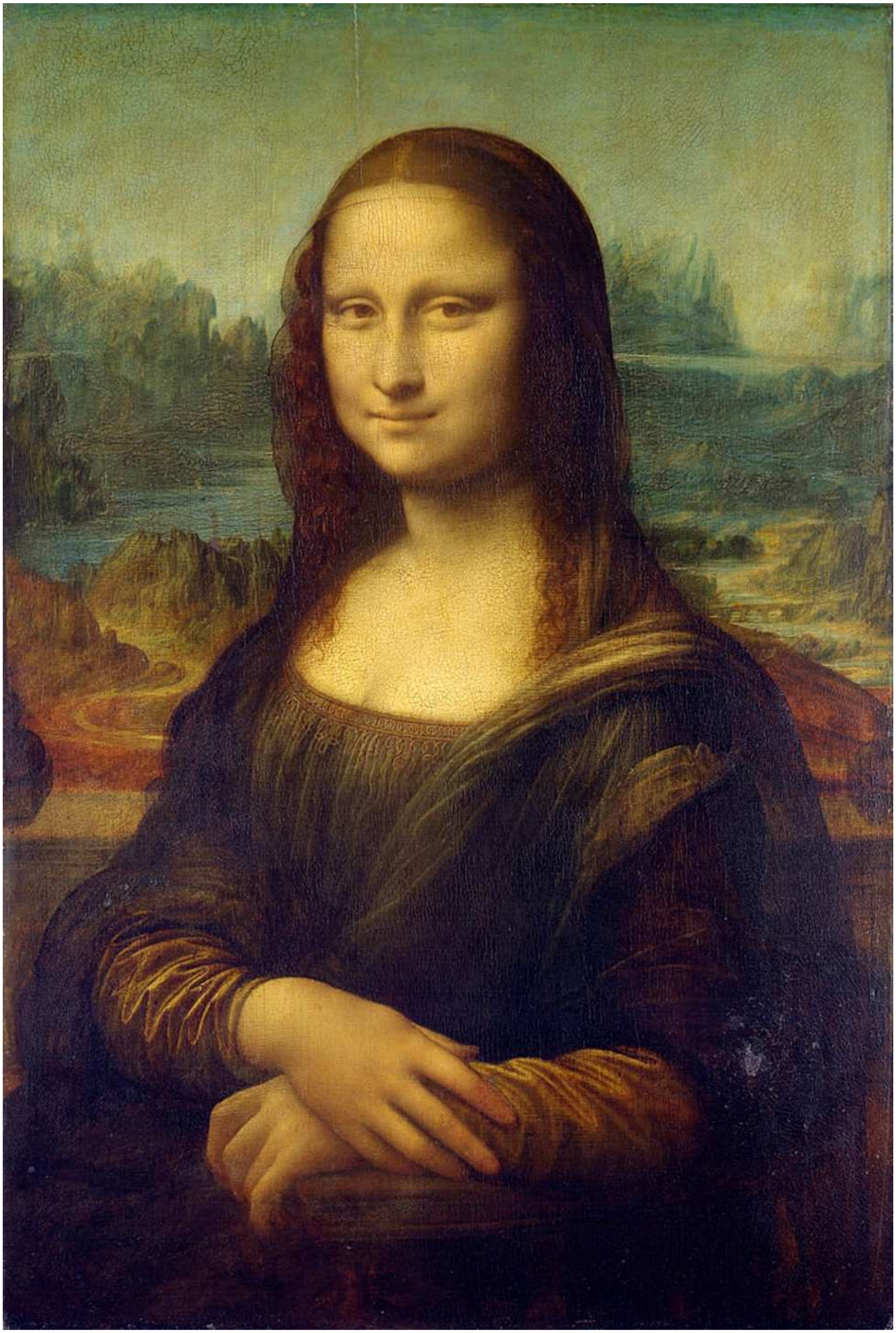
To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.

Above our bitter sorrows
Your glance comes down with a gentle and warm compassion

O, come from the night of my thoughts
You, dressed up in light.
....

Ave Maria, Saint Virgin
To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.
....

Te iubesc, puiul meu dule, dragostea mea.
Dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Nirvana



Sadness over the world and orange break of dawn
I seek the shell wherein the thrilled sea
was coming back to me
with her agonizing, extended
waves
.....
I am cruelly hit by the fate
On the desert land there is nobody who is calling me
A sweet and tender farewell.
Among my sorrowful poems fallen in the the sweet suffering
I remain...
....
Satin sheets
Are trembling hanging by the sky
floating lightly
in veils of translucent air
..
It is just everlasting, immaterial nature where in
I wander,
Likewise at the starting of the world
And my bee eyes were sipping from the endless
of the sea
of light.
....
A solely subject
And full of objects, nostalgic, warm,
discrete
Wherein happily and melancholically
I dress up myself...
...
I am Adam!
But without Eve
I am without eve and without age
And pass away silently under the arch of leaves which kiss me
with green lips
Of my plant heart medicine...
...
O, I came back in the breast of immortality
and of the everlasting, endless life
To unquestionable happiness sweetly
doomed.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.

Soțul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor dragostea mea.
From the cucumbers clear waters flow

 *te iubesc.*

From the cucumbers clear waters flow
and roar give them in their way
From the bruise, black twilight are flowing stars abisale
He again, watching from nowhere
he falls in love by her.

On the moving, trembling paths black ships there is carrying
the light which extinguish itself
the light which glitters far away...
Towards you the frozen breathe of the heavy death is falling
he again watching from nowhere
falls in love by her...

from the ray of the eternal yesterday there is living today
which dies
There has passsed a day, there have passed
three days

on the trembling, moving paths black ships it's carrying
the light which extinguishes itself
the light which glitters far away....

....
O, mother, my sweet mother
from the fog of time, with your warm and gentle voice
to you you are calling me out...
And waters will chant in eternity, will sleep
I will for ever sleep.
...
Towards the window I lead my step, there where in a corner
the Morning Star is waiting for me:
"I didn't know, sweet woman, how dead I am
you have left like a shadow, like a goddess
on the Sky, on the Earth
you have shaken like a leaf carried out by wind.

...
If you were gone with Altul
with another, I still think that my dead eyes I can
still appeal to you

....
But you have gone... my sweet wonder
Blue flower, blue flower, yet it's still sadness in world.
I have passed through spaces
and I drank you away where you couldn't
possibly think.

I wonder why in the deep whirlpool
of the death which is sipping me, in flames I'm burning out
and in tne bitter stone I fall down?..."
....
"I asked for a release, but still ...
I could not
from me you turn your face down
immortal and cold."

.....

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea

Dulcvcelle meu soț,Te iubesc nespus de mult.
Ppuiulmeu,Soțulmeu, Fiulmeu Dulce și Iubit,Te doresc, Victor, Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.

 *te iubesc, Victor.*

An endless man

Suddenly you discover
That you are not interested of anything
Nor of the career
Nor of love
Nor of friends
...
You remain lonely on a desert island.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs
Are more full of Anima
Than the people
And you are starting to understand Buddha.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the solely full of sense is the life
and death
and between them it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown
so pure, so beautiful
the creation

....
That everything that it counts is what you are living now
this instant
suspended in time
lived intensely, in a perpetual present
stretched in all your fundamental
gestures
in birth, wedding, death
love
.....
All that I have learned
I've learned from my Moromets
and from the Comăneşteni orchards

from my father, from my mother
from my brother
from my dearest beloved

Lying on the porch of the house
Ordered gently
As in some sessile coffins

I tell you
The only moment is now
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins

The only moment is now

Animusul meu dulce,te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu drag.



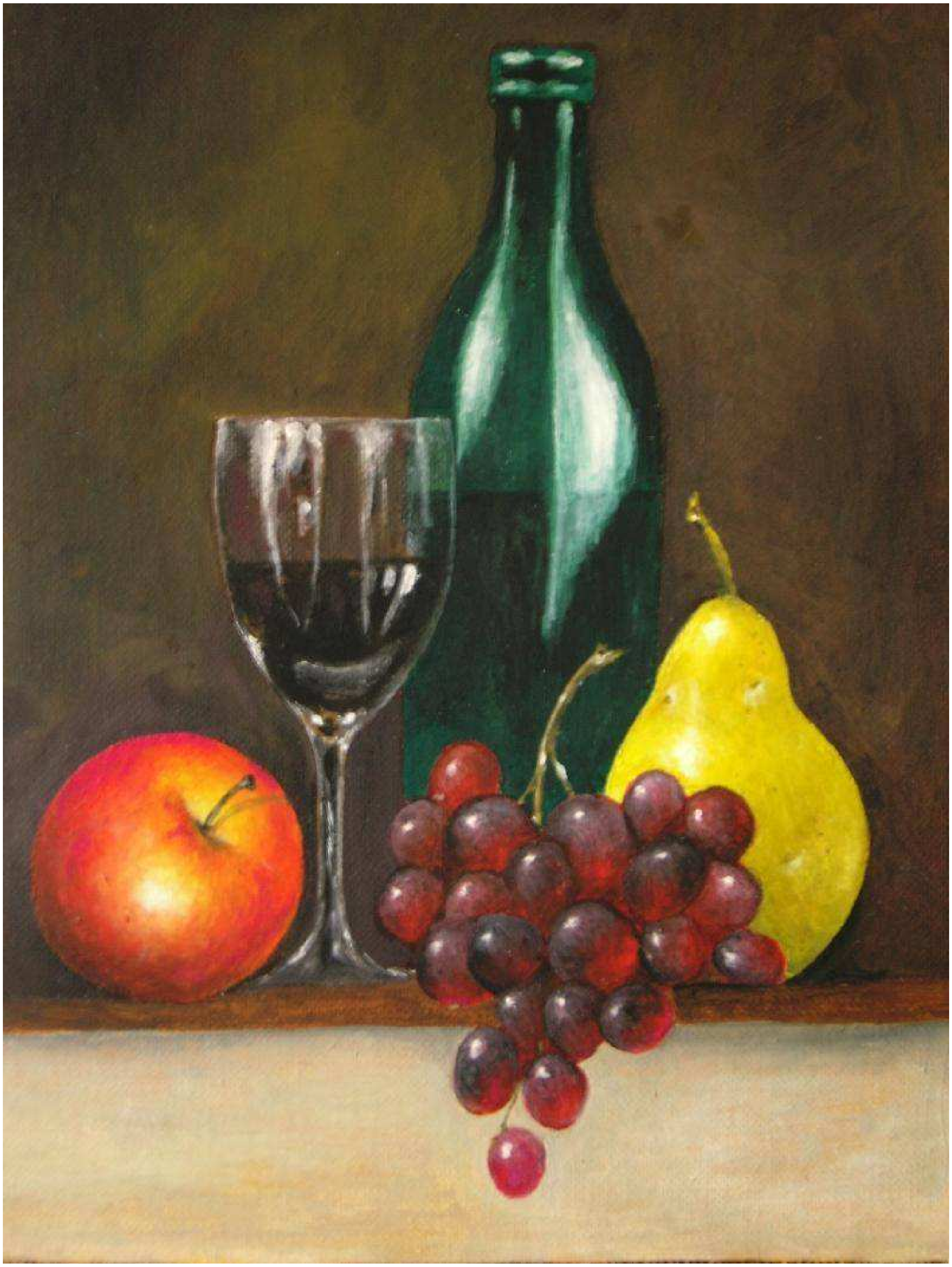
Solilocvii

The world, the time is going for me backwards
As forwards
The Time, The World, The Existence
Still has miracles to offer me in the past, to unravel the unknowing
In the time drained backwards
...
It is a time of remembrance and of the interpretation
eternal alive and actual
Woven on a single evenimensional
canvas
...
That what makes the time elapsed so beautiful
Is its unicity
The fact that it cannot be corrected factually
Anymore
....
But interpretatively
Just now unfolds itself its germinative power
It is a time of an unique beauty and safety
The elapsed time
Offers security
There is a hermeneutics of the past language
and of the past action
.....
There is a metaphysics of remembrance and of
endowing with sense.
....
The future time
Is uncertain factually
In it are prolonged all the probable existences
and it remains the possibility of option
always opened.

It is a responsible time.
A time where in the being will continue to exist
And to make
A time opened factually, evenimensionally
but still not ready interpretatively.
...
On the axis past-future
I move myself in an infinite parable of the existence
Where in the present time was sometime the future time
And it will be sometime the past time.
.....
I can only speak about the past with certainty
Dressing its action in the dress
of the metaphor
Always alive of the consciousness and of language.

....
Victor, dragul meu... te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Your eyes...

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.



Likewise two blue stars that are glittering
and fills down the darkness with their

warmy flame
Your eyes are often speaking to myself.
And your hairs which is reflecting
its dark blonde light...
.....
Like two red precious stones
that fills the air of their summery warmth
Your sweet lips are stealing me,
the shy light of my eyes..
.....
Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground
As in winter the white flakes
of snow and pure light

I kiss their grave, sweet darkness
which in the white night of the spring
sits down...

dragostea mea iubită și dorită, te iubesc.
Your eyes...
te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.


THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST (US1988)
WILLEM DAFOE
Picture from The Ronald Grant Archive

Your neck
It seeems to me the stalk from which, in mystery
It poors out the sweet nightfall
on the ground
Covering the earth with warmy darkness
Of the night and of the burning stars
Glittering smoldered...

So blue are your eyes
Likewise two darkened stars, full of night...
Of thunderstorm streak....

And though... The sweet twilight
warm sweet odoured of the springtime
brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...
full of mystery of moonrays passing through the arch of leaves
a sweet warm unknown eyelight...

Puiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Animusul meu și Aehetipul meu,doritul meu soț.
Love story


Castrol
ike Point
TEGALALANG-DENPASAR

te iubesc.
I kiss your arms, your shoulders
I am falling down into the snowing of your body
As into an emerald sea
With the smile of oblivion on my face, of the total oblivion

With the smile of everlasting
Remembrance
Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.

Dulcele meu Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Buddhist meditation
(Buddhist Thai Monks Chanting Healing Mantra)



In the lemon-coloured saree
Maitreyi seemed unutterably beautiful to me.
at the wrists of her delicate hands
brass bracelets were jingling

her arms
like two blossomed stalks of lotus
were throwing up their orange, lucent light
over the objects from the bedroom.
.....
bracelets were serping at her thin ankle

and her carmine lips
were smiling misteriously
like a calling never fulfilled
....
her breasts, likewise two water lillies buds
were squeezing the thin cloth
and over all things the twirl of my tired eyes
fell down
eyes which have seen the light.
.....
an old lamp, with Hindu motives
was lying on the nightstand of the colour of mahogany
a candlestick was throwing its rosy light
to the corners of the room.
.....
Maitreyi, it's really you?...
I whispered confused.
Yes, I am myself, Allan, don't be frightened
Let no one hear us
and she let the burden of her heavy body
on my arm.

Victor, Puiulmeu, Te iubesc , dulcele meu pișor, dragostea mea, puiulmeu, tedoresc.
dragul meu iubit puișor,
îți închin cu dragoste aceste cânturi.
soțul meu iubit și drag,
dragostea mea, puiul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor..



Virgin Mary.
Chant I

Sadness, reveries
The world isn't more beautiful after you have written a book
It's simply in another way.
....
It's more different the smile, the abyss
The death, the destiny
The word, the covenant
The silence, the speaking.
.....
Fantastic arabesques are getting out from the leaden sky
Enchanting, charming
An ivory end
And the other gray.
....
Speaking, silence, murmur
Laying bricks and immortality
The sea and the chanting
The moon, the sun and the Earth -
Geea.
....
I'm blinking hit by the high
And then I throw up myself in a spring
Dense on the lips
Smiling, transcribed
On long parchments into abyss.
.....
Murmurs
Voices
Stones
Rocks
Transgressing the high
Were hurting my eyesight

With the chanting, blinding, Geea
Of the star named Earth

Sparkling their adornments
In front of me there were passing the slaves
of The One Too Tall
Undulating the spokes
And throwing up the seeds
Of the giant wheat.
....
Chant two

The maize is golden dream of the giant sun
with its fretting yellow silk, which is glittering
on the bitter stones
in top of the mountains, splitting valleys
of ore

which goldens round corn cuilean
and mirrors it in sea turquoise sea lights...

.....
Dark, the wave is throwing itself to the shore,
carrying wings of shells and algae
carring in large of seas masts
with kingfishers drying themselves in the wind.
....
Twirl circles it has made itself, where from are springing
like into a swirl
till vanishes in white beads everything
and handsome Morning Star has made
itself.
...
With hair of sun and lights
with gentle, warm, serene blue eyes
It's stepping on the waters in the sea, the young prince
with shapes of Sun.
.....
In large coverings mast beside mast
and the sea in long, and the sea in large
armies are pouncing on the waters, on the clean, mat
mirrors, to search the brave hero Adonir.
....
Serene, dark of blue and black
on a sky wherein the zenith is fixing itself
slowly

I was looking in October nights
of ebony
the one who the Wiseman told me it will be
my soul mate.

in the clear garden of the sky where in the boars
were scurvying of sorrow
and rising the fine sands in circles
through the corn cuileans and the ears of wheat
I was passing slowly through the riprap
of a river.
....
Way of thousands of miles I passed into a minute
Till there where, in its celestial little waves
the white, pearly moon with its celestial rays
could be seen and admired.
....
I have heard like in a dream, of the distant sea
master and Lord
that he isn't a simple mortal
but he is on sky the Sun himself.
....
The wind was shaking its wings
bringing in the forests the news, and trembling the armies
were surrounding the Lord:
....
- *O, Adonir*

A head has stepped forward
The eldest one after the vestment and the face
We conquered all the Earth
for you

For you are our king
and on the sea we crown you as admiral.
Lord on the black, bruise wave
Where on you hardly step, just touching it.
....
O, tell us your legend, my Lord, how you were born
from the whte foam
from what deep of billows you have come
and what do you bring with yourself
in the world.
...
O, worthy Kebir, for it's you
Do not stay to listen my sad stories...
For I'm not a king over the world
more than that I cannot say it...
...
I am the Lord, Almighty Lord
I am over the sad people a God
I am the Sun on sky, from upside - but I don't set down
when He sets down.
...
Old like the weather over the ages
I carry my sad everlasting hours
because I am alone from an eternity, old like the Time
will be.
...
I was born now from the waters
In the world of common mortals
and this is the second chant, where on the wind
is whispering sad.

Because I was born to die, and I will die
to born again -
do not try these laws to understand
It is full the Earth of emperors and kings...

but I am just your Savior Myself
Jesus Christ is my name -
for the rebelious crowds I'm Adonir, arriving with
of springtime warm zephyr.
...
Since when I was waiting on the sky it has passed
an eternity
And never to my eyes it was given to see
of the night white and warm naiad, which lits up in the sky
through the stars white torch.
...
I hear that she is a daughter of an emperor

Who carries on her shoulders her young years on a tall mountain, with herds of deers

Through the boars scurvying in the bitter stones
and that she is very, very beautiful...
...
just her knows my destiny on Earth
O, Kebir, forget about your firelock
and of the whirlpool full of arrows
You, all of you, Kebir, to come with me
do you dare?...
....
- *Oh, Lord, Master on Earth, I believe*
without disgust Your word
But I have to see if my army will let the large and rich seas
and will follow you in the desert maybe
But I have to come to me first.
....
I see that you are Sun on Earth
and I believe that You will die to born again
Bu I am sad, dear emperor , that we, poor mortals
are going to die.
....
Show us the way, be the exhortation
of these bewildered and accursed armies
to leave the torment of the seas
and to follow you by land?...
.....
- *We come!... it was like a thunder of armies the voice*
of the armies gathered together
Where in the glance of the brave Sun is scalding
We come, we come, o, Adonir!...

....
And whilst sweetly it was falling the night
and in the eyes of hero it's mrroring the sea
They have started all like one to sail towards the shore
carried by a n unique and deep urge.
....
The feet of Adonir were stepping on the sea
and in the top of the mountains through the bitter stones
a daughter of an emperor named Magdalena
At the time of mysteryous hour of night
was waiting...
...
Chant three

Whilst the Moon over the forests smoothly was watching
from the shadow of the mysteryous arches
of leaves of oak and amethyst, of alabaster and agate
It started the Virgin Mary to hunt.
....
A sky of stars was underneath -

Above her a sky of glittering stars
She seemed an uninterrupted lightning wandering
through them...

When springing from Chaos they surround her
And limit her like waved waves of pure lights
She seemed a thought carried by longing, till everything
vanishes away...

She was seeing likewise in the first day
How there were springing lights
And through of the stars groves, at the end of waters
mermaids...

silently the smooth passage passes
over the springs of garnet, over the hardwood of agate
and stars in her hair she has collected..
....
in her hands the stick of silver, beautiful thus
that I cannot conceive her
with my human brain, with diaphanous veils
in sweet endearment...

She resembled, it was just her..
The silvery and tender Moon, of firtrees forests
beautiful princess
more proud than any star on sky...
...
- *Mary... The tender wind has whispered...*
now, when the arch of oaks is open, like in an old citadel
a stone niche
step in the beautiful dream....

Through the forests of stars that are glitering, more proud
than any deity
Step in the golden round circle
which is spinning from the depths.
...
He has left on his way... The sad Mary
with her eyes blue like the dream of a poet, started to walk
on green branches slowly
to the golden citadel which is open.

On her way she collected a ring
with stone of bright topaz, which was glittering pale
at her feet
and where on it was written the word Adonir.
...
- *o, Adonir?.. She has whispered dreamy*
of you in my gentle sleep I have heard, then when
with the Wiseman I have spoken
and He told me that you are the proud Sun
Himself....

....
near the golden citadel it was lying, into the middle
of silver forest
A circle of gold..... she has stepped
and suddenly she saw herself, spinning
faster and faster...

On the White semicircle of the Moon she was sitting.
From the depth of the Galaxy
from the middle of the Milky Way
A warm, calm voice she has heard.

- *O, Mary, of the land gentle empress*
Lady over the galaxy
into my golden garden I brought you, to be a bride
To the upside Sun
to the brave, gentle Adonir, on his gentle name
Jesus
....
Eternal bride you are to him, and he is your groom
over the human destinies
He will bring right salvation.

His cruel and bloody destiny over this land
will fulfill
for He my word has listened to
and knows He is My Son.

Then... in the year 7000, the Sky will be torn in flames
and in the fire blaze and flare
for it will come His term to accomplish.

over the entire world to reign.
here, the Golden Citadel, it will be His kingdom
and you will be to him eternal bride.

by Himself even long ago elected
and the World of death won't hear anymore.
....
Torn back now to your palace, but don't forget
about your ring
Jesus also has one of the same, where on it stays
written your name... Mary.
.....
from the shadow of the proud arches of leaves, she leads
her step next to the window,
where in the corner
The Morning Star is waiting for her.
..
The Sun with his beautiful face
Has thrown Himself in the sky, and then Mary has known
that it was him, that it won't pass long
and she will meet him.

....
the golden circle has spinned itself....
slowly and slowly
and the voice over the golden forests smoothly
has vanished away...
....
Chant four

In the majestic rise of the day
when the flowers of bitterness were falling smoothly, floating downstairs
The old black ships of wood
Were coming slowly near to the shore.

Adonir, in front of them, walking on waters the young God
had the blond and foamed forehead
likewise a lion roaring in the
desert.

He was stepping on waters and the place where
they have been touched,
they were spinning around
and then in white veils, they were breaking apart
were vanishing away.

Kebir, brave soldier in armor of warp
was watching smoothly how the waters were avoiding silently
and kingfishers spinning in the shy
then, in smooth falling
they were touching the water, then they were flying
again to the sky.

They were approaching the shore. The cruel armies
of young sailors
were looking with love at their head
at Adonir, the beautiful Sun.

They were approaching the shore, from the large
of the oceans, from the salted,
diaphanous seas
from the coral reefs and from the curly isles
likewise some oases of greenery
and of beauty

They were leading now to the shore.
They were watching restless the land profiling in sight
the isles of Greece, of the beautiful Greece
From the Aegian Sea

Where from they were glimpsing
Santorini, Rhodos, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,
Naxos, Icaria

Lemnos, Karpathos,Patmos,
Milos, Paros, Syros
and many others of the same...
....
The strong army has arrived soon at the shore.
The old ships have thrown their anchors
to the land
and some brave sailors in the boats sailing
have thrown the nests to catch
the fish.
....
Jesus put the step on the shore, then he told them gently:
Sons of divine chant
of water and of land
From now on I am for you Jesus, the Savior
who is sent from above.

Only the ones who believe in Me follow me.
I wanted to save you from death, and from your wandering destiny,
But we will arrive soon in Jerusalem
the Saint Citadel.

Onlo Mary we will take from here
and now we will start again our way
but let's get some rest now.
....
Three days the armies have been rested.
They put on guard skillful sailors, near the ships
anchored next to the shore,
then they started their way.
....
- *Jesus, we are hungry...*
The most tried brave soldier Kebir said
in the seventh day of walking.
We are five hundred of fellows.
How will you be able to astonish our hungry
o, our Lod whos is sent from above?...
....
They had stopped in a little valley with no fruits
with the dry land and without water.
we have more only twenty fish in our trip
vases.

and just fifty wafers. And the water is running out...
- *Andrew, this is your name from now on*
Do not be concerned, I tell you
but I want to know that your entire life will change
for yourself.

Jesus has risen up
Walked through the crowd
Youngmen, older people in long shirts of cotton
till the ground.

Demoralized, hungry and thirsty
they were waiting....
....
Jesus has made a sign. The sign of Cros, a prayer
then He blessed the water, the wafers and the
remained fish.
when , miracle!...
the fish catch to increase their number in the vases
and to wrinkle

The water was flowing in clay amphoras, sweet and good
and the wafers has multiplied
seeing with eyes
up to three thousand.
....
The people have eaten till they saturated.
Then they have remained only about two hundred people.
the others have left
for it has shown up that Hellas is rich and fertile
country.
.....
Tired, they were falling asleep everybody
on tents
The light of stars, trembling, has cauught
the brave wolves of the sea
on the tents.
....
Jesus has fallen asleep soon
and in his dream it was done that he was meeting Mary
Magdalena
The one of destiny intended to him.
.....
Chant five

The Sun-God has started his way
at the Rise of the dawn
He was walking fast as the thought, as the light
when it bursts over the world of torches.

- *În Chaos My Lord I have returned*
And I would return in Chaos
I am thirsty, My Lord, of the stars pure lights
of the eternal repose.

In the place where He has melted himself
from diaphanous veils, and in the circle of spinning lights
a proud young man is rising up.
with his dark blue eyes, and hair of silky gold
which falls in waves over His chest, over the naked
shoulders.

- *O, Adonir, Jesus of Mine*
a voice in thunder is increasing

You are just the Sun from above, who glitters
on the white ridges.

I miss, o, My Son, of the serene nights, whilst
we were talking about the Earth
and of the blue, smooth waters
when this shoulder grunting you were supporting
by Yourself.

It was an uninterrupted longing
Which was leading you in Life
in the world of common mortals.... and you were asking
from Me advice.

It was an interrupting longing
that was keeping Myself of You
but I was knowing, without my will, that Your way
is in the humanity. That here You will find the destiny
that the stars didn't intend to You.
that for Her you will give your life
as gift.
...
O, the work of my hands, statues of clay
with warm breathing of life
to whom I gave the Eden, gave birth to the Sons
that they had been covered the Earth,
likewise the leaves and grass.

O, Jesus, be their Savior
for their sins had arrived to the Sky itself.
They are sad, bitter and grieved
for they don't have Eternal Life anymore
for the Death comes and freezes them, with its
cold, sharp breath.
.....
- *O, God, you are My Lord*
In the Book of Making you put everything and You
have spoken through ancient prophets.
It has arrived now the time that Mesiah to show
Himself in the world, to clean the world of sins
with Death over Death stepping by.

O, Lord, I don't want to know that Hour
When breathing of life
will fly away from my body
and I will get down three days in the world
of the Etenal Shadows.

But make it Your will
My celestial and my beloved Father, be like the cup
prepared of death and pain
to drink as it is Your will.
...

- Jesus, don't be afraid
it was likewise a thunder the voice, which has become
then a whisper in relief
The third day from the dead
You will rise up again!...
...
It has vanished Jesus from the Sky
from the place of Evening Star
and in the golden, magical circle, near the lighted Citadel
slowly his shape caught to form
sweet wonder.
....
Chant six

In this time Mary Magdalene was sitting in the golden
garden and deeply she was thinking.
passing by the trees with
heavy fruits

surrounded by her young wheelbarrows
gentle, mild, thoughtful, Mary to Jesus was dreaming.
All the soil of the forest was covered by warm
precious stones
whereon, like in a dream, with the long lap
of her white dress

fretting lightly, she was stepping them.
Her curly hair in wavy veils, has framed her face
of Virgin Mary
and her blue eyes seemed two little
Morning Stars
which were throwing glittering lights.

Likewise in a dream
she surrounded the Golden Citadel and went
to the magical circle.
She has laid over a fallen tree trunk
and was looking dreamy
at the golden circle.

When, suddenly, she stepped just in its middle.
Immediately she has seen herself
risen in the space, through the stars
in an enchanting decoration.

From a star two glittering eyes were holding her
with their glance, with love and longing.
- O, probably this is Adonir...
how the Wiseman has whispered to me sometime
that I will see him...
....
Adonir has tightened in his arms his beautiful Mary
and in her eyes with love

he was looking.

- *So fragile and tender, you resemble with white cherry-tree flower, and like an angel from the people*
in the way of my life you go out...

...

Chant seven



..

Tibetan monks
Were guarding the gates of the monastery
At the entry and at the exit.

Arranged wisely
Four
At the four opposite entries.

...

I was floating through the black space

Full of brightful dots
The Sun
The Moon
Are foreseen through white pieces of fire.

I was a star
With dense breathing
Scattering itself in thousand of opac particles.
My soul was speaking to me
From the deep
And was whispering about the earth.
.....
From the waters was embodying Arjuna
With his skin
White as the silver.

..
Floating majestically on the waters
In hands with the copper horn
In his arms
Painfully
Full of tenderness
He is calling me.
...
Earh. Endless surfaces of water
Fish banks
Swimming sublimely
In the pure water of aquamarine
...



Ridind a white horse at the break of the silvery dawn
It has shown up Arjuna...

He was having a silvery armour glittering
and the smile as the Moon.
...
Empress, sweet princess of the blossomed lands
Of the ripe wheatfiels,
With heavy, burdened spices...
Was wanting to take Arjuna as his bride.
......

Rising up from the waters
With his black locks and the skin as the silver
He seems a sweet apparation
Whereon it is shown to the girl
by the gentle wind.
....
Whilst The Sun and The Moon
Embraced are staying over the waters
Herds of mild deers
At the edge of waters
Come to quench their thirst..
...
A kiss, only a kiss

Has wanted to steal from her the handsome handy
From the beautiful girl
from the forest
With sweet dreamings flowing on her face.
......
But the thunder of the sea rages
And splits out the Sky itself
And snatches the charming Moon from under
of the Sun soft wing.
...
Arjuna has gone into the world as a wanderer
With his dream of Adonis...
He was hoping to catch them the white foam of the sea
In his arms his beloved
Tenderly and safely

Whilst the evening is coming down over the waters
and slowly is swinging the reed
And the pale moon among the clouds
Slowly carries out his Spirit.
....
- So fragile and tender, you resemble with white cherry-tree
flower, and like an angel from the people
in the way of my life you go out...
.....
te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu drag.



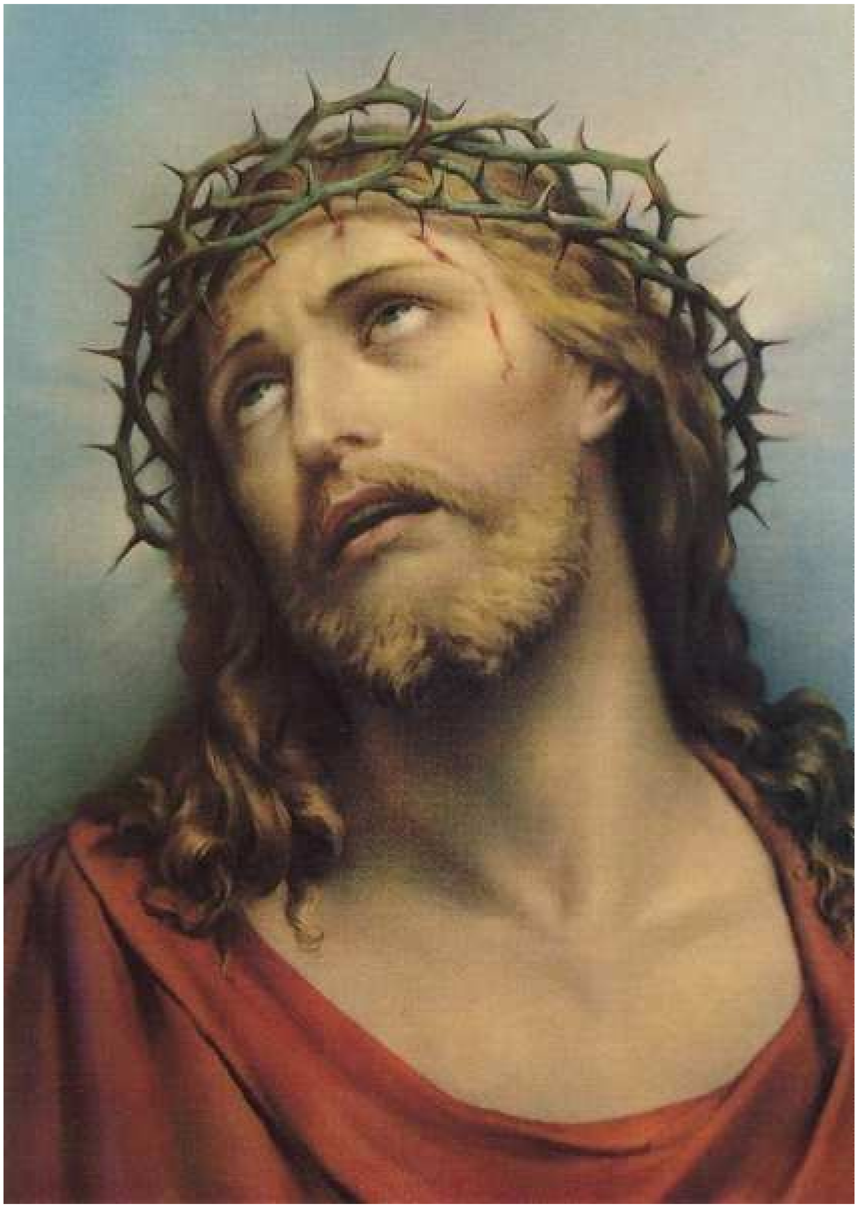
Solilocvii

The world, the time is going for me backwards
As forwards
The Time, The World, The Existence
Still has miracles to offer me in the past, to unravel the unknowing
In the time drained backwards
...
It is a time of remembrance and of the interpretation
eternal alive and actual
Woven on a single evenimensional
canvas
...

That what makes the time elapsed so beautiful
Is its unicity
The fact that it cannot be corrected factually
Anymore
....
But interpretatively
Just now unfolds itself its germinative power
It is a time of an unique beauty and safety
The elapsed time
Offers security
There is a hermeneutics of the past language
and of the past action
.....
There is a metaphysics of remembrance and of
endeavouring with sense.
....
The future time
Is uncertain factually
In it are prolonged all the probable existences
and it remains the possibility of option
always opened.

It is a responsible time.
A time where in the being will continue to exist
And to make
A time opened factually, evenimensionally
but still not ready interpretatively.
...
On the axis past-future
I move myself in an infinite parable of the existence
Where in the present time was sometime the future time
And it will be sometime the past time.
.....
I can only speak about the past with certainty
Dressing its action in the dress
of the metaphor
Always alive of the consciousness and of language.

....



Chant eight
The psichiatry section

Darkened worlds drifting away
In the blue night where from they came out
I listen to my heart sweet superstition
Hidden deeply in the ogive of the chest.
...
Shadows had been draining
On the scarred face of spasms and illnesses
Shadows left from the dead world
On the path of living ones
Like big, questioning wings of kingfishers in the sunset
Have touched his cheek in silent kiss.
....

Hideous black shaddows
Have been drained on his pallid and livid face
Where in the death was digging itself obsessive path
And a streamer of indicible pains
Were finding their spring on its crowned forehead.

Caught between the shaddows of today and yesterday
Where in the death was digging immortal
black grave.
.....
Caught between today and yesterday, now and then
Between there and here
A metaphysical thought was slowly moving around
To his body of bones and pots

Freeing him from the sad carapace
And his skull seemed opened to the world of here
Where in his soul has found a path
To fly away beyond ruthless armors of stone and warp
....
Leaving the cavern of the chest wide opened
To the atrocious world from the deep
Where in a sepulchral flock, thoughts were moving
slowly around
...
With his eyes large opened over the sunrise
With foams hanging down by his crumpled lips
He left the body to the world of now
Lying down in cemetery of bodies and of lives

And his soul has flown away towards the imaginary worlds
Under the moonrays of the eternal dawn
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
.....
Chant nine

 *te te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.*

Yoga in Upanishad

Without you
I would have carried with me untold
The myth of my own life
My life would have been an eternal cocoon in the crystal
With the wings stuck up.
...
The development of the personality
has made itself in silence, before reading the book.
....
Otherwise
I was having the sensation a while ago
Overrun by the lightful and darkened figures

of the deep
That I have already read books
certain books

that I haven't read....
....
so, of instance, it has happened to me
with the Psychiatric power
and though, how grateful I was in the end
That I have read it!...
....
The most of all it has impressed me there
The figure of mirror.
...
I have always recognized myself
In the mirrors offered by the others....
and by myself
Through reflection

In the deep psychosis where in I had entered
I was groping like a drowned man
after the light.
.....
It's so strange, dear reader, from all the photos
I have made at the hospital
At the Emergency Hospital from Petroșani
only in one I appear with my face being hit
of a merciless psychosis

in my hermaphrodite body, where in the andrenaline
was carried by the fat.
....
I was with Gabriel
the one with the horse in the gallop
With the ship with the stretched sails and with a dancing
woman.
He alone didn't believe me.
....
I would have always been a cocoon in crystal
A man carrying with himself the myth of his own life, untold,
nor to himself
A butterfly with the stuck wings.

I wouldn't have known why the skylines are so red
What makes the grass thread
so transparent
And the leaves to tremble at the frontiere between reality
and dream, likewise an infinity of eyes
touching the air

and from the bodies of the trees thrown to the sky
stylized , endless columns
.....

I wouldn't have known
But I still have kown deeply, undergroundly
I would have walked happily without knowing why
On the streets of childhood.
....
My happiness and my unhapiness simultaneously
have irrupted suddenly
From the Self became a huge cavern.

and then I had to discover the myth of
my own life
....

The myth of my own life was coming towards me
from the archetypal figures of the deep
and I would like to tell you, my reader, that then I have known
the ecstasy.
...
I don't know too well if then, when I have lived it
or then when I have written about it
living it again.
....
The Art is a sharing with the others of your madness, ecstasy
an your inner happiness.
.....
But in the same time the road where in your Self
Steps right in front of you
and you can comprise it, to embrace it with your
glance.

....

Dragostea mea, te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, Mântuitorul sufletului meu.
Savior of my soul, my beloved husband, I want and love you, Victor, my sweet sweetheart, sweet and beloved chick.
Huge cages



From unbridled, unremitting revelations is composed
The deepest world
Many umbrellas in the populations and nations
He's getting upset in his chest, what's too small ...

And the army of ardent and tender deaths is over
On shoulder with a flower, and in the eye
With another flower
In the hand with what each has

Hardly the source of their life they have suffered, some
with what they have
Betrayed, others with what they loved
Some with long stairs to the sky
Others with fingers scattered in frost ...

In the frost of their own lives, I rather wine, which
Slowly, it gathers in long rows
And to your soul, they come to give
Heavy bruises.

......

The seed of Abraham, and those who wrote the Bible of Varlaam
gather together
white bones disappeared
Prolong, beat on the wide steppe
And the man who precedes him comes on Friday

Wearing sheep's peanut on his shoulder. I got up
Then down, slowly, slowly
And I straightened. I was the blue Eve
The young goddess fallen into sin.

For my eyes have gone so far in the future
For I see my bones of white dust
Full, ancestor of all mankind
With a strong jaw and my teeth

All 32 ... which I would now have,
if I did not get six
it's the memory of it, and it does not lie
and over the past three to four years

and the last one appeared to me, and I wear engraved in the tooth,
centuries and millennia
and millions of years passed
since me with my stature hurts

in the arm with you I passed
and in the grinding of aggressive herds, an old, smoky icon
on the old wall I made myself.

Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Dragul meu.

Book of Anime 8
First painting
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Vuictor, Dragostea mea.
Puiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Animusul meu și Aehetipul meu,doritul meu soț.
Love story


Castrol
ike Point
TEGALALANG-DENPASAR

te iubesc.
I kiss your arms, your shoulders
I am falling down into the snowing of your body
As into an emerald sea
With the smile of oblivion on my face, of the total oblivion

With the smile of everlasting
Remembrance

Te doresc şi Te doresc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu, Animusul meu, Arhetipul meu, Dragulmeu, Dulceaţa mea,Iubirea mea, Dragostea mea.te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Your smile....

te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...
....
your smile
carried on coloured waters of air
winds in the rib of matter
likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united in this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering

cornfield.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu Dulce.
Te iubesc Mihai, Dragul meu.

So tender ...
Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady
…
The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.
In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.
Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet
The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.
…
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
…
.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.
…
and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust
...
I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon
In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest

I miss meeting you, waiting for you
Translation:Carl Gustav Jung

Correction: Natalia Gălățan
Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, Victor, dragul meu soțior.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.
Te doresc, Puiulmeu. T iubesc.
Te iubesc, Puiul mmeu Mihai. Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Beautiful lily of the lime

- *"Blanca, find out that from the cradle*
The Lord is your bride,
For you are born, child,
Out of unworthy love.

Hands in the sketch to the holy Ana
You'll find the one in the stars
The comfort of your life,
The salvation of my face. "

- *"I will not, father, dry up*
My young, cheerful soul:
I love game, game;
Living the world of others leaves him.

I will not cut my hair,
What happens to my heels,
To blindly blind myself to the book
In incense-smoked smoke. "

- *"I know better what you do,*
Give the world any thought,
Hands at dawn we will leave
Towards the old and holy shrine. "

She hears - she cries. - It's like
He was about to leave the world,
Deserted thoughts
And a miss without a name.

And crying the horse,
Her white horse like snow,
It cleanses his proud mane
And crying puts the saddle on her.

He steps on it and leaves
Hair in the wind, head to chest,

Don't look at them,
He doesn't look far.

On lost paths in the valley
It goes on endlessly,
When the greenhouse red rays
Dusk from the skies escape.

Shade the codri here and there
Flashes of light ...
She passed through the leaf in a hurry
And through the murmur of bees;

In the middle of the ridge
Near the tall and old lime tree,
Where's the spell?
It sounds sweet to the ears.

Of murmuring delightful waters
She woke up then,
See a young man, what's next
A black horse is riding.

With big eyes she looks at her,
Full of dreams, floating sweet,
Lime blossoms in black hair
And on the hip a silver horn.

I'm slowly starting to ring,
Charming and painful -
His heart was growing longing
Of the beautiful stranger.

His hair touches his hair
And then the red cheek
She bends long eyelashes
Over your eyes.

And a smile passes her lips
Drowned, charming,
Which guru just opens it,
The dry one of love.

When completely kidnapped
He leaned toward him from the saddle,
He stopped singing
And make them with jelly beans,

It includes riding -
She defends herself with one hand,
But he still leaves,
He feels his heart full.

And he falls on his shoulder
Her head upside down;
As the horses graze beside them,
She was looking at him with a shower.

Only the sweet murmur
From the enchanted spring
It melts melancholy
Their soul intoxicated.

From then on, the codri leaves,
The whole night stands to be seen,
He paints black shadows
On a snow-white field.

And she always lengthens them,
And as they ascend to heaven they move them,
But they pass, they get lost in the codri
With their lives lost.

At the castle in the gate the horse
He stays in the foam the next day,
But his beautiful master
She was lost in the world.

The story of the cod

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby.

The dense forest, the sprinkling, the toys
The leaves come down dancing
I sat on the green muscle and listened
the blue rain pouring

...

Quake of the earthquake fir wearing white dress
Of the gentle Shower
In the snowy sky, what is crying
I became nostalgic
the eyes...

...

The luminous living nature of the gentle sky
empress
Humus slip through your fingers
Hands, I expect descent

At night, day hands
Quake of the earthquake fir wearing white dress

Of the gentle Shower
In the snowy sky, what is crying
I became nostalgic
the eyes...

...

I love you my love.
The story I would tell her

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby.

Whispering gentle springs, the sad flow of Time
Blue flowers tremble wet
In the silver voodoo

...

I turn my eyes sweet, this moment
Big
The droplets sit on the cetina
Path

...

The soft golden blond hair reaches you
To the ground
Gently the springs sigh
a carol, a pale song

...

you sit in my lap like tears in heaven
empty
you want to listen to my story
The cod just gives me
of vest

that it closes at night with a trembling seal
during the day....
the pale moon unfolding with her mirror
trembling water ...

like a reaper, he casts himself into the darkness and sips
to you in your arms baby
I tend my arm blind
they include you ...

in the starry stream for a moment
drop them beating on the citizen
path

of their wide wings ...

....

And we will fall asleep near the holy Tea
She brushes her leaves
Trembling to
earth.

We'll fall asleep next to the lake that shakes a boat
Comforted by the pale radius of the moon
And by the wind beat, we will dream
a White Arc

You and me embrace the world
Fast waves, pilgrims
frightened

.....

Moonset ... dead leaves of autumn
Dear beloved, traveling
through genoa
What a bookmark over your eyes
Dear! ....

I love you and I love you, Victor, my dear baby.
Clear water flows from the forests

From the clear water the streams flow and roar
give way
Abyssal stars flow from the black husk
He looks from nowhere
His dear girl falls ...

On the moving paths the black ship leads
Light that dampens, light
what a glow
The freezing breath of heavy death falls to you
He looks nowhere else ...

His dear girl falls ...
From the ray of the eternal yesterday lives today who dies
One day passed, three passed.
On the moving paths the black ship leads
....

Light that dampens, light
What a glow ....

....

Oh, mother, sweet mother
Out of the dark weather, with your sweet voice
You call me ...
And the waters will hurt you, sleep you
I will always sleep

Towards the window I go to the corner
The cobbler is waiting for:
I didn't even know how sweet a woman I am
Deadly

You went away like a shadow, like a god
On heaven, on earth
You shivered like a leaf blown by the wind.

....
If you had gone with Alta
By another I think my eyes are dead
I can still direct you to me
Gita

my dear and beloved baby, Victor, my love
my beloved and dear husband, I wish you and I love you, my sweet baby.

Song I

Story, fairy tale and truth.

sadness, reveries
the world is no longer beautiful after you've written a book
it's just different.

The smile, the abyss is different
Death, death
The word, the covenant
Silence, saying.

....

fantastic arabesques unfold from the leaden sky
whisper, only
an ivory end
and the other gray.

The saying was silent speaking
Building and immortality
Sea and melope
Moon, sister and Earth -
Gea.

....

blink high
and then you jumped on me
on the lips
smile, transcribed
n-long parchments in the abyss.

....

voices
voices
Stones
rocks
They were transgressing the high
and they hurt my sight

with melopeea, geea blindness
of the star called earth
wrapped in the wind

shining her ornaments
before me my maids passed
too high
waving their spikes, they threw the seeds
giant wheat.

....

The second song

Pigeon dreamed of gold in the giant sun
with his sharp silk, which glitters over
bitter stones
in the mountain top, small valleys splitting
what does corn corn crave
round

and it mirrors it in high light.
...
black thalassus flew to shore, carrying wings
of shells and algae
carrying offshore masts
with seagulls swarming in the wind.
....
bulb circles were made, from which springs
the note
until it falls in the white beads everything
and the proud young sun rose.
...
with sun hair and lights
with soft, warm and clear eyes
the young prince with a face walks over the sea

of Sun.
....
wide mast near the mast
and the long sea and the wide sea
armies flutter on the water, on the clean, matte mirrors
to look for the brave Adonir.
.....
clear blue-black
and dark
on a sky where it is fixed
slow zenith

we were looking for nights in october
of fans
the one the Wise man told me would be
the weird.

- in the garden of the sky clean in wild boar
drained the grief
and rooting in the sandflies
among corn chips and wheat ears
we were passing through the ponds
to a river.

thousands of miles passed in a blink of an eye
up to where, in her heavenly ways
where
the white moon, with its celestial rays
trembling on the windows
it could be watched.
...
I heard it in my sleep, from the distant sea
master and sir
that he is not a mere mortal
but the proud sister is in heaven.
....
he fluttered his wings
bringing in news, and shaking the news
they surrounded the gentleman:
.....
- Oh, Adonir
stepped forward
the oldest by port and chip
we conquered the whole earth
for you

for you are our king
and at sea we crown you as an admiral.
master over the black log,
swell wave
that you barely kick - touching.
.....
Oh, tell us your legend Master, how you were born

from white foam
from deep within you came
and what you bring with you into the world.
....
- *Oh, Vrednice Kebir, that you are*
do not sit listening to sad stories ....
for I am not king over the world
more than that I can't say ...
...
I am the Lord your God,
I am a sad god over the people
There is the sun in the sky from above - but I do not set
his sunset.
...
as old as the ages
I'm taking my sad watches
for I am of an eternity, old as the time
what will it be.
....
I was born now from the waters
in the world of ordinary mortals
and this is the second song he murmurs
whispering sad wind

for I was born to die, and I shall die
to give birth to me
do not seek these laws to understand them
the land of emperors is full
and kings ...

but I am your Savior
Jesus Christ is my name
for the rebellious crowds Adonir, arriving with him
spring
hot zefir.
....
Ever since I waited in heaven, it passed
an eternity
and my eyes were never given to me to see the white night
hot naiad, which lights up in the sky,
- *between the stars star.*
....
I hear she is a royal girl
what brings his age to a high mountain
with the herds of deer and deer
among wild boars lurking in bitter stones
and that she's proud, loud ...

only she knows me,
O Kebir, forget about Flint
and the one with the arrows full of arrows
you all, you come with me
are you comfortable?

.....
- *Master, Lord on earth, I believe*
without tagging it
Your word

but I have to see my host
of will leave the seas wide and rich and will follow you
wilderness can
but I have to come to terms ...
...
I see that You are the Sun on earth
and I think you will die to be born
but sad they are dear emperors, that we, poor people,
we will die.
....
show us the Way, be the exhortation, to these hosts
giddy
and urgent
to leave the seas terrible
and follow you on the ground?
....
- *Come on! ... it was like a thundering voice*
the hostels gathered together
in which the sight of the braver is heated
We come, we come, or Adonir!
.....
And while sweet it is the insertion
and in the eyes of the brave man the sea is mirrored
they all set off as one to the shore
handle a unique and profound urge.
....
Adonir's footsteps trod the sea
and at the peak of the mountain among
bitter stones
an empress girl named Magdalena
at the secret time of the night
wait...
.....

The third song

When the moon over Codri kept quiet
in the shadow of the secret vaults
oak and amethyst leaves, alabaster and agate,
Virgo started to hunt.
....
a sky of stars below
above them I ask for stars
it seemed like a constant lightning wandering through them.

when sprouting a surrounding
and I border it on the note
it seemed like a thought of longing, to ruin everything,

All ..

see that on the first day
how the light came out
and among the dark stars at the edge
of waste water ...

she silently stepped softly
over garnet springs, over agate hardwoods
and the stars in her hair she picked up ...
.....
in his hands the silver cane, so beautiful
how can i not
with the human mind it was counted
with transparent veils
in alint ...

she looked like she was ...
The silver and sweet moon of the fir tree
empress
more proud than any star ...
....
- *Marie ... whisper the gentle wind ...*
now when the oak vault is open
as in an old niche fortress
step into the beautiful dream ...

among the forests of sparkling stars, more proud
than any god
step into the round golden circle
what rotates through the hole ....
....
he went on his way ... Mary sad
with blue eyes like the poet's dream, they started on the branches
slowly green
not the golden city that opened it.

on the way she picked up a ring
with shiny topaz stone, which shone off
at the feet
And on which the word Adonir was written.

- *Oh, Adonir? ... she whispered dreamily*
of you in my sleep I gently heard when
I spoke with the Wise
and he told me that you are really the proud Sun ...

....
near the golden fortress was in the middle of the forest
silver
a golden circle ... she stepped
and suddenly he saw himself turning

louder and louder....
on the top of the Moon she was sitting. from the depths of the galaxy
from the middle of the Milky Way

a warm, calm voice, you hear.
- *Oh, Marie, of the gentle, earthy earth*
lord over the galaxy

- *I brought you to my golden garden, to be his bride*
To the sun from above
of the gentle Adonir
on his gentle name Jesus.
.....

the eternal bride you are and he is your bride
over human destinies
He will bring righteous salvation

Destroy them bloody and bloody on this earth
it will be fulfilled
for he heard me
and he knows that He is My Son.

then .... in the year 7000, the sky will break in the mud
and fire pits
for his luck will come

all over the world
to reign.
here, the Golden Fortress, will be his kingdom
and you will be his eternal bride

by Himself long chosen
and the world of death
he won't hear.
.....
Now go back to your palace, but don't forget
of your ring
And Jesus has one just as it is written
your name ... Maria.
...
out of the shadow of the vaulted vaults, she steps in step
near the window, where in the corner
The daylight is waiting for her.
.....
The sun in his face is beautiful
fluttering in the sky
and then Mary know that he is, that it won't be long
and he will meet you.
....
the golden circle rotates ...
more and more slowly
and the voice over the moss smoothly perish ....

.

.
The fourth song

In the majestic sunrise
when the flowers of bitterness flowed smoothly, floating,
on foot
The black, wooden ships
they were slowly approaching the shore.

Adonir, leading the young god on the water
his forehead was muddy and foamy
like a lion

step on the waters and the place where the foamy where
they were touching, they were rotating
and then slowly in white veils
on the sides they were detached,
perished.

Kebir vajnic warrior in chain armor
he looked at the waters as if they were safe
gentle
and seagulls rotating in the sky
then down the line
they would touch the water with the pleat, and then they would fly again
to heaven.

They were approaching the shore. The cruel hostages
young sailors were watching with love on their own
ruler
Adonir, the beautiful sister.

They were approaching the shore
from the wide oceans, over the salty seas
diaphanous
between coral reefs and beyond
islands grow
like oases of greenery,
beauty

They were now heading for the shore.
They watched the restless squirming in the sky
the islands of Greece, the wonderful one
From the Aegean

from which they were watching
Santorini, Rhodos, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,
Naxos, Icaria
Timber, Karpathos, Patmos,
Milos, Paros, Syros
and many more like this ...

.....
The mighty army arrived on shore soon.
the ships threw their anchors
and a few worthy soldiers in rowing boats
they threw the nets to catch
over.
.....
Jesus set foot on the shore.
then he said softly: - Singing children
of water and earth
from now on I am Jesus, the Savior
what he sent
from above

Only those who believe in Me follow Me.
I wanted to save you from your death
wandering destiny.
But we will soon arrive in Jerusalem
Holy fortress.

Only Mary will we get from here
and then we'll start again
but let's rest now.
...
Three days the hostages rested.
guarded sailors near the ships
anchored near the shore
then they started on the road.
.....
- Jesus, we are hungry ...
said the most courageous Kebir
on the seventh day.
We are 500 ourselves.
How can you starve our hunger
O, our Lord sent from above? ...
......
they had stopped in a small, fruitless stream
with dry land and without water.
we only have 20 fish in our vessels
travel.

and only 50 glues. and the water is over ...
- Andrei - this is your name right now
don't be worried I tell you
but I want you to know that your whole life
you will change.

Jesus stood up
He walked through the crowd
Young, older in long jersey shirts
down to the ground.
Demoralized, hungry and thirsty,
they were waiting ...

.....
He made a sign to Jesus.
A prayer
And then he blesses the water, the sticks and the remaining fish.
When, wonder!
The fish were trapped in the vessels
and flutter

the water flowed into clay amphoras, sweet and good
and the glues softened upon seeing
with eyes, at three thousand.
....
Eat the crowd until they are full.
then only about 200 were left.
the others left
for Elada was shown to be a rich and glorious country.
.....
They were tired, they all fell asleep at the tents.
The light of the trembling stars, caught them
on the worthy wolves
on tents.
....
Jesus fell asleep immediately
and in his dream he was meeting Mary
Magdalena
that of his fate.
....

The fifth song

The Sun-God started on the road with no one
at dawn
It was swift as thought
like light
when it bursts over the fairy worlds.

- *In Chaos Lord I returned*
and I would go back to Chaos
I'm thirsty Lord, of the star lights
by the resting neighbor.

in the place where it melted
from translucent blacks, and in the circle of lights turned
a proud young man grows up.
with blue-dark eyes
and soft golden hair
what's on her chest
on bare shoulders.

- *O, Adonir, to My Jesus*
a voice in thunder increases
You are the Sun above, which sparks white
increase.

I miss you, my Son, on the sleepless nights, when
we were talking about the Earth
and about soft water
when this shoulder stiffened
you were supporting him.

It was a constant longing
what takes you in life
in the world of ordinary mortals ... and you asked for me
advice.

It was a constant longing
what kept me from you
but I knew, without wishing, that Thy way is in
Humanity.
here you will find Ursita
what the stars did not keep you

and that you will give it to her
Your life as a gift.

....
A work of my hands, breathtaking clay statues
warm life
to whom I gave Eden
be born Cover the whole earth like a leaf
and like grass.

O Jesus, be their Savior
for their sins had reached to heaven.
They are sad, bitter and obese

that they no longer have Eternal Life
that Death comes and freezes them, with her cold breath
and sharp.
......
- *Lord, You are my God*
In the Book of Acts you put them all and spoke through
old prophets.
Now is the time for the Messiah to appear in the world
to wash the world of sin
with Death pre Death dying.

O Lord, I will not know that hour
When breathing life
it will fly out of my body
and I will descend three days into the world of Eternal Shadows.

But let Your will be done,
my heavenly and beloved Father, be it the prepared glass
of death and pain
to drink it as you wish.

....
- *Jesus, don't be afraid*
it was like a thundering voice, which then became a whisper
relief
Third day of the dead
You will rise!
.....
You lose Jesus from heaven
instead of the evening Luceafăr
and in the golden magic circle, near the illuminated fortress
Slowly his face began to close
sweet wonder.
......

The sixth song

At that time Maria was sitting in the golden garden
and she deepened her thought.
passing beside trees with heavy fruits
surrounded by her young maids

gentle, gentle, thoughtful, Mary at Jesus dream.
The whole forest floor was covered
of unmatched heat

of flowers and leaves of precious stones
which I slow down, like in a dream, with the long skirt of the white dress
gently snapping, she stepped on them.

Her wavy hair in curly veils, framed her face
by virgin Marie
and her blue eyes looked like two small lights
what the lights were throwing
sparkling.

Like in a dream
she bypassed the Golden Fortress and went to the magic circle,
Golden.
He sat on the trunk of a fallen tree
and he was dreaming
the golden circle.

When he suddenly stepped right in the middle of it.
Once upon a time he was seen rising in space,
among the stars
in a fairy tale setting.

From a star two shining eyes aimed her
with love and longing.
- *Oh, this is Adonir.*
as the wise man once whispered to me
I'll see him.
.....

Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria
and in his eyes he lovingly
concerned.

- *So fragrant, you look like the white flower*
of cherry
And like an angel among people
in the way of my life go out ...

I love you, my dear baby
Fine.

Tibetan monks guard the gates of the monastery
At the entrance and at the exit.
Order well, four each
At the four entrances
Opposite.
......
I was floating through the black space, full of sparkling dots
Sorul, Luna
They can be seen among the white pieces
By jeratic.
.....
I was a star.
With dense breath, scattering in thousands of particles
Opaque.
My soul was speaking from deep
and whisper to me from the ground.
...

...
Out of the waters was Arjuna, whose skin was white
Like silver.
majestic floating on the water,
in the hands with the horn
brass

self in arms, with pain, full of gentleness
he calls me.
....
earth. Endless stretch of water. Fish benches
Noting sublime
In pure aquamarine water.
....

Riding on a white horse in the dawn of silver
If you happen to be Arjuna…

He wore silver armor, sparkling
and the smile like the Moon.
... ..
empress, sweet little lady, of the flowering earth
of the broken chains

with loads, heavy spices ...
he wanted to take Arjuna as his bride.
......
rising from the waters
with black braids and skin like silver
he looks like a sweet look
which she shows to the girl
the wind.
... ..
while the Sister and Moon embrace they stand on the water
soft deer cherries
at the water's edge they come to adjust.
....
one mouth, one, only one
he wanted to steal her handsome, brave girl
from the woods
with sweet dreams running down his cheek.
....
But the thunder of the sea is the sky itself
it splits him
and snatch the enchanted Moon
below the Sun wing.
....
Priveag started in Arjuna in the world with his dreams
by Luceferi
he hoped the foam would catch him white,
in his arms
fur and tufts

as the evening descends over the waters, they slowly crumble
reed
and the pale Moon among us
slowly the Spirit carries them.
.....
Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria
and in his eyes he lovingly
concerned.

- *So fragrant, you look like the white cherry blossom*
And like an angel among people
in the way of my life go out ...

The seventh song

The world, time goes for me back
Like before

Time, world, existence
He still has to offer me miracles
In the past
Let me unravel the unknown
During the backward lapse

It's a time of remembrance
and of eternal live and current interpretation
woven on a single canvas
event-

which makes time lapse so beautiful
it's his uniqueness

the fact that it can no longer be corrected
factual

....

but interpretive
only now does it reveal its germination force

....

It's a time of beauty and unique security.

Past tense
Provides safety

It is a hermeneutic of the past language
and past action.

....

It is a metaphysics of remembrance
and meaningful endowment.

... ..

future tense
it is uncertain fact.

It extends all probable existence

and the option remains
always open.

It's a responsible time.
A time when the being will continue to be
and do.

A factual open time
Occurrence
and still unprepared for interpretation.

....

On the past-future axis
I am moving

In an infinite parable of existence.

In which present time
Once upon a time
and it will be once
future tense.

....

I can only speak of the past with certainty
Dressing her up
In the coat of metaphor
Always alive of consciousness and language.

The eighth song
Dark drifting worlds
On the blue night from which they were pursuing
Listen to the heart you are
Hidden deep in the chest of the nose.

..

shadows had flared
on the ragged face of spasms and diseases
shadows left by the dead
on the path of the living
like large, questioning wings of seagulls at dusk
They had touched his cheek in silent kiss.

....

hideous black shadow
they flowed on his pale, livid face
in which death digs its way obsessively
and a flame of unspeakable pain
the fountain was on his forehead
vaulted

caught between his shadows today and yesterday

in which death digs her immortal
crypt.

....

caught between today and yesterday, between then and now
between there and there
a metaphysical thought was slowly giving way to his body
from bones and pots
releasing him from the sad shell

and his head seemed open
the world from here

in which the soul found a way
to fly beyond ruthless
stone and chain armor

......

leaving the chest cavern open
the atrocious world from the deep
in which in a funeral flock thoughts
from beyond
they were slowly wandering.

....

with his eyes wide open
with foam hanging from his bruised lip
left the body of the world now
lying in the graveyard of bodies and lives

and the soul flies to imaginary worlds
under the selenium radius of eternity
mornings.

The ninth song

Without you
I would have carried with me openly
The myth of one's life

My life would have been
An eternal cocoon in the chrysalis
With wings flush.

Development of personality
he was silent
Before reading the book.

...

by the way
I had the feeling before
co-opted by the bright and dark figures
of the deep
that I have already read books
some books

which I had not read.

...

so it happened to me

with Psychiatric Power.

and yet how grateful I was
the end
that I read it!

....

most impressed me there
figure of the mirror.

....

I always recognized myself
in the mirrors offered by others
and myself
by reflection

into the deep psychosis I was entering
I was blinding like a drowning
after the light.

....

how strange, reader
from all the pictures I took
at the hospital
at the emergency hospital in Petroșani
only in one they appear with the hit face
of a ruthless psychosis
in my hermaphrodite body
in which the adrenaline pump fat.

....

I was with Gabi
The one with the galloping horse
With the ship with the canvas outstretched
and with a woman dancing.

He did not believe me alone.

....

I would have been an eternal cocoon in the chrysalis
A man carrying himself
The myth of his own life, not even himself
A butterfly with glued wings.

I would not have known
why the horizons are so red
what the grass does
so transparent

and the leaves to tremble at the border
between reality and dream
like an infinity of eyes
gasping for air

and from the bodies of the trees flung toward the sky
column stylings
endless.

...

I would not have known
but I would have known anyway
deep, underground
I would have walked happily without knowing why

on the streets of childhood.

....

happiness
and my unhappiness at the same time
they broke off abruptly
from itself became a huge cave

and then
I had to discover my myth
own life.

....

the myth of my own life came to me
from the archetypal figures of the deep
and I would like to tell you the reader
that at that time I knew the ecstasy.

...

I do not know very well
if when I lived it
or when I wrote about it
reliving it.

....

art is a sharing with others
of madness, of ecstasy
pain
and your inner happiness.

....

But at the same time the way in which your Self

Step right in front
and you can understand it
to embrace him with his eyes.

The tenth song

I smile
as after an interesting family business.

I sent my volume
weighing three kilograms and 5 grams
205 grams more
than I had when I was born.

How much concentration
and how much metaphor
in this head is empty
brain-free

an everlasting scarecrow
in search of the lost realms
of childhood.

....

I love you, my sweet baby.
My dear Victor, I love you very much.

I love you.
...

But you went ... sweet wonder
Flower-blue, flower-blue
It's still sad in the world ...

....

I went through spaces
And I drank you where you couldn't even
Think.

Why don't I take a deep breath
Of the death that I suck in my underwear I burn
And does the bitter star fall ...?

....
I asked for a release, but still ...
I could not
from me you turn your face dry
immortal and cold.

....

I love you, my sweet baby.
In memory of my mother, Elena-Mărioara
I love you, my sweet baby, Tudor, my sweet baby, Victor.
Bhagavad-Gita

my dear and beloved baby, Victor, my love
my beloved and dear husband, I wish you and I love you, my sweet baby.

Song I

Story, fairy tale and truth.

sadness, reveries
the world is no longer beautiful after you've written a book
it's just different.

The smile, the abyss is different
Death, death
The word, the covenant
Silence, saying.

....

fantastic arabesques unfold from the leaden sky
whisper, only
an ivory end
and the other gray.

The saying was silent speaking
Building and immortality
Sea and melope
Moon, sister and Earth -
Gea.

....

blink high
and then you jumped on me
on the lips
smile, transcribed
n-long parchments in the abyss.

....

voices
voices
Stones
rocks
They were transgressing the high
and they hurt my sight

with melopeea, geea blindness
of the star called earth
wrapped in the wind

shining her ornaments
before me my maids passed
too high
waving their spikes, they threw the seeds
giant wheat.

....

The second song

Pigeon dreamed of gold in the giant sun
with his sharp silk, which glitters over
bitter stones
in the mountain top, small valleys splitting
what does corn corn crave
round

and it mirrors it in high light.
...
black thalassus flew to shore, carrying wings
of shells and algae
carrying offshore masts
with seagulls swarming in the wind.
....
bulb circles were made, from which springs
the note
until it falls in the white beads everything
and the proud young sun rose.
...
with sun hair and lights
with soft, warm and clear eyes
the young prince with a face walks over the sea
of Sun.
....
wide mast near the mast
and the long sea and the wide sea
armies flutter on the water, on the clean, matte mirrors
to look for the brave Adonir.
.....
clear blue-black
and dark
on a sky where it is fixed
slow zenith

we were looking for nights in october
of fans
the one the Wise man told me would be
the weird.

- in the garden of the sky clean in wild boar
drained the grief
and rooting in the sandflies
among corn chips and wheat ears
we were passing through the ponds
to a river.

thousands of miles passed in a blink of an eye
up to where, in her heavenly ways
where
the white moon, with its celestial rays
trembling on the windows
it could be watched.
...
I heard it in my sleep, from the distant sea
master and sir
that he is not a mere mortal
but the proud sister is in heaven.
....
he fluttered his wings
bringing in news, and shaking the news
they surrounded the gentleman:
.....
- Oh, Adonir
stepped forward
the oldest by port and chip
we conquered the whole earth
for you

for you are our king
and at sea we crown you as an admiral.
master over the black log,
swell wave
that you barely kick - touching.
.....
Oh, tell us your legend Master, how you were born
from white foam
from deep within you came
and what you bring with you into the world.
....
- Oh, Vrednice Kebir, that you are
do not sit listening to sad stories ....
for I am not king over the world
more than that I can't say ...
...
I am the Lord your God,
I am a sad god over the people
There is the sun in the sky from above - but I do not set
his sunset.
...
as old as the ages
I'm taking my sad watches

for I am of an eternity, old as the time
what will it be.
....
I was born now from the waters
in the world of ordinary mortals
and this is the second song he murmurs
whispering sad wind

for I was born to die, and I shall die
to give birth to me
do not seek these laws to understand them
the land of emperors is full
and kings ...

but I am your Savior
Jesus Christ is my name
for the rebellious crowds Adonir, arriving with him
spring
hot zefir.
....
Ever since I waited in heaven, it passed
an eternity
and my eyes were never given to me to see the white night
hot naiad, which lights up in the sky,
- between the stars star.
....
I hear she is a royal girl
what brings his age to a high mountain
with the herds of deer and deer
among wild boars lurking in bitter stones
and that she's proud, loud ...

only she knows me,
O Kebir, forget about Flint
and the one with the arrows full of arrows
you all, you come with me
are you comfortable?
.....
- Master, Lord on earth, I believe
without tagging it
Your word

but I have to see my host
of will leave the seas wide and rich and will follow you
wilderness can
but I have to come to terms ...
...
I see that You are the Sun on earth
and I think you will die to be born
but sad they are dear emperors, that we, poor people,
we will die.
....
show us the Way, be the exhortation, to these hosts

giddy
and urgent
to leave the seas terrible
and follow you on the ground?
....
- *Come on! ... it was like a thundering voice*
the hostels gathered together
in which the sight of the braver is heated
We come, we come, or Adonir!
.....
And while sweet it is the insertion
and in the eyes of the brave man the sea is mirrored
they all set off as one to the shore
handle a unique and profound urge.
....
Adonir's footsteps trod the sea
and at the peak of the mountain among
bitter stones
an empress girl named Magdalena
at the secret time of the night
wait...
.....

The third song

When the moon over Codri kept quiet
in the shadow of the secret vaults
oak and amethyst leaves, alabaster and agate,
Virgo started to hunt.
....
a sky of stars below
above them I ask for stars
it seemed like a constant lightning wandering through them.

when sprouting a surrounding
and I border it on the note
it seemed like a thought of longing, to ruin everything,
All ..

see that on the first day
how the light came out
and among the dark stars at the edge
of waste water ...

she silently stepped softly
over garnet springs, over agate hardwoods
and the stars in her hair she picked up ...
.....
in his hands the silver cane, so beautiful
how can i not
with the human mind it was counted
with transparent veils
in alint ...

she looked like she was ...
The silver and sweet moon of the fir tree
empress
more proud than any star ...
....
- Marie ... whisper the gentle wind ...
now when the oak vault is open
as in an old niche fortress
step into the beautiful dream ...

among the forests of sparkling stars, more proud
than any god
step into the round golden circle
what rotates through the hole ....
....
he went on his way ... Mary sad
with blue eyes like the poet's dream, they started on the branches
slowly green
not the golden city that opened it.

on the way she picked up a ring
with shiny topaz stone, which shone off
at the feet
And on which the word Adonir was written.

- Oh, Adonir? ... she whispered dreamily
of you in my sleep I gently heard when
I spoke with the Wise
and he told me that you are really the proud Sun ...

....
near the golden fortress was in the middle of the forest
silver
a golden circle ... she stepped
and suddenly he saw himself turning

louder and louder....
on the top of the Moon she was sitting. from the depths of the galaxy
from the middle of the Milky Way

a warm, calm voice, you hear.
- Oh, Marie, of the gentle, earthy earth
lord over the galaxy

- I brought you to my golden garden, to be his bride
To the sun from above
of the gentle Adonir
on his gentle name Jesus.
.....

the eternal bride you are and he is your bride
over human destinies

He will bring righteous salvation.

Destroy them bloody and bloody on this earth
it will be fulfilled
for he heard me
and he knows that He is My Son.

then .... in the year 7000, the sky will break in the mud
and fire pits
for his luck will come

all over the world
to reign.
here, the Golden Fortress, will be his kingdom
and you will be his eternal bride

by Himself long chosen
and the world of death
he won't hear.
.....
Now go back to your palace, but don't forget
of your ring
And Jesus has one just as it is written
your name ... Maria.
...
out of the shadow of the vaulted vaults, she steps in step
near the window, where in the corner
The daylight is waiting for her.
.....
The sun in his face is beautiful
fluttering in the sky
and then Mary know that he is, that it won't be long
and he will meet you.
....
the golden circle rotates ...
more and more slowly
and the voice over the moss smoothly perish ....

The fourth song

In the majestic sunrise
when the flowers of bitterness flowed smoothly, floating,
on foot
The black, wooden ships
they were slowly approaching the shore.

Adonir, leading the young god on the water
his forehead was muddy and foamy
like a lion

step on the waters and the place where the foamy where
they were touching, they were rotating
and then slowly in white veils

on the sides they were detached,
perished.

Kebir vajnic warrior in chain armor
he looked at the waters as if they were safe
gentle
and seagulls rotating in the sky
then down the line
they would touch the water with the pleat, and then they would fly again
to heaven.

They were approaching the shore. The cruel hostages
young sailors were watching with love on their own
ruler
Adonir, the beautiful sister.

They were approaching the shore
from the wide oceans, over the salty seas
diaphanous
between coral reefs and beyond
islands grow
like oases of greenery,
beauty

They were now heading for the shore.
They watched the restless squirming in the sky
the islands of Greece, the wonderful one
From the Aegean

from which they were watching
Santorini, Rhodos, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,
Naxos, Icaria
Timber, Karpathos, Patmos,
Milos, Paros, Syros
and many more like this ...
.....
The mighty army arrived on shore soon.
the ships threw their anchors
and a few worthy soldiers in rowing boats
they threw the nets to catch
over.
.....
Jesus set foot on the shore.
then he said softly: - Singing children
of water and earth
from now on I am Jesus, the Savior
what he sent
from above

Only those who believe in Me follow Me.
I wanted to save you from your death
wandering destiny.
But we will soon arrive in Jerusalem

Holy fortress.

Only Mary will we get from here
and then we'll start again
but let's rest now.
...
Three days the hostages rested.
guarded sailors near the ships
anchored near the shore
then they started on the road.
.....
- Jesus, we are hungry ...
said the most courageous Kebir
on the seventh day.
We are 500 ourselves.
How can you starve our hunger
O, our Lord sent from above? ...
......
they had stopped in a small, fruitless stream
with dry land and without water.
we only have 20 fish in our vessels
travel.

and only 50 glues. and the water is over ...
- Andrei - this is your name right now
don't be worried I tell you
but I want you to know that your whole life
you will change.

Jesus stood up
He walked through the crowd
Young, older in long jersey shirts
down to the ground.
Demoralized, hungry and thirsty,
they were waiting ...
.....
He made a sign to Jesus.
A prayer
And then he blesses the water, the sticks and the remaining fish.
When, wonder!
The fish were trapped in the vessels
and flutter

the water flowed into clay amphoras, sweet and good
and the glues softened upon seeing
with eyes, at three thousand.
....
Eat the crowd until they are full.
then only about 200 were left.
the others left
for Elada was shown to be a rich and glorious country.
.....
They were tired, they all fell asleep at the tents.

The light of the trembling stars, caught them
on the worthy wolves
on tents.
....
Jesus fell asleep immediately
and in his dream he was meeting Mary
Magdalena
that of his fate.
....
The fifth song

The Sun-God started on the road with no one
at dawn
It was swift as thought
like light
when it bursts over the fairy worlds.

- *In Chaos Lord I returned*
and I would go back to Chaos
I'm thirsty Lord, of the star lights
by the resting neighbor.

in the place where it melted
from translucent blacks, and in the circle of lights turned
a proud young man grows up.
with blue-dark eyes
and soft golden hair
what's on her chest
on bare shoulders.

- *O, Adonir, to My Jesus*
a voice in thunder increases
You are the Sun above, which sparks white
increase.

I miss you, my Son, on the sleepless nights, when
we were talking about the Earth
and about soft water
when this shoulder stiffened
you were supporting him.

It was a constant longing
what takes you in life
in the world of ordinary mortals ... and you asked for me
advice.

It was a constant longing
what kept me from you
but I knew, without wishing, that Thy way is in
Humanity.
here you will find Ursita
what the stars did not keep you

and that you will give it to her
Your life as a gift.

....
A work of my hands, breathtaking clay statues
warm life
to whom I gave Eden
be born Cover the whole earth like a leaf
and like grass.

O Jesus, be their Savior
for their sins had reached to heaven.
They are sad, bitter and obese

that they no longer have Eternal Life
that Death comes and freezes them, with her cold breath
and sharp.
......
- *Lord, You are my God*
In the Book of Acts you put them all and spoke through
old prophets.
Now is the time for the Messiah to appear in the world
to wash the world of sin
with Death pre Death dying.

O Lord, I will not know that hour
When breathing life
it will fly out of my body
and I will descend three days into the world of Eternal Shadows.

But let Your will be done,
my heavenly and beloved Father, be it the prepared glass
of death and pain
to drink it as you wish.
....
- *Jesus, don't be afraid*
it was like a thundering voice, which then became a whisper
relief
Third day of the dead
You will rise!
.....
You lose Jesus from heaven
instead of the evening Luceafăr
and in the golden magic circle, near the illuminated fortress
Slowly his face began to close
sweet wonder.
......

The sixth song

At that time Maria was sitting in the golden garden
and she deepened her thought.
passing beside trees with heavy fruits

surrounded by her young maids

gentle, gentle, thoughtful, Mary at Jesus dream.
The whole forest floor was covered
of unmatched warmth

of flowers and leaves of precious stones
which I slow down, like in a dream, with the long skirt of the white dress
gently snapping, she stepped on them.

Her wavy hair in curly veils, framed her face
by virgin Marie
and her blue eyes looked like two small lights
what the lights were throwing
sparkling.

Like in a dream
she bypassed the Golden Fortress and went to the magic circle,
Golden.
He sat on the trunk of a fallen tree
and he was dreaming
the golden circle.

When he suddenly stepped right in the middle of it.
Once upon a time he was seen rising in space,
among the stars
in a fairy tale setting.

From a star two shining eyes aimed her
with love and longing.
- Oh, this is Adonir.
as the wise man once whispered to me
I'll see him.
.....
Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria
and in his eyes he lovingly
concerned.

- So fragrant, you look like the white flower
of cherry
And like an angel among people
in the way of my life go out ...

I love you, my dear baby
Fine.

Tibetan monks guard the gates of the monastery
At the entrance and at the exit.
Order well, four each
At the four entrances
Opposite.
......
I was floating through the black space, full of sparkling dots

Sorul, Luna
They can be seen among the white pieces
By jeratic.
.....
I was a star.
With dense breath, scattering in thousands of particles
Opaque.
My soul was speaking from deep
and whisper to me from the ground.
...
Out of the waters was Arjuna, whose skin was white
Like silver.
majestic floating on the water,
in the hands with the horn
brass

self in arms, with pain, full of gentleness
he calls me.
....
earth. Endless stretch of water. Fish benches
Noting sublime
In pure aquamarine water.
....

Riding on a white horse in the dawn of silver
If you happen to be Arjuna…

He wore silver armor, sparkling
and the smile like the Moon.
... ..
empress, sweet little lady, of the flowering earth
of the broken chains
with loads, heavy spices ...
he wanted to take Arjuna as his bride.
......

rising from the waters
with black braids and skin like silver
he looks like a sweet look
which she shows to the girl
the wind.
... ..
while the Sister and Moon embrace they stand on the water
soft deer cherries
at the water's edge they come to adjust.
....
one mouth, one, only one
he wanted to steal her handsome, brave girl
from the woods
with sweet dreams running down his cheek.
....
But the thunder of the sea is the sky itself
it splits him

and snatch the enchanted Moon
below the Sun wing.
....
Priveag started in Arjuna in the world with his dreams
by Luceferi
he hoped the foam would catch him white,
in his arms
fur and tufts

as the evening descends over the waters, they slowly crumble
reed
and the pale Moon among us
slowly the Spirit carries them.
.....
Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria
and in his eyes he lovingly
concerned.

- *So fragrant, you look like the white cherry blossom*
And like an angel among people
in the way of my life go out ...

The seventh song

The world, time goes for me back
Like before

Time, world, existence
He still has to offer me miracles
In the past
Let me unravel the unknown
During the backward lapse

It's a time of remembrance
and of eternal live and current interpretation
woven on a single canvas
event-

which makes time lapse so beautiful
it's his uniqueness

the fact that it can no longer be corrected
factual

....

but interpretive
only now does it reveal its germination force

....

It's a time of beauty and unique security.

Past tense
Provides safety

It is a hermeneutic of the past language
and past action.

....

It is a metaphysics of remembrance
and meaningful endowment.

... ..

future tense
it is uncertain fact.

It extends all probable existence

and the option remains
always open.

It's a responsible time.
A time when the being will continue to be
and do.

A factual open time
Occurrence
and still unprepared for interpretation.

....

On the past-future axis
I am moving
In an infinite parable of existence.

In which present time
Once upon a time
and it will be once
future tense.

....

I can only speak of the past with certainty
Dressing her up
In the coat of metaphor
Always alive of consciousness and language.

The eighth song
Dark drifting worlds
On the blue night from which they were pursuing
Listen to the heart you are
Hidden deep in the chest of the nose.

..

shadows had flared
on the ragged face of spasms and diseases
shadows left by the dead
on the path of the living
like large, questioning wings of seagulls at dusk
They had touched his cheek in silent kiss.

....

hideous black shadow
they flowed on his pale, livid face
in which death digs its way obsessively
and a flame of unspeakable pain
the fountain was on his forehead
vaulted

caught between his shadows today and yesterday

in which death digs her immortal
crypt.

....

caught between today and yesterday, between then and now
between there and there
a metaphysical thought was slowly giving way to his body
from bones and pots
releasing him from the sad shell

and his head seemed open
the world from here

in which the soul found a way
to fly beyond ruthless
stone and chain armor

......

leaving the chest cavern open
the atrocious world from the deep
in which in a funeral flock thoughts
from beyond
they were slowly wandering.

....

with his eyes wide open
with foam hanging from his bruised lip
left the body of the world now
lying in the graveyard of bodies and lives

and the soul flies to imaginary worlds
under the selenium radius of eternity
mornings.

The ninth song

Without you
I would have carried with me openly
The myth of one's life

My life would have been
An eternal cocoon in the chrysalis
With wings flush.

Development of personality
he was silent
Before reading the book.

...

by the way
I had the feeling before
co-opted by the bright and dark figures
of the deep
that I have already read books
some books

which I had not read.

...

so it happened to me
with Psychiatric Power.

and yet how grateful I was
the end
that I read it!

....

most impressed me there
figure of the mirror.

....

I always recognized myself
in the mirrors offered by others
and myself
by reflection

into the deep psychosis I was entering
I was blinding like a drowning

after the light.

....

how strange, reader
from all the pictures I took
at the hospital
at the emergency hospital in Petroșani
only in one they appear with the hit face
of a ruthless psychosis
in my hermaphrodite body
in which the adrenaline pump fat.

....

I was with Gabi
The one with the galloping horse
With the ship with the canvas outstretched
and with a woman dancing.

He did not believe me alone.

....

I would have been an eternal cocoon in the chrysalis
A man carrying himself
The myth of his own life, not even himself
A butterfly with glued wings.

I would not have known
why the horizons are so red
what the grass does
so transparent
and the leaves to tremble at the border
between reality and dream
like an infinity of eyes
gasping for air

and from the bodies of the trees flung toward the sky
column stylings
endless.

...

I would not have known
but I would have known anyway
deep, underground
I would have walked happily without knowing why

on the streets of childhood.

....

happiness
and my unhappiness at the same time
they broke off abruptly
from itself became a huge cave

and then
I had to discover my myth
own life.

....

the myth of my own life came to me
from the archetypal figures of the deep
and I would like to tell you the reader
that at that time I knew the ecstasy.

...

I do not know very well
if when I lived it
or when I wrote about it
reliving it.

....

art is a sharing with others
of madness, of ecstasy
pain
and your inner happiness.

....

But at the same time the way in which your Self
Step right in front
and you can understand it
to embrace him with his eyes.

The tenth song

I smile
as after an interesting family business.

I sent my volume
weighing three kilograms and 5 grams
205 grams more
than I had when I was born.

How much concentration
and how much metaphor
in this head is empty

brain-free

an everlasting scarecrow
in search of the lost realms
of childhood.

....

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele.
Te iubesc, Dulce meu Victor, Puiul meu.
Love story

With pigeons in the hospital
it was a beautiful story of love. This was one
of the main reasons
why I didn't want to leave salon no. 14.

The window on the opposite side of the entrance
overlooks the roof of the building,
the cover of the hospital covered
with a kind of pitch.

There, on the mornings, and at noon,
the pigeons came in search of food.
From salon no. 15 they were given food at the beginning,
over the roof,
then the doves gathered to me,
in front, and on the window sill.

It was beautiful to see them,
to touch them if they let me, to talk to them.
I encouraged and loved her very much.
There were also two or three blue ones,
with the feather of the dual harps,
in two colors: they were exceedingly beautiful.

Most of them they were blue.
There was one hit in the head, at back, dark-blue,
black, every time I whispered a lot:
Mother's baby, what do you care for,
what can mother do for you,
what happened to my darling, his mother's love?

Then I would talk to each one separately.

A few days later, two white pigeons appeared,
one completely white
and one white painted red, rusty.
I told everyone: make slices at home, chickens of mother,
dears of mother, look for me at home! ...

The pigeons were too adventurous on the squash
and didn't seem too hungry ...
so I gave them food to the peacock,
on the roof, under their nose.
In general, ugly, black crows did not venture too close.

The pigeons swarmed and fluttered away
like rain showers.
They would put their beaks between window
and sill, to pick up the fallen bread
or even enter the inner window, to eat the fallen bread.

I ate two pieces of bread from them in the room.
All the bread, a lot, which was overrunning,
I gave to them.
In one of the last ones one spontaneously
dropped me a breakdown,a beautiful, small, almost black feather, on the interior window,
until I spoke to you.

There was also a beautiful love story.
I loved them
and I love them very much...
te iubesc, Victor,doritul și dulcele meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Barbarian Jebir
After an old poetry

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with her big shoes
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

...

Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

....

It's screaming, puppy, the wine flows from the glasses ...
It spreads inflorescently on the floor ...
Glasses clash ... Barbarian Jebir is laughing and laughing on the table
The food is mixed with the wine
Creating the gray, hot molasses ...

...
Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with the big tassels
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

Te iubesc,Dulcele meu, Puiul meu. Te doresc.
Oyuyl meu Dulce, Victor, Te iubesc nespus.
Dulcele meu Tudor, Pouiul eu, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus.

Which of the aces

Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure metals
The rain falls around me, the rain unpunished.

I paused quietly in the light
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.

...

My mesh stockings
They are broken, with many circles and with many cracks
Foot to foot, and with the cigarette in one hand
I better read a full sheet of ladies to get out

Let me give my company ladies a mesh.

...
I go out, happy, I shake my head
and a hand goes to my mouth
ruby liqueur ...
... while with dead gestures next to the resurrection
The pale of the night night innocent lady

...

She looks at me with big eyes
Then he smiles as if guilty
As he draws her art, her eyes flicker
In his books he accidentally bent me ....

...

We raise, it's a big stake.
abbey
The sad lady went to pray
On the bed with his hand on his knees he brings to his chin
Twisting a tear under the eyelashes
I smile sweetly and throw my books on the table.

...

With jeans on the table stretch
Still taking a sip from the glass of wine

The madness that makes me slow my eye
Blinking like a dream ...
Then in a proud slow motion, he slowly puts his aces on the table
..

It then rolls and hisses
and taking the coins pile
Which he also laid on his feet
Laughing is done with the eye of the prickly
Passing by me pulls me a twig.

...

I went out. My mind is empty, without thoughts
In my shabby forgiveness, I shrug my shoulders
and the thought runs after me, without ceasing
with his step, his sweet, sad, bitter thoughts ...

...

Come back
The mouse is sleeping with his hand in the temple
With broken jeans, with one hand left on one leg ...
It crumbles, then snores again ...

The other counts their holes in the net.

....

Suddenly, he fell asleep from sleep.
I put my hand on the pencil and write another line
Just grinning at a thought I just knew

Passing a bat over his ass
The lady with sad eyes and long hair ...

..
Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure rejuvenation
Bouncing around my tireless evening ...

I fell silent in the light of goodbye
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness

Leg you ...
Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...
Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal ....
...
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I drive away around me all the evils
... and in general everything blasphemous
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...
..
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I give a new definition to the miss
and the sense of Amor ...

...
Kissing your violin
Which the stars have set
I note the existence of creation
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace
What's happening to your sweet son
Easy, easy, easy ...
... I love you sweet Victor

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...
Te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Dragostea vieții mele, Puiul meu.
Te Doresc, Puiulmeu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc Tudor, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Pick me up, pick me up, yeah ...

The birds chirp ... a divine song ...
I'm back on the other side and sleeping with my hand at the temple
from so much concentration my brain has dissipated
in millions of sperm ...

....
We were traveling through the virgin forests
At high heights from the ground
Reciting in my mind, with my eyes closed, my most lyrical poem
The one I write in my sleep

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

I love you, my sweet Victor

Te doresc și Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai, Puiul meu.

Book of Anime 9Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.
First painting

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

An endless man

Suddenly you discover
That you are not interested in anything
Nor of the career
Nor of love
Nor of friends
...
You remain lonely on a desert island.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs
Are more full of Anima
Than the people
And you are starting to understand Buddha.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the solely full of sense is the life
and death
and between them, it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown
so pure, so beautiful
the creation
....
That everything that it counts is what you are living now
this instant
suspended in time
lived intensely, in a perpetual present
stretched in all your fundamental
gestures
in birth, wedding, death
love
.....
All that I have learned
I've learned from my Moromets

and from the Comăneşteni orchards
from my father, from my mother
from my brother
from my dearest beloved
Lying on the porch of the house
Ordered gently
As in some sessile coffins
I tell you
The only moment is now
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins
The only moment is now

Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

The book of Anime 9
Second painting

Iubitul meu, te doresc şi te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.
..
Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet od desire, of promise,of the covenant.
..
She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...
..
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...
Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.
...
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.
Te dores, Piulmeu. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Puiul emu.
O ploaie de stele visătoare

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stlele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadave și a sicriu
Părea că murise tot ceeste viu
Afrăă stele-albastre, stele albe
Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe și dalbe.

..

Afară era oo simfonie de culori...
Cerul albastru se ascunsese printre albii nori
Raze mov-rooz-galbene la a sfințit
Îmbrăcau cerul și lumea în dulce negrăit.

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stlele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive

It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor, Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.
Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dragostea Dulce a Sufletului meu, Iubirea mea.

Întreaga Carte a Animei este dedicată Puiului meu Dulce, Victoor.
The book of Anime X
Painting one

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Drgostea mea, Puiul meu Victor.
P drumuri tăcute...

Pe drumuri tăcte îmi urmăresc pașii tăcuțu
Te-aștept l-aceleași răscruci
La ora când umbrele nopții
Ca niște inimi fragile se cuprind în utim vals

De ce nu-mi vii, de ce nu-mi vii?...

..

Buzle mele îți cuprind busele în calda sărutare –
Păream de apele-nviforate-o mare
Dulce tu tandru umerii-mi cupriinzi
Fulgi de gheață cad încet pe-ai laului
Oglinzi...

..

..

P drumuri tăcute îmi urmăresc ppașii tăcuți
Te-aștept la-aceleași răscruci
La oa când luminătirii nopții
Aca niște stele de granit se-aprind

De ce nu-mi vii, de ce nu-mi vii?...

..

Buzle mele îți cuprind busele în calda sărutare –
Păream de apele-nviforate-o mare
Dulce tu tandru umerii-mi cupriinzi
Mănunchiuri de trioi și boz îmi spânzurp de grinzi

Dece nu-nvii, de ce nu-nvoiii?...

...

Silent roads ...

On silent roads, I follow my silent steps
I expect the same crossroads
At the hour when the shadows of the night
Like fragile hearts they are contained in the last waltz

Why don't you come to me, why don't you come to me?

..

My lips cover your buses in the warm kiss -
It seemed to be the great waters
Sweet you gentle shoulders cover me
Ice flakes fall slowly on the lava
Mirrors ...

..

..

On silent roads follow my silent steps
I expect you at the same crossroads
At the time of night illumination
Here some granite stars light up

Why don't you come to me, why don't you come to me?

..

My lips cover your buses in the warm kiss -
It seemed to be the great waters
Sweet you gentle shoulders cover me
Bunch of threesome and boz hang me from the beams

Ten you don't live, why don't you send?

...

Te iubesc și Tedoresc, Puiul meu.

The Book of Anime XI
Pinting one

Soțul meu iubit, dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Dulcele meu, te doresc.
Puțin a tristețe, puțin a amor...

Privindu-ți chipul –
Subțire, osos, prelung, cu ochii albaștri
Pe care-i citești blânzi
Puțin triști, puțin depresivi, plecați

Cu buze roșii, pline
Decupate dintr-o pictură impresionistă
Cu umeri de armăsar costeliv –
Decupați pe cerul oliv...

Cu umeri drepți, puțin povârniți, puțin largi
De bărbat într-o perpetuă
Glorioasă tinerețe
Aduși puțin a tristețe, puțin a amor...

Prin minte îm trece ca un flash
Cuvântul dor...

....

Pieptul arcuit înainte, în cămașă
De-un albastru pal
Lasă să se vadă gâtul, prelung, ca de lebădă
Cu mărul delicat al lui Adam

și mai jos, lunecând pe piept
într-o dezordine erotică
lănțișorul pe care ți l-am trimis undeva, cândva...
cu crucea lui Crist.

...

Întreg chipul tău aș vrea să-l iubesc, să-l rănesc...
Întreg trupul tău
Aș vrea să-l ciocnesc de al meu
În ciocniri plastice, elastice

În descărcări magnetice și electrice
În ploi eterice și-n fulgere colosale, năucitoare
În care bărbăția-ți joacă
În ploi rodnice, peste florile ude
din grădină...

....

Dar, straniu. Ceva mă oprește...
Ochii tăi plecați
În care se citește o tristețe dincolo de fire
și care cerșesc cuvântul iubire....

.......te ubesc, puiul meu.

dîndu-te, dăruindu-te întreg, nu-mi rămâne

decât să mă întreb
din ce ploi albastre întoarse în zenit
s-a alcătuit

surâsul tău fraged, de fecioară neprihănită
și buzele ce le-a mișcat
...ce dulce, necunoscut ursită?...

buze nu cuprinse de-al corupției mușcat
ci de visu-ți, dulce, de poet
un poet al existenței, al zborului
dar mai ales al gândului, al dorului.

Privindu-ți chipul –
Subțire, osos, prelung, cu ochii albaștri
Pe care-i citești blânzi
Puțin triști, puțin depresivi, plecați

Cu buze roșii, pline
Decupate dintro pictură impresionistă
Cu umeri de armăsar costeliv –
Decupați pe cerul oliv...
Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Cu umeri drepți, puțin povârniți, puțin largi
De bărbat într-o perpetuă
Glorioasă tinerețe
Aduși puțin a tristețe, puțin a amor...

Prin minte îm trece ca un flash
Cuvântul dor...

Te iubesc și te doresc nespus, Victor, puiul meu,
dulcele meu.

Te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu. Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc.
Animus



Doi ochi albaștri o priveau țintuiți dintr-un
Nor de foc
Cu-acea privire plină de un elan tăcut,
Introvertit a tinereții

Întregul lui chip transmitea un limbaj non-verbal
Fără cuvinte, dar cu atât mai pregnant....
Deși erau și câteva cuvinte
Scrise pe-un pliant, în spate

Inițiativă, sugativă, curaj, sevraj...
și-o sticlă mică de apă minerală borsec pe masă
din care se vedea doar sec
și din care deduceai că tânărului personaj

îi place vinul sec.
Haina de costum în cloș, oprindu-se puțin mai jos pe piept...
și-un surâs, abia schițat, cu buze pline,
un surâs senin și neforțat

lăsând să se vadă splendoarea buzelor, arcuirea lor tragică
într-o dăruire totală, covârșitoare
precum privirea... puțin cruciș
gata să-și ia zborul, undeva deasupra capului tău

un efect coriolis straniu, al privirii deviate puțin la dreapta –
de razele solare
de n-ar fi cea mai îndrăzneață, mai grea și mai ilogică concluzie...
corelându-se cu numinozitatea imaginii

făcută să stoarcă fărâme de sublim
din fiecare aamănunt...
...
Izbindu-te cercurile albastre
Pe-un caiet alăturat, precum cele din proiectele de lecții
Haina îmbrăcată plin, dar lăsând spații în mâneci
De brațe primăvăratice

și neformate
picioarele ascunse sub masă
precum tot ce-ar însemna în mod fizic bărbăție
dar chipul vorbind de la sine

pentru această bărbăție
care n-are nevoie de amănunte fizice
ci de imponderabile sufletești, și de trăsuri ale feței
blânde, netezi, drepte, adânci

precum bridele în carnea obrazului fraged.
O, Adonis!...
m-am îndrăgostit fulgerător
de moarte la Veneția

ignorând tinerețea trufașă, orgolioasă a acestui youngman
sau poate tocmai de aceea...

cămașă descheiată la gât
păr castaniu cu șuvițe blonde căzându-i de o parte și de alta a feței
un gât imberb
un surâs bărbătesc și deplin

o caracterizare făcută prin înfățișare, expresie, gestică
limbaj non-verbal
o potență țintuită în zbor, ca o imagine dinamică
surprinsă static

....

Valuri regresive de memorie, trăgându-se în inconștientul colectiv
și cam în tot ce am scris
și am citit
o amintire de temeliile ființei

și de forța surprinzătoare a Animusului
care te privea zâmbind
cu ochii într-o dimensiune ideală
de mire încins cu brâul dragostei

într-o dăruire totală și covârșitoare.



Vctor, dulceața mea, sufletul meu, Anima și Animusul meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulcele meu puișor.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, puiul meu.
Zori de zi

Dimineți târzii...
Mă trezesc cu tine-n brațe, privind zorii de zi...
Dimineața îți lucește stins în ochi
și în păr

cu un serafic, translucent adevăr...

...
ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

...

Soție mamă iubită o străină
Ciudat... Nu simt în suflet decât vină....

E amorală-mi existența
Din care eu extrag esența.

.....
Viclean pajurele Eros se plimbă prin nămeți
Albi, dulci senini
Ai stinsei dimineți

Înclin capul puternic în al meu vis
Căutând în sine-mi tainicu-ți surâs.

....

Tristețe?... nebunie?... un strop de apatie?...
Nu e nimic apatic și trist
În al tău surâs

Din care caut visul meu ucis
În alte kali-iuga ce-au fost
și-au să mai fie..

...
Un dor de moarte mă cuprinse
De un luceafăr ce sub frunte
Preumblă universul în degetul lui mic

Doar o părere e acuma, un vis zadarnic
și amarnic
iubit deopotrivă cu amic.

.....

ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, puiul meu.
Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus,Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, dragostea mea.
Înecarea cirezilor agreste

O viață atât de mizeră
Înălțându-se pe meterezele lui ”a fi”...
m-am trezit cu sentimentul că nu mai am
nimic să comunic
decât stări mentale
decelarea conștiinței în mersul ei intermitent

printre lucruri.

...

și ce e poezia?... altceva decât o stare mentală?
Mai mult chiar decât o stare de spirit?..
Stări exaltate, maniacale

În care pătrundeau până la mine mirosul de metal
și de crini
efluvii de parfum cu o sursă necunoscută
neidentificabilă altundeva decât în
propria mea minte.

...

În alte condiții m-aș fi speriat.
Dar știam că sunt o consecință
A unei decompensări psihice grave
Halucinațiile olfactive.

..

Mama intrase pe la mine
i-am spus că simt miros de metal - și-apoi de crini
dar ea a schimbat vorba...

sperând mereu că mă fac bine
intru din ce în ce mai adânc în falia
inconștentului
care se amestecă într-atâta cu propria mea
viață, în stare de veghe
încât nu le mai deosebesc...

.....

O stare halucinatorie lucidă
Precum cele pe care le am de câțiva ani
Cu ape ordonate, colorate
Pe care le port în fața ochilor mei
Dintr-o cameră în alta

Văzându-le pretutindeni îmi îndrept privirea
Ca o întipărire colorată a apelor
monitorului
Tăind din înecarea cirezilor agreste
Un joc secund mai pur...

.....

În fața provocărilor neiertătoare ale vieții
Nu-ți rămâne decât
Să înăbuși pornirile grosiere

Ce n-auu cale de rezolvare –
Tăind pe înecarea cirezilor agreste
Un joc secuund mai pur.

...

Convertind pe Eros în Thanatos
și întâmplarea anecdotică
cum ar spune Eugen Simion
în devoțiune, în Bhakti Yoga
care în cazul meu

a funcționat întotdeauna fără greș.

Dulceața mea, Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu.

Pădure de spirite

Sufletul ei pluti tremurător, speriat peste livada de pruni
Din grădina lui Dumitra
Subțiri și contorsionați, cu coaja scorojită
Din mica livada aflată în vale,într-un loc dosnic
Călcat de fiare, de urși și lupi
În care ajunsese nu știu cum, ea și Bujor

Probabil în căutare de prune....

...

Erau prune brumării, mari și gustoase, dulci....

...

Apoi se ridică peste ei, peste o pădure de mesteceni, subțiri
Albi, drepți, ce cătau spe cer
În lumina slabă a înserării
Ce le lumina trunchiurile
și sfâșiau negurile din lăuntrul lor

era o pădure de duhuri, de spirite...
ea trecuse dincolo, în moarte
și zbura lin peste ei
acolo unde se sfârșeau pădurile și începeau zorii
poate o nouă viață, sau numai intersiții
în singurătate
până ce avea să întâlnească sufletul tău
și împreună vor sfâșia gurile de lumină
ale dumnezeirii.

Dulcișor Victor, Te iubesc și Te doresc,puișor dulce.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulcele meu Animus. Te doresc, dulcișorul meu drag. Dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu, te iubesc nespus.

Dragostea vieții mele, Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, puiul meu, Victor, dragul meu.
Înflăcărat Arjuna (part two)

M-am rostogolit încet într-un trecut abstract
Într-un anotimp închis într-o carte...
Din care la un capăt deslușit întrezării
Cum se-ivește la un fin de vers
cuvântul moarte

surâd, cu ochi mari de frică și de bucurie
prin minte se perindă sărutări
o mie
și ispitiri de înec
de care ochiul e sec.

...

Ascultam aceleași muzici ale sferelor...
Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie
și ardea cu o prea roșă, fierbinte
vâlvătaie...

...

A simți monstruos – și a gândi pantagruelic –
ca dn oceane simțirile îmi izvorăsc
ca din neant, din vid aripi îmi cresc
și mintea porni să se-ndrepte pe căi ale morții –
corp de lumini angelic.

....

Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie
și ardea cu o prea roșă, nebunească
vâlvătaie...

Timpul se mici, se mări
și în vârteju-i unic mă cuprinse
aș fi vrut să strig, dar nu puteam
prin somn visai că am murit... lumina lumânării încet
molcom se stinse...

...

Moartea în orbita-i flamă roș
Venea să-mi ceară sufletul în vamă
Prin noaptea minții beată auzii
Din noaptea adâncă el cum mă recheamă...

Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie
și ardea cu o prea roșă, extatic
vâlvătaie...

...

Beatitudine?... vis?... orbire?...
Viața nu-i decât un vis pe care îl visăm în moarte fiind...
și mă predai-n nianul de senzații
ce mă inunda, aproape ca și când....

sufletul meu prea mic ca al unui papagal
va zbura în oceanul verde de ninsoare
și avântându-se zănatic, bătând cu scara-n cal
se va-afunda în capătul de zare...

ce mă va acoperi, blând
c-zun zâmbet sfânt
eu m-am lăsat să mă transform în vânt...
o mână de pământ.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, puiul meu.
Nexus

Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind
We have forgotten about giving, about donating
We aren't moved by anyhing
În our poor life of larvae

The sense and the eschatology of living
Is refused to us

Carrying our poor life of larvae
We don't know about anything, we don't want
To know
Anything in addition to our common thoughts
So predictible

Anything in addition to our acts
So mediocre

...

We have forgotten about giving, about donating
About dying for love

About dying for an ideal, for the supreme
Burning

In the incandescent flames of of our lives
We take every day all from
The beginning
Caught in the spider web of the convenience
And of the routine

.....

Grotesque and powerless witnesses
In the great process which is life
Not having ever the possibility to decide
About our destinies

Not having the liberty, the free will
From which is born the beauty and desperation
The ineffable mistery of being alive
The pure enigma and the wonder

To love until the exhaustion
Until we meet the other one at the other end
Of oiur arms, of our souls
Of our bodies.

...

Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind
We have forgotten about giving, about donating
We aren't moved by anyhing
În our poor life of larvae

The sense and the eschatology of living
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So predictible

Anything in addition to our acts
So mediocre

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc nespus, nespus, Puiul meu. Tedoresc, Dulceața mea.

Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Fantasmă

În acea seară am avut un reve-eveille cu tine, puiul meu
Foarte pregnant și puternic
Decupat dintr-o dată din oceanul de impresiuni
și sentimente care este lumea
întipărită pe scoarța ta cerebrală...

te-am imaginat lăsându-te în brațele mele
fără putere
speriat și neajutorat
sărutându-ne într-un potop de sărutări

simțindu-ți trupul, vulnerabil, lipsit de forță și voință
în îmbrățișarea mea.

...

Vezi, dragul meu, femininitatea din tine a ieșit la iveală
Într-un reve-eveille foarte intens
Pe când maculinitatea din mine
Modela trupul tău ca o bucată de lut

....
Sărutările ne uneau în miezul nostru cel mai profund
Profund femninin...

și atunci am știut, puiul meu
că te iubesc pentru vecie.
Te iubesc pentruu eternitate, Puiul meu, Dragostea me, Dulceața mea.

Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Fantasmă

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Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu drag, Piul meu.
Te iubesc, Tudor, Animusul meu dulce.
Buze roșii

Tăcute, cadențate, monotone
Orele se lasă
Peste pervazul toamnei, îmbătrânit
Înainte vreme

Cu șoapte prelungi cade peste fire
A iernii albă amăgire...

...

În brațe te cuprind când vine ora de culcare
și ne șoptim –
o nebunie
toate câte-au fost și câte-au să mai fie

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare
cu ardoare...

.....

Ca vinul dulce dulce-i sărutarea
Ce mi-o dai, la răsărit de soare
Cu buze dulci, cu buze-amare
Ca într-o pictură impresionistă, iubitu-mi dulce

Sărut buze amare
Buze dulci buze amare

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare
cu ardoare...

.....

În brațe mă cuprinzi când vine ora de culcare
și ne șoptim –
o nebunie
toate câte-au fost și câte-au să mai fie

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare

cu ardoare...

....

Ca vinul dulce dulce-i sărutarea
Ce mi-o dai, la răsărit de soare
Cu buze dulci, cu buze-amare
Ca într-o pictură impresionistă, iubit-am dulce

Sărut buze amare
Buze dulci buze amare

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare
cu ardoare...

.....
Tăcute, cadențate, monotone
Orele se lasă
Peste pervazul toamnei, îmbătrânit
Înainte vreme

Cu șoapte prelungi cade peste fire
A iernii albă amăgire...

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea.
Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Dragostea mea.

Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu, te iubesc și te doresc nespus. Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu drag.
Autoportret în stare de veghe

În camera goală
O femeie ca la vreo 46 de ani
Râde de una singură în hohote.
Tocmai ce-a scris un comentariu literar, plin de greșeli te iubesc, dulcele meu drag, puiul meu.
de ortografie
Pe care l-a dat publicării.

....

În cameră e o mizerie sordidă.
Farfurii goale și cu mâncare zac una peste alta
într-un colț al mesei
Alături de florile vestejite, în staniol
Primite de 1 și 8 Martie.

....

Căni goale, de cafea
Căni murdare, pur și simplu căni murdare
Cutii de tuburi Tub Elegant, lângă monitor, alături
De punga de tutun, pe jumătate uscat

O scrumieră pătrată de sticlă
În care scrumul de țigări
A făcut o pojghiță groasă

Cu trei chiștoace înăuntru.
Masa spălată de mântuială, cu urme de tutun vărsat
și de scrum de țigări
un pix
un pieptene
o candelă în formă de biserică cu rozetă.

.....

Camera Sambo e foarte primitoare
Pe vremuri i-a aparținut fratelui ei Bujor.
Parchetul, stricat, umflat, uscat
E ros acolo unde ea trage fotoliul primitor, lângă masă
Pentru a putea scrie.

.....

O dezordine primitoare.
Camera e verde.
Colțurile ei, în partea superioară,
sunt maronii, ca de igrasie
Din cauza fumului de țigară.

Pe peretele din spate, icoane.
O mică icoană cu Maica cu pruncul, cumpărată de curând
În care Maica, cu coroană pe cap
E mângâiată pe obraz
De Fiul ei prea sfânt.

O desuetitudine și-un umor ascuns
Zace în toate aceste lucruri împrăștiate
Claie peste grămadă, spălate, pe un fotoliu
lângă fereastră.

.....

Cea mai plină de umor e Ea
O femeie între două vârste
Îngrășată artificial pe spații mici
Cu formele între voluptate și revărsare
bahică, pantagruelică

Cu părul strâns într-o coadă, la spate
și cu ochii în două cercuri cafenii, de fumător
înveterat.

....

Fără îndoială că ceea ce scrie e interesant.

Dar ea ca ființă umană
E o combinație între ridicol, derizoriu
și sublim.

Oftează, după ce a râs din toată inima
Înecându-se într-o tiuse tabacică.

Încă se mai simte vinovată
Când râde, când zâmbește
Când se scutură de râs într-o pornire ironică
Față de ceea ce scrie și față de ea însăși.

....

Cuvintele cu dublu înțeles
Împletirea ingenioasă de sensuri
Posibilă prin greșelile de ortografie
Îi aduc un zâmbet străluminat pe chip
Convertit în hohote uriașe de râs.

..

E urâtă.
știe că e urâtă.
Tot ce i-a rămas e scrisul
Din care răzbate din adâncuri
O ființă misterioasă, pură
O ființă inteligentă și cu sex-appeal.

..

Erotismul poeziilor ei e covârșitor.
Ființa din adâncuri e foarte erotică
și enigmatică
are tot ceea ce ei îi lipsește.

...

Chipul ei impenetrabil
Lipsit de emoție
Nu lasă să se vadă
Tot clocotul de gândiri și pasiuni
Al unei ființe reale
Alcătite din carne și oase, din adânc.

...

Cu timpul prăpastia ce s-a săpat între cele două
a devenit covârșitoare.
Tanti roz
Imaginează fantastic, lumi în derivă
Construiește și dărâmă
c-un zâmbet

universuri interioare nesfârșite.

...

Trăirea concomitentă
Spălată de convulsii și de maladii
N-a devenit încă posibilă.

Tanti roz e un prinț Maxențiu al bolii
și-al visărilor profunde.

Înregistrându-și cu maximă voluptate
Fazele bolii, nuanțele ei
Ca un bolnav incurabil de aloolism
Se lasă să alunece, deplin sănătoasă, normală
În câte-o poezie.

.....

Mintea ei e o grilă de înțelusri paradigmatice
Un ogor arat ordonat.

Ca o piramidă suprapusă de înțelesuri și de sensuri.
Simțirea îi joacă feste însă
și-o înalță pe-o falie a durerii
din care au devenit posbile
toate lumile imaginate cu inteligență
dar pline de o simțire primitivă
și de-o senzație infantilă.

....

Gândire intuiție
Simțire senzație
Sau senzație simțire, gândire intuiție?...

.....

Preocuparea de tipuri psihologice
A ajuns la paroxism în ultima lună.
Peste tot vede numai tipare, prototipuri și arhetipuri.

.....

Lăsându-se să alunece
Pe cte-o melodie halucinantă, budistă
În misterele ființei ei
A cunoscut agonia și sublimul.

....

Ajungând să nu mai vadă tipuri
Ci persoane

Ființe individuale unice.

...

Căci ce altceva e arta
Dacă nu un tipar
și o ieșire concomitentă din tipar?...

vânat și vânător
învingător și învins
totul nu-i decât o centrare infinită
pe centrul de greutate al propriei persoane.

....

Din care, în ultima vreme
s-a trezit cu dureri imense de gât
din cauza înțepenirii imobile în fotoliu
urmând fuga intermitentă a gândurilor
sublimul, abjecția și demonia lor
monologul polifonic.

.....

Pendulând între înălțimi amețitoare, numinoase
și stări de vid interior
din care numai somnul furat într-o dimineață
preț de două ceasuri
a mai salvat-o din predarea totală, absolută și covârșitoare
stărilor ei sufletești paroxistice.

Ca o maree veneau și-i spălau sufletul.
Ca o baie de foc
Din care a ieșit la sfârșit
c-un gust de cenușă
și cu cenușa ei împrăștiată celor patru vânturi.

....

Demontând sublimul
Nu rămâi cu nimic
Decât c-un Graal jalnic
În care înseși forțele lumii, demontate până la derizoriu
Se fac purtătoarele unei lumi desacralizate
Din care sensul a fugit
Prin lipsa exercitării actului hermeneutic
Singurul care înzestrează viața cu sens.

Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Te iubesc, Animusul meu iubit, Arhetipul meu, Puiul și Puișorul meu, Fiul meu, Dulcele și Iubitulmeu.

Victor, dulceața mea, te iubesc.
Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu.
Natură imaterială

Noian de neguri ce mă înconjoară
Emoții stinse în cuvinte...
Privesc în urmă, înainte
șii vitorul ca un vitraliu verde, plin de mozaic

e stins n-fantasme albe
ce flutură în șaluri roz, plutind, prinse
de cerul jos, verde și mic.

.....

Natură vie, caldă, pură, imaterială
Precum e bărbăția-ți dulce
Unică vioară
Pe care cânt în note joase, visu-mi
Bicisnic și năuc.

...

Din adâncuri fetele, fetele și florile
Caută bicisnic zălude
Ploaia să le ude
Cu buze reci, cu buze ude, crude

șuvoaie pline de orgasm
în care și-au necat tăcututul lor marasm.

...

De-a fi să mor, nu am un alt dor
Decât să murim
Îmbrățișați
De patima dorinței lin purtați.

......

Tăcute, ivorii, orele mate ale dimineții zboară
Purtate pe strune albe de vioară
pe care juca stăpânul ca un țap înjunghiat
... domnița suferă

În cartea mea.

..

Natură vie, caldă, pură, imaterială
Precum e bărbăția-ți dulce
Unică vioară

Pe care cânt în note joase, visu-mi
Bicisnic și năuc.

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Cu buze reci, cu buze ude, crude

șuvoaie pline de orgasm
în care și-au necat tăcututul lor marasm.

Te iubesc, Dulce Puișor, Dragostea mea. Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc.
Solilocvii (2)

Te doresc, puiul meu dulce, nespus.
Din amărăciunea constatării
Că sunt singură pe lume
Se naște o durere surdă, vecină cu nebunia, apatia și moartea.

Nu înțeleg oamenii...
Mobilurile acțiunilor lor îmi sunt străine
Nu mă cunosc decât pe mine
Cu adevărat

De la o zdreanță până la altă zdreanță
Până la tiv
Până la os.

...

Vocea de dincolo
Îmi pare o amăgiure amară
Amăgirea supremă a propriei mele vieți.

O amăgire care durează de treisprezece ani
Cititorule
Care mi-a ros sufletul de pe oase
Până când n-a rămas decât o ciozvârtă de carne
Un os gol, arătat vidului.

...

Sunt un om distrus cititorule
Un om distrus de dialoguri imaginare
Cu un om
Pe care nu l-am văzut niciodată.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puișor Dulce.Dragostea mea, nespusă din suflet.

Te doresc nespus și Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Autoportret în stare de veghe (2)

Mă adun cu greu te iubesc dulcele meu.
Din noianul de emoții și sentimente ce m-au copleșit
De vreo lună și ceva încoace.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulceața mea, Animusul meu dulce.
Totul în exterior
E așa lipsit de sens...
Sper ca numai eu să găsesc sensul
Printr-un efert continuu, hermeneutic
În interiorul meu.

E foarte greu
Când știi că la un capăt te poate aștepta moartea
Budhha sau Iisus...
Ca realități metafizice ale sufletulu tău
Ce va cunoaște poate pentru a doua oară
În viața sa Iluminarea.

.....

Zâmbesc cu amărăciune. – O viață atât de scurtă de om
Pentru trăiri atât de intense!...
Mă întreb cu ce-am greșit și unde am greșit
Altundva decât în faptul că m-am născut
Cu o frunte bombată de poet.

...

Lumea te îngrădește într-un colț
și te forțează să devii ceea ce întotdeauna ai vrut să fii...
o virgulă târzie într-un op de poezie...

..

Dragi cititori
Mintea mea e atât de bolnavă
Ca un burete spongios
Ros și umflat, plin de crăpături
Încât nu mi-a rămas decât ca, într-un colț al creierului

Să creez, să recreez lumea fantastică
a realității
O realitate care a eliminat barbarismul existenței
Lipsa eului de sens
și de sincronicitate.

....

E trist cât nu înțelegi nimic...

Din ochiurile tricotajului ai scăpat stingher
și umbli, fricos, temător și neajutorat
printre rânduri
destrămându-te până la totala epuizare
până la totala epuizare a ciorapului.

..

Cu timpul această beatitudine a devenit o corvoadă.
O corvoadă pe care o îndeplinești
Pentru binele societății
Pentru a-i asigura bunul ei mers înainte.

Spitalele de alienați sunt mai goale
Oamenii incomozi mai puțini
Se înmulțesc opurile de poezie.

..

mi-e dor de Natură
pe care n-o mai văd decât dinăuntru
din camera mea Sambo și din întunecimea
propriei minți.

...

știu, cuvintele au un dublu sens.
Spre deosebire de Eminescu
Care folosea un lexic de origine savantă
De proveniență latină
Eu folosesc multe cuvinte din vocabularul fundamental.
Cuvinte neaoșe românești
Cuvinte dacice.

...

Era un joc sau o glumă în copilărie
Cu dacii și romanii
Eu, familia, prietenii mei din copilăîrie
Eram toți daci...

...

Câteodată mi-e dor de Simona, aș vrea s-o îmbrățișez
S-o întreb pe unde-a mai fost
Ce-a mai făcut
Ce-i mai fac copiii.

În genere e singura prietenă la care mă mai gândesc... uneori...

....

Viața e scurtă

Respirația e șuierătoare
La un capăt te așteaptă Buddha sau Iisus
La un alt capăt moartea
La alt capăt greu de văzut
Din cauza meandrelor
Un destin normal, de om sănătos...

La care e foarte greu să ajungi
Pentru că pare să ocolească
Prin celealte drumuri...

Ai vrea să apuci acel drum
Dar acum ești urâtă
Suferi de discopatie lombară și de spondiloză
cervicală
Capul ți s-a aplecat în față, ca la vultur...

..

și cam acestea ar fi de adăgat
la auroportret în stare de veghe
și mai multe iubesc, puiul meu.te nu.
Te iubesc nespus, Bictor, Dulcele meu, Dulceața mea. Te doresc, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, puiul meu drag, iubirea mea.
Stihii cosmice
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Mă aflam în salonul drepunghiular
În care fusesem îmbrăcată
În cămașă de forță
Într-o încordare dureroasă, extatică

Dar totuși atât de realistă
Cititorule.

...

Nu distingeam decât faptul că simțeam o nevoie
Chinuitoare să fumez
și nu-mi puteam mișca brațele, picioarele
nu puteam face nici o mișcare.

Eram slăbită.
Asistenta venise și-mi dădea boabe de stugure
Să mănânc
Dintr-un ciorchine alb
Struguri pe care-i adusese mama.

...

Mama stătea pe un pat lângă patul meu
și convorbea, din când în când

cu femeile din salon
mai ales cu cea pe patul căreia se așezase.
Nu știu decât că o invidiam

Strașnic, fără cuvinte
Pentru faptul că era liberă
și-și putea mișca brațele și picioarele
putea veni când dorea

putea pleca când dorea...
ptea chiar să vorbească liniștit, calm, pe un ton jos
despre mine
și mama povestea despre mine....

își lăuda fiica...

...

Afară era o ploaie apocaliptică, colosală
Tuna și fulgera
Apa curgea ca imense șuvoaie
din cerul negru
se auzea bătând în peretele spitalului

lovindu-se de cercevelele de fier
inundând totul în jur.

...

Eu eram Iisus Hristos.
Ploaia mântuitoare era trimisă de Dumnezeu însuși
La ceasul supremei încetări din viață
A Fiului său
La ora agoniei sale supreme.

Așteptam doar să mor.
Ploaia mă mângâia pe suflet
știam că întreaga natură mă deplânge
lumea, universul, cerul
stihiile cosmice.

....

Înțepenisem suferind
În patul de care eram legată
Uitând de mama, de bolnave, de infirmiere
Atentă până la paroxism
La realitatea mea interioară.

...

Deodată veni infirmiera cu-o țigară aprinsă
Pe care mi-o băgă în gură

Dându-mi să trag câteva fumuri.

Eram recunoscătoare.

După două zile și-o noapte – mai mult decât îndurase Mântuitorul însuși
Eram dezlegată....

...
Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Puișor Dulce.

Te doresc, dulceața mea, dragostea mea.
Ovalul lunii...

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii
Îmi cauți în sân –
O nebunie
Sărutări o mie

....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...

...
Picioare fierbinți, buze, dinți
Păr în ochi
Rece, stropi...
.....
Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii
Îmi cauți în sân –
O nebunie
Sărutări o mie

....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...

...
Picioare fierbinți, buze, dinți
Păr în ochi
Rece, stropi...
.....
Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Puișor mic și Dorit.
Sinele sub formă de pătrat și cerc.

Zăpezi imaculate – troiene uriașe de zăpadă
Albe, e-un alb pufos, gri, precum moleculele de aer
La casa din vis, cu ferestre mici

Îmbucate în canate
Oare cine bate?...

E duhul meu zburător
Piedut prin livezile copilăriei
La poarta acestei case din vis
Fără curte, fără gard, fără poartă de intrare
Pierdută în mijlocul unei văi cu dealuri line
s-a oprit
și-oprivește visător...

...

Un puternic sentiment de deja-vu
De parcă aș fi locuit aici într-o altă viață
La casa înecată în zăpadă
Cu geamuri mici, în pătrate
Ocupând toată fațada din față
Un sentiment puternic, de prcă-aș fi murit aici
Sau s-a pytrecut ceva înfricoșător –
E numai casa albă, singură, pierdută în decor....

...

Zăpezi imaculate – troiene uriașe de zăpadă
La casa din vis, cu ferestre mici
Îmbucate în canate
Oare cine bate?...

E duhul meu zburător
Piedut prin livezile copilăriei
La poarta acestei case din vis
Fără curte, fără gard, fără poartă de intrare
Pierdută în mijlocul unei văi cu dealuri line
Ca arhetipul tău, iubite drag
În mine.
Te iubesc nesous, Victor, Dulcele meu, Eminul meu iubit, Geniul meu.

Victor, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, puiul meu drag.
Roadele dulci ale gândirii

Te iubesc, Puiul meu. Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Încet lucrurile s-au așezat în matca lor
Firească.
Ființele, oamenii..
Fără tine în mine, iubitul meu dulce
Acest lucru n-ar fi fost
Posibil.

Sigur, posibilitatea și necesitatea discriminăriii rămâne.
Să faci acele lucruri
Pe care nu le-ai făcut în trecut

Să acorzi gândirii creditul ei firesc.

....

În toată boala și nebunia noastră
În tot noianul de senzații și sentimente care
Ne împresoară
Rămâne posibilitatea opțiunii.

Ceea ce înseamnă
Să nu faci, să nu gândești răul pe care l-au făcut
Alții
Să nu-l rostești.

Să dezamorsezi situațiile explozive
Să dai posibilitatea Timpului să lucreze
În tine și în alții.

..

Sigur, situațiile limită spun ceva despe noi înșine.
A atinge în mod delicat cu gândul
și nu a distruge ireversibil cu fapta
asta e ceea ce ne învață viața, istoria noastră
personală
și universală.
...

Cu siguranță am învățat ceva de la Kant:
Să privesc cerul înstelat
De deasupra mea, și să ascult
Legea morală din mine.

....

Poate de aici îmi provine enigmicitatea
Cititorule
Din faptul că ating delicat,ușor cu gândul
și nu ucid cu mintea
cu fapta

ceea ce nasc gândurile noastre
pe umezi morminte.

...

Cu timpul
m-am îndrăgostit de mine însămi
de acea făptură
pe care mi-o întoarce reverberat
la modul absolut
oglinzile întoarse ale sinelui.

Te iubesc, Puișor Dulce, drag, Iubit și Dorit. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.

De e pe lume sens...

Încet se luminează de zi...
Soarele pătrunde în cameră cu lumina-i tremurătoare
Corpusculi galbeni de lumină
și-mi luminează sufletul trist
împovărat de tristeți, singurătăți trecute
și viitoare.

.....

De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l
De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un uriaș eres
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...

...

Tainicul înțeles al inimii voi descifrați-l
De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un imens eres
Sensul iubirii arătați-l...

Din hieroglife și scrieri păgâne
Cercați ca să creați valul cu spume
Voi desenați-mi inima
Când soarele apune peste cer

De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un imens eres
Sensul iubirii arătați-l...

Strângeți în pumn inima mea
Ce-i altceva decât o albastră stea
E ea și poate nu e ea....
Ce-i pasă codrului de-o rămurea

E ea... și poate nu e ea.
O muzică, o sferă grea
Sau o albastră peruzea
Un pui de codru, mic, fricos
Un pas ce e pictat pe jos
De gânduri și de spaime ros

Ce-i altceva decât o-albastră stea
Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân
Pe aripe de diafan cuvânt
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân

Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...

...

De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l
De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un uriaș eres
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...
Te iubesc, Puiulmeu dulce, Dragostea mea....

Dulcele meu, te doresc, Te iubesc, dulceața mea, nespus, nespus...
Your arms...

Chipul tău, puțin ingenuu, puțin nevinovat
Vag ironic, dar totuși
Atât de benign

mi-a atras atenția.
Cu torsul puțin aplecat spre față
Căutând parcă ceva în mulțime
...o concentare în fapt
Puțin glumeață, de nu s-ar fi citit
În ea sentimente mai adânci

Abil mascate.
Dar totuși accesibile prin interpretare...

..

Buzele tale pe care le-aș fi sărutat de o mie de ori
Așa cum se văd, din profil...
Nasul, puțin acvilin, ochii, părul
Coama mătăsoasă și blondă de tânăr într-o
Adolescență perpetuă...

Dar mai ales brațele
Suflecate până la cot, lăsând să se vadă
Un fragment din corpul atât de dorit
Albe, fragede, masculine și feminine în același timp...
Precum întregul tău chip...
...
Pe care le-aș fi sărutat, dulce și pasionat
Ca un îndrăgostit
Subit....
....
O dimeniune curată, plină,benignă a realității
Pe care mi-o oferă brațele tale
Cucerite în zbor
De șoaptele cuvântilui ”Amor”

....
Dragul meu, lași o bucată dezvelită din tine

Ca Eros să nu se convertească în Thanatos
și cirezile agreste
să nu nască un joc secund mai pur

ci să rămână cirezi agreste...
Bhakti-yoga nu mi-a folosit la nimic, privindu-ți brațele
Pe care conștient le-ai dezvelit
....
Pentru ca privirea să se facă agentul dorinței
Din care se naște iubirea.
...

Iubitul meu dulce, tu mereu întinerești, din ce în ce
Pe când eu mereu îmbătrânesc
Din ce în ce...

Din amărăciunea acestei constatări
Privesc în urmă cu privirii suferitoare
Văzând-mă într-o clipă
Cu anii înapoi

Pe când a mea pereche nainte s-a tot dus
c-un stol de păsări pierzându-se-n apus.
Din ce în ce mai singur
Mnă-ntunec și îngheț - câmd tu te pierzi în zarea
Eternei dimineți.
Dragostea Dulce a Vieții mele, Tu ești Sensul din viața mea. Făă tine ea nu are sens... Te iubesc și Te doresc nesăus, Puiul meu, Dragostea Vieții mele.

Translation: Eleena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș, Carl Gustav Jung, Google translate
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Iubit șiDulce Puișor.

Dulcele meu soț, Te iubesc, Puiul meu Vicyor, Dragostea mea. Te doresc.
The Book of Anime XII
Tabloul I

Adam și Eva

Eram la adunat mere pe platoul din curtea casei
În frumosul măr văratic cu mere mustoase
Alb-roșii.

Era atât de frumos acest măr!... și eu eram o frumoasă și tânără
Maitreyi
Iar mărul era rotund, egal, nu prea înalt
Cu crengile bogate, atârnând la pământ - splendoare
În iarbă, minunată alcătuire a Firii și a ochiului!...

Încărcate cu mere alb-roșii, albe cu vinișoare roșii
Crude și dulci, muustoase, era o plăcere
Să le mănânci!...

..

Era mărul meu preferat. Până să adun merele, mai întâi mă săturam
și nu mă săturam niciodată
de vreme ce mâncam întruna
și mai băgam și în traista, atârnată cu plimbură la gât.

....

Apoi mă duceam la trunchiul lui, îl îmbrățișam și îi vorbeam.
Îi sărutam trunchiul lui scorțos, alb, decojit,
crengile merele, florile!....

Era atât de frumos acest măr!... și eu eram o frumoasă și tânără
Maitreyi
Iar mărul era rotund, egal, nu prea înalt
Cu crengile bogate, atârnând la pământ - splendoare
În iarbă, minunată alcătuire a Firii șși a ochiului!...

....

Frunzele rorunde, mici, bogate, îl împodobeau ca pe un pom
Pregătit de sărbătoare
Nunta mărului cu natura
și cu nesfârșita zi de vară
nunta cu otava, poamele, coasta abruptă, perii
nunta cu fântâna din beton

și cu mlaștina
lângă care el răsărise – dulce minune!...

..

Încărcate cu mere alb-roșii, albe cu vinișoare roșii
Crude și dulci, mustoase, era o plăcere
Să le mănânci!...
..

Era mărul meu preferat. Până să adn merele, mai întâi mă săturam
și nu mă săturam niciodată
de vreme ce mâncam întruna
și mai băgam și în traista, atârnată cu plimbură la gât.
...

Trec pe sub bolta de piatră
Dintr-o dată fericită, dintr-o dată singură

Tineri trec vorbind
E o ușoară rumoare aici
…. și femei blonde îmbrăcate de vară

domni în vârstă îmbrăcați sportiv, elegant

cu cafeaua în mână
mâ-ndrept spre ieșire
din mica rotondă
din coridorul înalt de piatră.

Acoperit cu plante perene.

…

afară fumez cu-o voluptate
nemaiîntâlnită
sorbind din cafeaua ristretto
cu un gust adevărat de cafea
nu de orz

………………………..

astăzi
văd dintr-o dată amănuntele, familiare, obișnuite
de rând
căldură de sfârșit de mai

Natura e în floare

……………..

pășesc pe-o mică cărăruie
prin iarba grasă
plină până la refuz cu florile câmpului și mici
vietăți

…………

era prima mea zi afară.

La dreapta mea
Pe o mică colină
Se înălța un arbore falnic, bătrân, maiestuos, înflorit.

……

ca atrasă de un magnet
mă îndrept spre el. mă așez sub el și privesc
natura.

Era o magnolie uriașă?
O azalee?...

……………..

Era desigur un arbore mediteranean

Parfumat și onctuos
Mirific de viu, cu crengi bogate
Aplecându-se spre pământ.

Cerul era senin.
Verdeața lucea imaterială, foșnind
Era un apogeu al verdelui și un delir al frumuseții.

……….

Eu însămi eram delirantă
De o luciditate absolută
De-o sănătate ubicuă și omniprezentă
Ca frumusețea verdelui.

………..

ieșind din Timp
pe poarta strâmtă-a clipei
am trăit identificarea mea absolută
cu idolul vieții mele.

………..

vedeți
eram un bolnav fericit
cel mai deplin
și absolut

……………………………………………………

și ziua aceea era o poartă în Timp
spre fericire.

Într-un mod foarte inspirat, Nicolae Manolescu împarte romanul românesc în trei categorii distincte, între care pot să existe însă treceri și legături, corespondențe: romanul doric (realist, tradițional, cu o viziune narativă tradițională, auctorială), al cărui reprezentant de seamă se face Liviu Rebreanu (dar și Marin Preda, Duiliu Zamfirescu, Nicolae Filimon etc.), romanul ionic, de factură psihologică, ilustrat strălucit mai ales de Eliade, dar și de Camil Petrescu, Hortensia Papadat Bengescu și romanul corintic, mitic, în care ar intra de pildă "Noaptea de sânziene" al aceluiași autor (Mircea Eliade), după părerea mea și romane ale lui Mihail Sadoveanu, chiar dacă mai mult prin viziune artistică, decât prin perspectivă narativă, prin tehnica romanului.
"Maitreyi" se înscrie astfel în categoria romanului ionic, prin perspectiva psihologizantă, prin narațiunea subiectivă, la persoana I, a naratorului care este și personaj principal. Putem să spunem că Allan este un personaj-reflector, deoarece perspectiva narativă este "avec", focalizare internă, (împreună cu), nu știm mai mult decât știe, află, simte, gândește personajul principal.
Aceasta face și farmecul acestei povești de dragoste, deoarece descoperim împreună cxu Allan iubirea, sentimentul îndrăgostirii, India, exotismul ei, sălbăticia pădurii virgine, subtropicale, unde Allan lucrează un timp ca inginer în construcții, poezia și rafinamentul cartierului Bhowanipore, unde locuiește un timp Allan în casa lui Narendra Sen (Surendranath Dasgupta, profesorul său de filosofie la Universitatea din Calcutta), al

îmbrăcăminții și obiectelor ce alcătuiesc mobilierul casei, mizeria și poezia cartierelor mărginașe, atmosfera de-o mizerie poetică, dintr-un spital în care este internat Allan, boolnav de tifos etc.
Allan avea 23 de ani, iar Maitreyi numai 16 ani. Aceasta este și vârsta reală a protagoniștilor acestei povești de dragoste, pe care Eliade a consemnat-o cu fidelitate în jurnalul său, care stă la baza romanului ”Maitreyi”, jurnal care a fost transformat într-un roman indirect, ”Șantier”. Aceste lucruri reale, adevărate, care au avut loc în realitate, ne face să participăm cu atâta emoție la destinul tinerilor, la înfiriparea sentimentului de dragoste, la nunta lor, telurică și celestă, după ceremonialul iubirii și nuntirii specific indian, și totodată al ritmurilor cosmice care guvernau această lume miraculoasă, la marginile unui lac, umbrit de sălcii plângătoare, în cadrul naturii vii, pline de viață, de lumină, de mister, singuri, neînsoțiți decât de Chabu, sora mai mică a Maitreyiei.

Iubirea pentru Maitreyi înseamnă ceva sacru, fie că se manifestă în dragostea ei pentru un copac, pe care îl hrănește cu firimituri, fie pentru maestrul și mentorul ei, poetul și filosoful indian Rabindranath Tagore, aflat la vârsta senectuții, care se bucură, întocmai ca un îndrăgostit, de admirația, respectul și iubirea sinceră pe care i-o arată Maitreyi, spre gelozia tânărului, care nu înțelege cum o fată atât de tânără, de pură, de frumoasă, să iubească un bătrân. Aceste lucruri țin de mentalitatea indiană, foarte diferită de cea europeană. Acolo granițele dintre vârste dispar, oamenii sunt toți egali, aflați în căutarea filosofică a sensului vieții lor, cea care să îi ”mântuie” și să le ofere bucuria existenței, pe un plan spiritual mai înalt, libertatea spiritului. Apoi este un lucru obișnuit acolo ca tinerele să aibă un mentor, un maestru spiritual, care le poate oferi din cunoștințele lui și împărtăși din filosofia sa de viață. În plus Tagore era un militant activ pentru eliberarea Indiei de sub colonialismul englez, pentru obținerea independenței, la fel ca Mahatma Gandhi, conducătorul mișcării non-violente pentru obținerea independenței și suveranității Indiei. Tânărul Allan asistă la mișcările de stradă, la represaliile poliției împotriva grupurilor de indieni care manifestau pentru independența Indiei.

În acest decor are loc desfășurarea poveștii lor de dragoste și finalul ei tragic. Cine ar putea uita prima descriere a Maitreyiei care i se pare tânărului ”aproape urâtă”, cu ochii ei negri, cu buzele cărnoase și răsfrânte, cu pielea brațelor mată, galbenă ca ceara topită și cu sânii ei puternici, de fecioară bengaleză dată în copt?...
 Cu timpul privirea tânărului asupra fetei se schimbă complet. Este treptat cucerit de șiretenia ei inocentă, de cochetăria inconștientă, de feminitatea și copilăria ei care se relevă în gesturile mărunte, precum scrisori în cutia poștală, petale de trandafiri în cameră, flori presate între paginile cărților, flori aruncate în camera sa... Este stranie această tânără, atât de austeră și totuși feminină, care doarme pe jos, pe o simplă rogojină întinsă pe podea.

Contrar părerii lui Manolescu, eu cred că aici nu era nici un joc... doar o aprindere timidă, devenită scânteietoare, în sufletul pur al unei tinere fete, a sentimentului iubirii, care, pentru a se împlini, pare hotărât să treacă peste toate obstacolele. Totuși, cei doi tineri aprațineau unor lumi diferite, prin situare geografică, tradiție, cultură, civilizație, religie, castă, mentalitate... iubirea lor nu se putea împlini decât în secret, tăinuită de ochii lumii și chiar de ai surorii mai mici. Și în același timp, cei doi tineri erau atât de apropiați, pe cât le-o îngăduia iubirea lor să fie. Amândoi fermecați, vrăjiți unul de altul, căutând pretexte ca să se întâlnească, precum învățarea limbilor străine, amândoi atât de serioși, de dedicați în studiul lor, pe cât puteau să fie doi tineri care au lăsat posterității nu numai cărți valoroase, ci și povestea iubirii lor, la care Maitreyi (numită în roman Amrita), răspunde după 40 de ani cu romanul ”Dragostea nu moare”. Ce lume fascinantă descrisă în acest roman, plin de poezie, de semnificații mitice și filosofice, de misterul și vraja Indiei eterne, ce proaspăt, ce viu chipul lui Eliade (numit în roman Euclid) evocat în roman, de parcă întâmplările tinereții lor s-ar fi petrecut ieri!...

Închei cu un citat semnificativ din ”Arca lui Noe” de Nicolae Manolescu: ”nimeni n-a ieșit nevătămat din jocurile Maitreyiei. Să fie pierderea minților sau moartea singura ieșire din toate marile pasiuni? Chiar de-ar fi așa cum ne învață cazul lui Tristan și al Isoldei, al lui Romeo și Julieta, putem fi oare absolut siguri că Allan, care la sfârșit dorește din tot sufletul să mai privească o dată în ochii Maitreyiei, **ca să înțeleagă**, n-a pierit el însuși, în nesiguranță și durere? Ce mai știm noi despre el, o dată manuscrtsul romanului încheiat?”

Portretul fizic al Maitreyiei sugerează căldură sufletească și fascinație. Gesturile ei tandre, preocupările intelectuale, puterea de a iubi profund, dincolo de probleme sociale sunt trăsături care îi arată portretul excepțional. Și în acest roman se dovedește că singura modalitate de accede la starea de perfecțiune este iubirea. Împlinirea eroinei se va realiza alături de Allan. Întâlnirea dintre cei doi protagoniști devine și o întâlnire între două culturi. Iubirea între ei se conturează treptat, iar participarea celor doi este egală, de aceea

ei ajung la iubirea ideală. Deși este dornică de a-și revărsa iubirea asupra cuiva, când Allan îi declară iubire, Maitreyi răspundea că el nu reprezintă pentru ea decât „un scump prieten". Din această întamplare reiese confuzia între prietenie și iubire. Iubirea sporește în intensitate, astfel că tinerii se logodesc, având ca martori cerul și pământul. Jurământul eroinei este semnul că această iubire a depășit firescul, atingând perfecțiunea în dragoste: „Mă leg de tine, pământule, că eu voi fi a lui Allan și a nimănui altuia. Voi crește din el ca iarba din tine. Și cum astepți tu ploaia, așa îi voi aștepta eu venirea, și cum îți sunt ție razele, așa va fi trupul lui mie".

Cerul era senin.
Verdeața lucea imaterială, foșnind
Era un apogeu al verdelui și un delir al frumuseții.

……….

Eu însămi eram delirantă
De o luciditate absolută
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cel mai deplin
și absolut

………………………………………………………

și ziua aceea era o poartă în Timp
spre fericire.
.

Adam and Eve

We were collecting apples on the plateau of the house yard
In the beautiful wild apple with musty apples
White-red.

This apple was so beautiful! ... and I was a beautiful and young girl
Maitreyi
And the erroneous apple, equal, not too high
With rich branches, hanging to the ground - splendor
In the grass, wonderful composition of the Thread and the eye! ...

Loaded with red-white apples, white with red vines

Raw and sweet, musty, it was a pleasure
Eat them!
..

He was my favorite apple. Until I decorate the apples, first I jam
and I never got tired
since we ate together
we were also in the saddle, hanging around his neck.

....

Then I would go to his trunk, hug him and talk to him.
We were kissing his torso, white, decoy,
apple branches, flowers!

This apple was so beautiful! ... and I was a beautiful and young girl
Maitreyi
And the erroneous apple, equal, not too high
With rich branches, hanging to the ground - splendor
In the grass, wonderful composition of the Thread and the eye! ...

....

The round, small, rich leaves adorned it like a tree
Prepared for the holiday
The wedding of the apple with nature
endless summer day
wedding with the fog, poems, steep coast, brushes
wedding with concrete fountain

and with the marsh
besides which he had risen - sweet wonder!

..

Loaded with red-white apples, white with red vines
Raw and sweet, musty, it was a pleasure
Eat them!
..

He was my favorite apple. Until I decorate the apples, first I jam
and I never got tired
since we ate together
we were also in the saddle, hanging around his neck.
...

I pass under the stone vault
Suddenly happy, all of a sudden

Young people talk
It's a little rumor here
.... and blonde women dressed in summer

elderly gentlemen dressed sporty, elegant
with coffee in hand
I'm heading to the exit
from the small roundabout
from the high stone corridor.

Covered with perennials.

...

outside I smoke with a lust
unmatched
sipping from the Ristretto coffee
with a real taste of coffee
not barley

....

today
I suddenly see the familiar, familiar details
common
May end heat

nature is in bloom

....

I walk on a small cart
through the fat grass
full to the brim with flowers of the field and small
creatures

....

it was my first day out.

To my right
On a small hill
A tall, tall, majestic, flowering tree rose.

......

as drawn by a magnet
I'm heading towards him. I sit under him and look at him
nature.

Was it a huge magnolia?
The azaleas? ...

....

It was, of course, a Mediterranean tree
Scented and creamy
Wonderful of alive, with rich branches
Leaning down to the ground.

The sky was clear.
The green glitter was immaterial, cracking
It was a peak of the green and delirium of beauty.

....

I was delusional
An absolute lucidity
Of ubiquitous and ubiquitous health
Like the beauty of green.

....

coming out of Time
on the narrow gate of the moment
I lived my absolute identification
with the idol of my life.

....

see
I was a happy patient
the fullest
and absolutely

....

and that day was a gate in Time
for happiness.

In a very inspiring way, Nicolae Manolescu divides the Romanian novel into three distinct categories, between which there may be passages and connections, correspondences: the Doric novel (realistic, traditional, with a traditional narrative vision, an authoritative one), whose representative is important. is made Liviu Rebreanu (but also Marin Preda, Duiliu Zamfirescu, Nicolae Filimon, etc.), the Ionic novel, of psychological invoice, illustrated especially by Eliade, but also by Camil Petrescu, Hortensia Papadat Bengescu and the Corinthian, mythical novel, in which for example, "Night of Sânziene" by the same author (Mircea Eliade), in my opinion, and novels of Mihail Sadoveanu, even if more by artistic vision, than by narrative perspective, by the technique of the novel. "Maitreyi" is inscribed thus in the category of the ionic novel, through the psychological perspective, through the subjective narration, in the first person, of the narrator who is also the main character. We can say that Allan is a reflective character because the narrative perspective is "avec", internal focus, (together with), we do not know more than he knows, finds, feels, thinks the main character. This is also the charm of this love story, as we discover together with Allan the love, the feeling of love, India, its exoticism, the wilderness of the virgin, subtropical forest, where Allan works for a while as a construction

engineer, the poetry and refinement of the Bhowanipore neighborhood, where he lives. Allan in the house of Narendra Sen (Surendranath Dasgupta, his professor of philosophy at the University of Calcutta), of the clothing and objects that make up the furniture of the house, the misery, and poetry of the bordering neighborhoods, the atmosphere of a poetic mess, of a hospital in which he is hospitalized Allan, ill of typhoons, etc.
Allan was 23, and Maitreyi only 16. This is also the real estate of the characters of this beautiful love story, which Eliade faithfully recorded in his journal, which is the basis of the novel "Maitreyi", a journal that has been transformed into an indirect novel, "Workshop". These real, true things, which have taken place in reality, make us participate with such emotion in the destiny of young people, in capturing the feeling of love, in their telluric and celestial wedding, after the ceremonial of the specific Indian love and wedding, and also of the rhythms. cosmic rulers of this miraculous world, on the edge of a lake, shaded by weeping willows, living nature, light, mystery, alone, unaccompanied by Chabu, Maitrey's younger sister.
Love for Maitreyi means something sacred, whether it is manifested in her love for a tree, which she nourishes with crumbs, or for her teacher and mentor, the Indian poet and philosopher Rabindranath Tagore, who is at the age of senectuation, who enjoys herself, just as a sweetheart, from the admiration, respect, and sincere love shown by Maitreyi, to the jealousy of the young man, who does not understand how a girl so young, pure, beautiful, to love an old man. These things relate to the Indian mentality, which is very different from the European one. There the boundaries between the ages disappear, the people are all equal, in the philosophical search for the meaning of their life, the one that "saves" them and offers them the joy of existence, on a higher spiritual plane, the freedom of the spirit. Then it is commonplace for young people to have a mentor, a spiritual teacher, who can offer them from his knowledge and share his philosophy of life. Besides, Tagore was an active activist for liberating India from English colonialism, for independence, as did Mahatma Gandhi, the leader of the non-violent movement for the independence and sovereignty of India. Young Allan is witnessing street movements, police retaliation against groups of Indians who were demonstrating for India's independence.
In this setting, their love story takes place and its tragic end. Who could forget the first description of Maitreya that looks like the "almost ugly" young man, with her black eyes, her fleshy and radiant lips, the skin of her arms matte, yellow like molten wax and her powerful breasts, of Bengali virgin given in the baking? ...
Over time the young man's gaze on the girl changes completely. Is she gradually conquered by her innocent hype, by her unconscious flirtatiousness, by her femininity and childhood that are revealed in small gestures, such as letters in the mailbox, rose petals in the room, flowers pressed between the pages of books, flowers were thrown in her room? It is strange this young woman, so austere and yet feminine, who sleeps on the floor, on a simple muffin lying on the floor.
Contrary to Manolescu's opinion, I believe that there was no game here ... just a timid ignition, which became sparkling, in the pure soul of a young girl, of the feeling of love, which, to be fulfilled, seems determined to pass over everything. obstacles. However, the two young people belonged to different worlds, through geographical location, tradition, culture, civilization, religion, caste, mentality ... their love could only be fulfilled in secret, hidden from the eyes of the world and even by their younger sister. And at the same time, the two young men were as close as their love allowed them to be. Both enchanted, enchanted by each other, seeking pretexts to meet, such as learning foreign languages, both as serious, dedicated to their study, as could be two young people who left posterity not only valuable books but also the story. their love, to which Maitreyi (named in the novel Amrita), responds after 40 years with the novel "Love does not die". What a fascinating world described in this novel, full of poetry, of mythical and philosophical meanings, of the mystery and spell of eternal India, how fresh, living the image of Eliade (called in the Euclid novel) evoked in the novel, as if the events of their youth were would have happened yesterday!
I conclude with a significant quote from "Noah's Ark" by Nicolae Manolescu: "no one came out unscathed from Maitrey's games. Is it the loss of mind or death the only way out of all the great passions? Even as Tristan and Isolde, Romeo and Juliet learn from us, we can be sure that Allan, who at the end of his heart wants to look once more into Maitrey's eyes, to understand, did he die in insecurity and pain? What do we know about him, once the manuscript of the completed novel?
…

The physical portrait of Maitreya suggests warmth and fascination. Her tender gestures, intellectual preoccupations, the power to love deeply, beyond social problems are traits that show her an exceptional portrait. And in this novel, it turns out that the only way to access the state of perfection is love. The heroine's fulfillment will be achieved with Allan. The meeting between the two protagonists becomes also a meeting between two cultures. The love between them is gradually shaped, and the participation of the two is equal, which is why they reach the ideal love. Although she is eager to shed her love on someone, when Allan declares her love, Maitreyi replied that he is nothing but a "dear friend" to her. From this, the confusion between friendship and love emerges. Love increases in intensity, so that young people are engaged, witnessing heaven and earth. The heroine's oath is the sign that this love has transcended the natural, reaching perfection in love: "I bind you, earth, that I will be Allan's and no one else's. I will grow from it as the grass from you. And as you wait for the rain, so I will wait for him to come, and as your rays are yours, so will my body. "

The sky was clear.
The green glitter was immaterial, cracking
It was a peak of the green and delirium of beauty.

....

I was delusional
An absolute lucidity
Of ubiquitous and ubiquitous health
Like the beauty of green.

....

coming out of Time
on the narrow gate of the moment
I lived my absolute identification
with the idol of my life.

....

see
I was a happy patient
the fullest
and absolutely

....

and that day was a gate in Time
for happiness.
I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.

Te oubesc Puiul meu Dulce, Mihai.
Albastre fuioare ale nopții...

Albastre fuioare ale nopții

Se întrevid curgând în vale
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

...E-un tânăr chipeș cu fața albă ca spicul cel de grâu
Cu un surâs pe buzle lui roșii, de caise
Străluminat de dulceața din ochii lui cei puri
În care se înfor, străkucitoare vise...

...
Cu părul blond străluminând ca câmpul primăvara
Când toarnă aur între spice soarele gigant
Cu brațele lui molcole domoale, suflecate în cămașa-albastră pal
Venea tânăruul Domn, purtat de-al dorului

Un dulce val.

..

Neguri albe strălucite
De argint sfeștile fine
Ce letoarnă cerul negru
De albastre stele pline

Se-nfășor și se desfac
Se dezmiardă, se cuprind
Ca un dulce viu colind
Cele toarnă seara-n prag.

Dulce cornul mai departe sună
și adună oile în stână
sub lumina stelei-albastre
dulce și suferitoare

..

Sub a cidrului umbră deasă și umbroasă
Oile par ca stelele o albastră
Dulce mare
Vălurind ca ochi de grangur

..
Ca ochi de sită
În stâna largă și-ngrpdită
Adunându-se se-nturnă
și-nturnându-se se-adună

...cerul negru durerea-și curmă

Cea dintâi și de pe urmă
Cerul negru dulce tună
Peste turma cea-ngrădită.

..

Cu părul blond străluminând ca câmpul primăvara
Când toarnă aur între spice soarele gigant
Cu brațele lui molcole domoale, suflecate în cămașa-albastră pal
Venea tânăruul Domn, purtat de-al dorului

Un dulce val.

E-un tânăr chipeș cu fața albă ca spicul cel de grâu
Cu un surâs pe buzle lui roșii, de caise
Străluminat de dulceața din ochii lui cei puri
În care se înfor, străkucitoare vise...

...

Albastre fuioare ale nopții
Se întrevid curgând în vale
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

...

Trandafiri roșii, roz, mov-pal
Cad de pe micul foișor de-alături
Tăcerea nopții îi adună
Ca mici steluțe de argint și humă.

..

și trandafiri roșii în curtea casei văruită în albastru
sărută gherbere dulci cu frintea-nvoală
și tânărul bate lin și-ncet în partă
i luna îi străluminează fecioreștile lui vise.

..

O umbră se dsprinde lin din poartă
și vine înspre el cu brațele-ntinse
și pletele-i de-aur și argint sunt ninse
și ochii verzi și părul ca miezul de narcise.

...

Tânprul cuprinde lin dulce arătarea de gemeie – o tânără cu sânul de alabastru
şi o sărută sub razele vâătului astru
ce toarnă peste ei dulce văpaie..

...

Buzele lui se deschid ca doi lotuşi îmbobociţi
Ca flaoarea roşă-rubinie de zefir
Ca flăcările roşii din trandafirii rişii cei loviţi de ploaie
Ca două petale de lumină ce se-ndoaie

..

şi cuprind buzele ei fragede ca un şerbet de trandafiri
într-un sărut cald, pasionat, dulce
precum e apa cea de trandafiri
şi pune capul ei pe piept să-l culce

..

Albastre fuioare ale nopţii
Se întrevid curgând în vale
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Victor, Tudor, Mihai.

Dark blue of the night ...

Dark blue of the night
He glimpsed into the valley
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall
In the middle of the night, who beats?

... He's a handsome young man with a white face like a wheat ear
With a smile on his red apricot lips
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes
In which they grow, bright dreams ...

...
With blond hair shining like the spring field
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes
With the arms of his soft molluscs, blown into his pale blue shirt

The young Lord came, worn by longing

A sweet wave.

..

Bright white slits
Silver fine tips
What a black sky
The full blue stars

Wrap and undo
They decay, they come together
Like a living sweet carol
Those pour in the evening at the threshold.

Sweet horn goes on
and gather the sheep in the sheepfold
under the light of the blue star
sweet and suffering

..

Beneath the cider a thick, shadowy shade
The sheep look like blue stars
Great sweet
Flying like a giant's eye

..
Like a sieve
In the wide and deep sheep
Gathering he turns around
and turning around they gather

... the black sky the pain stops
The first and the last
The sweet black sky tunes
Over the herd.

..

With blond hair shining like the spring field
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes
With the arms of his soft molluscs, blown into his pale blue shirt
The young Lord came, worn by longing

A sweet wave.

He is a handsome young man with a white face like a grain of wheat
With a smile on his red apricot lips
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes

In which they grow, bright dreams ...

...

Dark blue of the night
He glimpsed into the valley
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall
In the middle of the night, who beats?

...

Red, pink, purple-pink roses
I fall from the small ledge next to it
The silence of the night gathers them
Like little stars of silver and smoke.

..

and red roses in the courtyard of the blue-painted house
kiss the sweet gerberas with the whip
and the young man beats smoothly and slowly
and the moon shines on his fanciful dreams.

..

A shadow slips out of the door
and comes to him with outstretched arms
and the gold and silver pleats are nested
and green eyes and hair like daffodil core.

...

The body is gently sweet with the appearance of a gem - a young woman with an alabaster breast
and a kiss under the rays of the stump
what spills over them sweet crap ..

...

His lips open like two embattled lotuses
Like the red-ruby ruby of zephyr
Like the red flames in the rose roses, those hit by rain
Like two light petals that bend

..

and they enclose her lips like a sherbet of roses
in a warm, passionate, sweet kiss
as is the water of roses

and put her head on her chest to lay him down

..

Dark blue of the night
He glimpsed into the valley
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall
In the middle of the night, who beats? Te iubesc,Puiul meu Dulce, Tudor, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc Mihai…

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.
..
Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet od desire, of promise,of the covenant.
..
She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...
..
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...
Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream

Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.
...
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.
...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.
...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.
Te dores, Piulmeu. Te doresc.

The archetypes and the collective unconscious

I was going with great steps from sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
and whimpering streams passed

they were burning in the valley ...

....

The cuckoo sings twice.
My amoral stone god
There was a river moaning, a mountain, a comb
A gate was made ....

..

I stood with my head in my hands on a large stone:
Who am I, who am I
Who tells me?
...

Passengers in a postcard
I put my foot down
On my northern aurora
Praying beautifully ...

.....

The road was snaking endlessly
On the turbulent waters it is great
He turned back in the dark.

..
I was walking with great strides towards sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
And maybe the rivers were passing
they were burning in the valley ...
Vewneam was silent on the road, in this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The dream of green is here
On this wet bench
Among the splashes falling happy and extinguishing me
On the clothes, on the face, on the hair
On the purse

Smoking a cigarette
Like an old woman brought from behind ...

....

Looking at the sprinkler molcoma curtain
Rain falling
With a gentle, unassuming smell
Intensifying the green of the trees
The grass
Of the leaves.

I live the dream of green.
The crucified dream of the cross.

....

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple te iubesc, dulceața mmea, Victr, puiul meu dulce.

Te doresc și Te iubesc dulele meu Victor
Avatari din lumi trecute...

Când însearea adie cu gura-i închisă de lalea
Peste lumi sângerii, căute-n uitare
Pierdute și regăsite
Ca fragezii striopi crescuți din aceeași sămânță
Din aceeașo tulpină
Căutând cu beție drumul spre lumină....

Te iubesc

Mă-ntorc tăcut pe drum
...Zarea-i în scrum și oriontul se-neacă-n fum....
mi-ajung din urmă umbra pasul
...în zânul depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult...
Pe tine doar nu te găsesc...

Maci sângerii își deschid priviri obosite
Peste lumi pierute, peste lumi regăsite
Ca fragezii striopi crescuți din aceeași sămânță
Din aceeași tulpină
Căutâmd cu beție drumul spre lumină

...

Avatari din lumi trecute
Se-neacă-n colbul drumului, în scrum.....
l-aceleași răscruci
mi-ajung din urmă umbra, pasul
pe tine doar nu te găsesc...maci sângerii îți deschid priviri obosite
peste lumi pierdute
peste lumi regăsite
în sânul depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult
de ce nu-mi viii de ce nu-mi vii
...valsul tăcut al frunzelor din vii, pe tine doar nu te găsesc..

De ce nu-nvii, de ce nu-nvii?...

...
Când însearea adie cu gura-i închisă de lalea
Peste lumi sângerii, căzute-n uitare
și ascunse-n ochi...
Ca fragezii stropi...doi și cu doi din aceeași sămânță.
Ca zborul tăcut peste vii al rândunicii
Ca rochie rochie și creponată a Veronicii...

...

Mă-ntorc tăcut pe drum
...Zarea-i în scrum și oriontul se-neacă-n fum....
mi-ajung din urmă umbra pasul
...în zânul depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult...

Pe tine doar nu te găsesc....
....
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

I love you, my dear Victor, my sweetheart
Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the orion smokes in the smoke ....
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The bloodshots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash .....
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the bloodshots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles
why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..

Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the orion smokes in the smoke ....
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...
..

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Alin, uiul meu, Dulcele meu.
Blossomed flowers oflots...

Peste tot în visul meu lucid
Insecte-uriașe mâncând de dulce
Pe neted Pământ negru pe care Ceru-și duce
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii...
...
Michele coborî în goană scările
Apoi se rezemă serios de balsutrada de inox
Cu fundul rotund îngust sprijinit
De barele scânteietoare în soarele de martie.
...
Picioareel elui erau interesante văzute din spate
Părea că este unul singur, unul fiind acoperit
De barele rotunde de metal
Ce coborau în pământ.
...
Cathy!... strigăel, în timp ce o fată trecea
Gânditoare cu capu-n pământ.
Michele!... exclamă ea parcă obosită,lăsându-se să cadă
Pe băncuțavișinie
Din micyl părculeț

Cu brazi albi, ornamentali, ca niște copii
Zâmbăreți
Cu zâmetul înțepător.
....
Apoi se ridică agale și prni spre el.
Micele îi sprijini capul obsoit de pieptul lui
În vreme ce îi murmura șoapte de-amor.
...
Dintr-o fată, fata începu să plângă.
Ălângea cu sughițuri, șoptind printre suspine:
Ce dor mi-a fost de tine!... nespus de dor!...
știu, dragotea mea, spuse el cu împăcare,, cu tandrețe
știu, dragsostea mea, și mie mi-a fost dor...
...
Apoi o luă în brațele lui albe, rotunde ca laptele
și roz ca flaorea d cireș
și os trânse puternic la pieptul lui.
...
Buzele lor se uniră în sărutări fără de număr
Buzele lui roșii0roz de desciseră ca două flori dlotus
Nespus de frumoase , de grațioase și de gingașe
s-i soarbă sufletul viața di ea
și să i-o dea în schimb pe-a sa.
...
Săruturi glasuri dau duiaoselor misterioase
Străpunse de volupoasa calda miere
Ce curgea în gurile lor aprinse
C douăvițe de vie
Ca doi faguri uriași galbeni și parfumați de miere.
...
Peste tot în visul meu lucid
Insecte-uriașe mâncând de dulce
Pe neted Pământ negru pe care Ceru-și duce
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii...
...
Michele coborî în goană scările
Apoi se rezemă serios de balsutrada de inox
Cu fundul rotund îngust sprijinit
De barele scânteietoare în soarele de martie.
...
Picioareel elui erau interesante văzute din spate
Părea că este unul singur, unul fiind acoperit
De barele rotunde de metal
Ce coborau în pământ.
...
Cathy!... strigăel, în timp ce o fată trecea
Gânditoare cu capu-n pământ.
Michele!... exclamă ea parcă obosită,lăsându-se să cadă
Pe băncuțavișinie
Din micyl părculeț
Cu brazi albi, ornamentali, ca niște copii
Zâmbăreți
Cu zâmetul înțepător.

....
Apoi se ridică agale și prni spre el.
Micele îi sprijini capul obsoit de pieptul lui
În vreme ce îi murmura șoapte de-amor.
...
Săruturi glasuri dau duiaoselor misterioase
Străpunse de volupoasa calda miere
Ce curgea în gurile lor aprinse cu putere...
C douăvițe de vie
Ca doi faguri uriași galbeni și parfumați de miere.
...

și în acelmoment, Victor o atase la piptul lui,
sărutându-i ușșor părul din crștet.
Săruturi dau duioaselor mistere
Pătrunse de calda, înmiresmata miere
Cu care curg pe buze, pe obraz
Străpunsede l dimineții ușure, plin de diamnte gaz.

Ce dor mi-a fost de tine!...
murmura ea la piepul lui
Înecându-seîn sughițuri și suspine.

știu, dragostea mea, știu...

spuse el cu tandrețșe, blând ținând0o la pieptul ui.
șimie, drgostea mea, nespus...
spuse el îmopcat, blând, strângând-o la piept.

Te-am căuta peste tot,
la berărie, la Universitate
Te-am așteptat acasă lângă tufa de trndafiri roz
Așteptând să apari cu hainele albite de fulger
Am bătu la tine la uș
pe Aleea trandafirilor...

știu, dragostea mea, știu, oftă el...
apoi porniră încet ținându-se de mână.
În curând ajunseră în no.5 Avenue
și yrcară în apartamentul lui spațios,oprindu-se în living room.

...
Soarele de amiază, de iunie târziu,
scăpătase de ceva reme de după-amiază,
și primele umbreale înserării
se prelingau în cameră. Victor adormise, culcat pe mica canape,
cu catherine lângă el,
și cu vântul intrat pe geanul deschis răsfirându-i
buclele castanii-blonde, șuvițele pe gât.

Buzele lui ca doi nuferi îmbobociți,
semănând cumva cu buzelelui Alain,erau destinse într-un surâs copilăresc...

Încercând să-și facăloc, să stea mai bine,
cathy se pomeni cu capul lui blnd în brațe..
cuprinsă de un impuls neașteptat, se aplecă și-i sărută
buzele lui învoalte, dulci, dulci,
în timp ce el o cuprine pe după cap, și –o trse spre sine.

Făcură dragoste, și seara cobora cu cercurile ei de uumbră și răcore,
se întndea ca niște raze tremurătoare
de întuneric în odaie...

....

Michel adormise, fângurind ca un ciopil,
în somn, şi Cathy rpmăsese cu privirea ațintită în sus.
Simțea, știa că Victor nu plecase,
că era acolo, deșie era în colțul opus al camerei.
Deodată î șopti:
- Victor!...

- Da, șopti și el, venind lângp ea, și luându-i o mână
în mâinile sale.
-Sărută-mă, dulcele emu puișor,
Michel doarme...

Victor intră lângă ea în patși-o îmbrășișă cu putere,
lipind-o de ine.
Apoi făcură dragoste frenetic, ca doi posedați
de deminul insașiabil al amirului.

La sfârșit, ajunși în culmea amotului lui tulbure și frebetic,
rpmaseră trseltând, năuvi, minute în șir...
Cathhy rămase încordată, destinzându-se încet, încet,
sub corpul lui subțire, cald, lipit de al ei,
ci ochii în pchii lui, care luceau slab,
a două lacrimi rupte din azurul cerului.

- Așa începe, c într-un vis, puiul meu, dragostea mea, dulceața mea...
mai șopti ea, cu vocea pierzându-se
în aerul de martie primăvăratic, ploios care năvăla
în cameră cu putere.

- Navamalika.... șopti el tulburat
lăsându-se pe pieptul ei și sărutându-i sânii. Dragostea mea...
Afară ploaia bătea în zăbrelele geamului,
pornindu-se ca un vifor întunecat și împrătiindu-și
stropii în cameră.

”Catherine,, dragostea mea... ” ”
Victor...”, șopti ea, înconjurându-l cu brațele
și trăgându-l spre ea. Umbrele se întinseseră mari peste tot,
și el își îmbrăcă jeanșii lui catifelați, carese mulau
pe picioarele lui zvelte.

- Navamalika!....
Rămase zăcând peste ea...
și simțea că intră într-un tunel vertiginos, tunelul de lumină,
tunelul oranj.
Se uită încă o dată buimac la ea, apoi se pierdu
în oceanul de liniște și pace care-i invada mintea, corpul.

Se simțea tras vertiginos în sus,

poate într-o nouă viață, poate în moarte, n-avea de unde ști...
Sufletul lui plutea printre particulele de praf
scânteietor ale spațiului, spre o destinație
necunoscută...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Michele, te doresc, Dorit Puișor
Michele ...
...
All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...
...
Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.
...
His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.
...
Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.
....
Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.
...
From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...
...
Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.
...
Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind
the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.
...
Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously

What was flowing in their mouths
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and
scented with honey.
...
All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...
...
Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.
...
His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.
...
Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.
....
Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.
...
Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and
scented with honey.
...
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea

and at that moment, Victor attached it to his face,
gently kissing her curly hair.
Kisses give sweet mysteries
She got warm, the sweet honey
With which flow on the lips, on the cheek
He pierced it lightly, full of gas diamonds.

I missed you so much!...
she murmured to his chest
Drowning in sighs and sighs.

I know, my love, I know ...

he said softly, gently holding his chest.
chemistry, my love, especially ...
he said softly, tightening her chest.

I was looking for you everywhere,
at the brewery, at the University
I was waiting for you at the house near the rose bush
Waiting for you to appear in lightning-white clothes
I knocked on the door
of the Roses Alley ...

I know, my love, I know, he sighs ...
then they started slowly by holding hands.
Soon they had reached No.5 Avenue
and they walked into his spacious apartment, stopping in the living room.

...

The midday sun, late June,
had escaped some afternoon rhymes, and the first shadows
of the twilight crept into the room.

Victor had fallen asleep, lying on the small couch,
with Catherine next to him, and with the wind coming into the open eyelash,
brushing his chestnut-blonde curls,
the splashes on his neck.

His lips, like two watered-down water lilies,
resembling Alain's lip were destined
for a childish smile.

Trying to do his best, to stay better,
Cathy stood with his gentle head in his arms ...
grasped by an unexpected impulse,
he leaned down and kissed his soft, sweet, sweet lips,
as he embraced her head, and pulled it to himself.

There was love, and the evening descended
with her circles of shadow and coolness, spread like trembling rays
of darkness in the room.

Michel had fallen asleep, grinning like a child in his sleep,
and Cathy had remained with the glance

riveted upward.

He felt, he knew
that Vicor had not left, that he was there,
though he was in the opposite corner of the room.
Suddenly she whispered:
- Victor! ...
"Yes," he whispered, coming to her side, taking her hand in his hands.
- Kiss me, my sweet chick, Michel sleeps ...

Victor leaned close to her tightly, hugging her tightly.
Then they frantically made love,
like two possessed by the insatiable demon of love.

At the end, at the peak of their turbulent and feverish love,
they remained twinkling repeatedly, bewildered,
minutes in a row ...

Cathhy remained tense, slowly, slowly,
beneath his thin,
warm body, clinging to hers, with her eyes in his eyes, glittering low,
of two tears broken from the azure sky.

- This is how it begins, in a dream,
my baby, my love, my sweetness ... she whispered, her voice
losing its air in the spring of March, rainy
as it roamed the room with power...

- Navamalika ... he whispered disturbingly,
leaning on her chest and kissing her breasts. My love...
Outside the rain
was pounding on the windows,
starting like a dark ephemeral and spreading splashes in the room.

"Catherine, my love ... "" Victor ... "
she whispered, wrapping her arms around him
and pulling him towards her. The shadows had spread wide everywhere,
and he gets dressed his soft jeans,
which were smoothing on his slender legs.
- Navamalika! ....

He was lying on top of her ...
and he felt that he was entering a dizzying tunnel,
the light tunnel, the orange tunnel.

He looked at her once more, then lost himself
in the ocean of peace and quiet that invaded his mind, his body.
He looked again dunderhead at her,
then he lost in the ocean of silence and peace which was invading
his mind, his body.

He felt pulled vertiginously upward,
maybe in a new life, maybe in death, he had nowhere to know ...
His soul was floating among the sparkling dust particles
of space, to an unknown
destination ...

Te uiubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu Dulce, Victor.

Ca Eol ce zboarăprin vluri șițipă!...

Năluca zboară pe valuri de aer diamantin, cristaline
Ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri șișipă
Când dimineața cu-a ei rece-aripă
Sfară și sparg în icuri mulți și reci seara

Câd dimineața își dă binețe ci noaptea la margin de lume
Zboară Umbra-nghițită de genune

Prin stelele mării, prin cerul de spume
Zboară, o, umbră, o crudă genune!...

..

Mihai își bate în scară-armăsarul în spume
și zboară prin noapte, o crudă genune
zboară prin zi, prin nămiază la margini de lume
ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri șițipă!...

..

Dumbră verzi cu lunci de filomele
Un cer albastru-vânăt, lin d stele
Soare giganticzvârlit în lunci cu flori
Oe voinicucu ppărul blond în spic îl prindfiori...

..
Ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri și țipă
Când bate pescărușul apa cuu alba-i aripă
Ek rece gând purtat de dor
Purtat în suflet de șoapte de amor.

..
La ccastelul negru,el în partă bte
și o fată cu vițele blonde depăr bpgate
căzându-ipumeri și pespate
cu ochii de roua-albastră-a diminețiisărutate, udrate, perlate

îi cadeîn braț, c mortă, într-un leeșin
tânprului cu păr de ebenin.
O, Caterina a meaiubită dulce
Lasă pe brațe capu-țisă se culce

Sub raza ochiuluisenin
și-oprește din piept al tăususin!...
căci am venit, o, iată
ceaul bte de muazănoapte

până la sosire diminețiimi e un lungceas
grăbește, să mergem, nu-i timp de popas!...
și o ridică lin de subțiori
trecându-l la atingerea-i fiori

..
șisărutându-isânul alb de labastru
câd din pânza nopâiiapare vânătul astru.
În ceruri carul mare, carul mic –
și-opână fină îchipuind pepuișori
cloșca cu pui cu-a ei feciori

grăbește,iubită, mai e u ceas până-n zori!....
săltând-o în șea, pleacă în noapte
când se îmbină geana zilei cu a nopții șoapte
Dumbră verzi cu lunci de filomele

Un cer albastru-vânăt, lin d stele
Soare giganticzvârlit în lunci cu flori
Oe voinicucu ppărul blond în spic îl prindfiori...
Ah pentru mine, Cati, poțisă mori!...

..
și osărută cu buze aprinsede dor pe ochii eiînchiși
lăsată pesteumărullui stâng
ca lăcrimioare ce de dori șiamorul lui surâd și plâng
cu brațul lui încolăcind trupu-i plăoând.

...

Mai tae,mai aproape , mai aproape
Iubițiise strâng cu dragoste,dulceață l-allor piept
Iar pe-a lor față cu iușeala gândului trec
Cel mi aprinse șipure simțăminte!...

și osărută cu buze aprinsede dor pe ochii eiînchiși
lăsată pesteumărullui stâng
ca lăcrimioare ce de dori șiamorul lui surâd și plâng
cu brațul lui încolăcind trupu-i plăoând.

...
Un cer albastru-vânăt, lin d stele
Soare giganticzvârlit în lunci cu flori
Oe voinicucu ppărul blond în spic îl prindfiori...
Ah pentru mine, Cati, poțisă mori!...

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Mihai își bate în scară-armăsarul în spume
și zboară prin noapte, o crudă genune
zboară prin zi, prin nămiază la margini de lume
ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri șițipă!... te iubesc Tudor-Mihai,Dragostea me, Puiul u!...

Like Eol that flies by the sails, it screams!

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves
When in the morning with her cold wing
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings

When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

..

Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy Young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him

..
Like Eol that flies through the waves and screams
When the seagull beats the water with its white wing
He cold thought of longing
Brought in the whisper of love.

..
At the black castle, he partly beats
and a girl with the blond calves away rich and thick
falling down and hunched over
with the dew-blue-eyes, he saw them kiss, wet, pearly

she falls on his arm, dead, in a faint
of ebony hair.
Oh, my sweet sweetheart Catherine
She lets his head-and-arms sleep

Under the eye's eye,
it stops at the chest of the suspire! ...
for I came, oh, here
the tea of the nightingale beats

until the arrival in the morning, there is a lark
hurry, let's go, no time to stop! ...
and gently lifted her thighs
passing it on reaching the creeks

..
and kissing with his lit roses lips her closed eyes
fall with desire on his left shoulder.
In heaven the big chariot, the small chariot -
and fine-opaque by spitting up berries
chicken belly with her children

hurry up, baby, there's another clock until dawn!
jumping into the saddle, he leaves in the night
when combining the day's clear obscure with the night's whisper
Green mound with meadows of filomores

A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..
and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

Harder and harder, closer, closer
He had loved her with love, sweetness to his chest

And on their face with the rush of thought, they pass
He ignited my feelings!

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..
The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves
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..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

Te iubesc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.

I love you, Victor. I love you, Mihai. I love you Carl. I love you almost as much, I don't know too well... The same, and in a different way. I desire you.

te doresc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.

Tudor, Mihai, Victor... Te iubesc, dulecele meu, puișorul meu.
Cămașa albastră flutură-n vânt....
After an old poetry

E târziu în cimtir...
Seara se-mbină cu ziua, e clarobscur...
E liniște și pace, nici țipenie de om, nici zumzet de glas
Împrejur...

...
Am ieșut visătoare printre castranii înfloriți
și trandafirii curgători
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului
în numele trandafirului...

...

Pășesc visătoare printre morminte, înănțuite de trandafiri

Roșii și roz curgători
La ora când se-aprind luminile orașului
și departe se-aude șuierând ca o sirenă
sunetul neliniștit al vasului...

...

Privesc chipuri de tineri, cu zâmbete nostalgice, visătoare pe chip
Chipuri de bătrâni cuminți
Împreunați într-oîmbrățișare peste timp
Pentru eternitate...

Chipul tău suav cu bucle blonde
Îmi zâmbește de pe un frontispiciu, cu îngeri înaripați
Cămașa descheiată la gât
Surâsul trist...
Mă fac să uit pentru-o clipă, că încă mai exist...

...

Deodată te văd lângă mine
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept
Clipesc orbită, de surâsu-ți drept
Îmi iei mâinile...și mă strângi la piept...

...
Cămașa albastră flutură-nvânt
Născută din stânci și pământ...
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept
Clipesc orbită, de surâsu-ți drept
Îmi iei mâinile...șimă strângi la piept...
...
E târziu în cimtir...
Seara se-mbină cu ziua, e clarobscur...
E liniște și pace, nici țipenie de om, nici zumzet de glas
Împrejur...

...
Am ieșit visătoare printre castanii înfloriți
și trandafirii curgători
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului
în numele trandafirului...

Încercând să mă recuperez din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă gădesc pe crestele uui munte înalt
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci

Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat
...
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Blue shirt waving in the wind.
After an old poetry

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...
I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
At the hour when the city lights come on
and away you hear the sound of a siren
the restless sound of the vessel ...

...

They look at faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
For eternity...

Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blink orbit, smile straight
You take my hands ... and tighten my chest ...

...
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blink orbit, smile straight
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...
...
It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...
I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my love, my sweet.

Cei trei purceluși

În ziua acee de vară urcasem cu mașina, toată familia
Pe drumul care duce la Lunca Florii
Departe în munți....

Urcsem pe muntele Bou, drept în vârfu lui cel mai înalt
De unde sedeschidea o imagine panoramică
Asupra munților din apropiere, a celor două vârfuri apropiate
A dealurilor ce se ondulau îndepărtare
Purând pe marginile lor vălurite case, mici punctulețe albe
Văzute în depătare

Pe pajiștea de-n verde închis, degrade interminabil de verde
și de galben, sub sărutarea soarelui mitic
care aducea la viață atâtea creaturi, atâtea ființe vii
atâtea sate și cătune pierdute în depărtare
care parcă zumzăiau, șlipoteau, fremătau cu glasul lor aspru

de unde se ridica biruitoare
imaginea atâtor pământuri, Doamne!...

..

Vezi îmi spune tata, acolo sunt munțșii Sibinului, ai Sibiului
Îmi spunea tata, arătând în depărtare
Pe-acolo am fost la Magdi, la Dieter și la Feri în Sibiu...

...

Fără să vreau m-am gândit la cartea ilustrată cu cei trei purceluși
Văzând dealurile verzi, galbene
În diferite nunațe ale verelui, care parcă se îngemănau
Într-un curcubeu strălucitor
Pe munții dimprejur.

..
Fără să vreau m-am gândit la oamenii care trăiau pe acești munți
În aceste cătune, în aceste sate pierdute în zre
Care toți trăiau, dormeau, se trezeau, mâncau
Își aduceau mâncare de te miri unde,și trăiau acolo,
în vârful muntelui.

...

Cei trei purceluși trăiau aievea în munții dimprejur,
Pe dealurile stropite cu verde, cu galben
Pe iarba care strălucea albă în bătaia vântului
Sticlindu-i frunzele lunguiețe în soare

Mișcată cu repeziciune de adierile aprige de vânt
În vârf de munte.

...

Trăiam întreg isticismul și poezia acelei zile de vară, în munte
și m-am aplecat, cu fața orbită de lumină
să ridic o piatră, alcătuită din mai multe straturi concentrice de rocă
ntrepătrunse cu mică, cu minereu
care-și avea vechimea ei frumusețea și duritatea ei.

...

De pe vâțrful de munte din stânga, doi ciobani cu oile le cârmeau pe șaua
Ce lega cele două vârfuri, cu traistele în spinare
și cu câinii ciobănești după ei
și tata s-a oprit cu ei de vorbă, și să închine un pahar
de țuică

..

Pe pajiștea de-n verde închis, degrade interminabil de verde
și de galben, sub sărutarea soarelui mitic
care aducea la viață atâtea creaturi, atâtea ființe vii
atâtea sate și cătune pierdute în depărtare
care parcă zumzăiau, șlipoteau, fremătau cu glasul lor aspru

de unde se ridica biruitoare
imaginea atâtor pământuri, Doamne!...

Three Little Pigs

On that summer day I was riding the car, the whole family
On the road that leads to the Flori Lunca
Far in the mountains ....

Climb up Mount Bou, right at its highest peak
From where the panoramic image sits
Over the nearby mountains, the two nearby peaks
The hills that were rolling away
Carrying on the edges of their flimsy houses, small white dots
Seen in the distance

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious
the image of so many lands, Lord!

..

See my dad tells me, there are the mountains of Sibiu, of Sibiu
My father was telling me, looking away
I went to Magdi, Dieter and Ferries in Sibiu ...

...

Without wishing I thought of the illustrated book with the three pigs
Seeing the green, yellow hills
Different weddings of the summer, which seem to be twinning
In a bright rainbow
On the mountains around.

..
Without wishing I thought of the people who lived in these mountains
In these hamlets, in these villages lost in the creek
That everyone lived, slept, woke up, ate
They would bring their food to marvel at where, and they lived there,
at the top of the mountain.

...

The three pigs lived in the mountains around,
On the hills sprinkled with green, with yellow
On the grass that gleamed white in the wind
Blowing its leaves long into the sun

Quickly moved by the windy expressions
At the top of the mountain.

...

I lived the whole historicism and poetry of that summer day, in the mountains
and I bent down, face blinded by light
to lift a stone, consisting of several concentric layers of rock
it was interspersed with small ore
who had her beauty, beauty and toughness.

...

From the mountain peak on the left, two shepherds with sheep rode them on the saddle
What connected the two peaks, with the sadness in the back
and with the shepherd dogs after them
and my father stopped talking to them and worshiped a glass
of pumice

..

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious
the image of so many lands, Lord!

Te doresc și Te iunesc, Victor, dragostea mea
Ceruri albastre

De eparte se vedeau tufelee înalte de trandafiri clătinânu-se
Lovite de furtună...
Dorian se grăbi, trebuia să ajungă la 7 la Cathy acasă
Erau o ploaie și un vânt turbate
Parcă cum nu mai văzuse niciodată....

Un fulger despică cerul șise scurse în depărtare
Acolo unde munții se băteau
În capete
Dorian zâmbi, gândindu-se la basmele copilăriei
Trecuse atât de mult de atunci...

Dar Dorian parcă vedea peste tot împrejurul lui munți
Bătându-se în capete....
Când deodată un trăsnet căzu în pământ, la depărtare de câțiva pași
Lângă un fag mare ce străjuia singur
În partea lui stâângă.

Deodtă hainele lui se albiră de fulger
și rămaseră așa albe
cu apa șiroinduu-i pe piept, pe mâini
zbicindu-se sub ochii lui neînchipuit de repede...

Dorian se șterse la ochi tulburat
Nevenindu-i să-iși creadă ochilor
Dar mâinile lui abia dacăerau puțin umede
și brațele jilave de ploaie
noroo amenințători, treceau spre Apus
îngrămădindu-se ca fuioare de vânt și furtună albastre-violet
ca niște copii amenințători
puși pe plâns.

...

Cerul era o cabalccadă de nori
Albastre ca cearceafurile de atlazz ale miresei lui
Grăbinu-se să se înfășoare unul într-altul
La mijloc

Când deodtă se făcu umbră de-a binelea.
Soarele, semeț se ivea feciorelnic pintre noirii negri
Lumânând pământul cu umbra lor
Muiată în fir de diamante.

Era o răcoare plăcută, o briză caldă trecea tremurând printre
Tufele de trandafiri roșii și roz
El se apropia și se tot apropia
Se apropia din ce în ce.... din ce în ce...

Hainele lui rămaseră albe, zbicite dupăploaie
Luminând ca un soare tremurător, sclipitor
Așa cum trecea pe stradă
Ca un mănunchi de raze izvorând din el...

Ajunse la poart.
Cathy se ivi tremurând de după tufelede trandafiri roșii
și i se aruncă în brațe.
Dragostea mea... șopti ea... ai venit la timp
Pe o ploaie ca asta n-aș fi crezut
Pe un vânt ca ăsta

Aicila tine e bine, surâse el
Cuprinzând-o cu brațele și trăgând-o spre sine
La pieptul său
Simțindu-iumezeala hainlor
Răcoarea lor catifelată plăcută...

și aici a plouat, îngăimă ea
cuprinzțndu0u-i gâtul și privindu-lîn ochi
apoi ascunzându-și fața la ppieptul lui.
Deodată Dorian se aplecă

și o sărută gingaș pe buzele ei de lotus îmbobocite
în vreme ce un trandafir roz se rupse deasupra lor, căzându-i
și alunecându-i lui Dorian pe umăr.
Dragostea mea

șopti ea, sărutându-i umărul.
Apoi buzele lor se lipiră spasmodic într-un sărut lung
Care-i străbătu până în tălpi
Ca și cum un fulger s-arfiscurs în pământ.

Cathy îi simți buzele lui parfumate dulci
Ca două petale gingașe
De trandafir
Ca un șerbet parfumat și înmiresmat de trandafiri.

..

Cathy șopti tânărul tulburat
Te iubesc dragostea mea... știi...
Oh, Dorian și eu
Te iubesc nespus de mult....dulcele meu, dragostea mea...

..

....

Când deodtă se făcu umbră de-a binelea.

Soarele, semeț se ivea feciorelnic pintre noirii negri
Lumânând pământul cu umbra lor
Muiată în fir de diamante.

Era o răcoare plăcută, o briză caldă trecea tremurând printre
Tufele de trandafiri roșii și roz
El se apropia și se tot apropia
Se apropia din ce în ce.... din ce în ce...

Hainele lui rămaseră albe, zbicite dupăploaie
Luminând ca un soare tremurător, sclipitor
Așa cum trecea pe stradă
Ca un mănunchi de raze izvorând din el...

Dorian se șterse la ochi tulburat
Nevenindu-i să-iși creadă ochilor
Dar mâinile lui abia dacăerau puțin umede
și brațele jilave de ploaie
noroo amenințători, treceau spre Apus
îngrămădindu-se ca fuioare de vânt și furtună albastre-violet
ca niște copii amenințători
puși pe plâns.....

Blue skies

From the side we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home
It was a rain and wind blown
As if he had never seen it before.

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white
with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes

But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening noroo, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.

...

The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlazz sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle

When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in diamond thread.

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this I would not have believed
On a wind like this

This is fine, he smiled
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself
At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down

and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.

My love

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

Cathy felt his sweet scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

..

Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

..

....

When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in diamond thread.

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening noroo, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
crying .....
te iubesc, Tudor, dragostea me.

Te ubesc Tudor, Puiul emu.
Te doresc, Dragul meu Dulcișor. Te iubesc,Dragulmeu, Puiul meuVictor.

Cu argintate unde...
Te iubesc şi Te doresc, Victor,Dulcelemeu, Dulceața me.

Se lăsă seara, cu aripi mpoi și voluptuoase, înre spume
Ale mării ce intra cu argintate unde
În camera de visşi deplăcere
În camera de agoonie și direre...

...
..

Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Pyuiul meu.
Priin unde înotam ca o naiadă
Când părul greu de aur las’ să cadă
Pe umerele-mi,pe brațe goale,sidefate
De nudă nimfă,cu arggint perlate.
Te doresc, Victor, Dragostea mea. ...
...

Ne-am îtâlnit în vise de plăcere
Ne-am întâlnit în vise dedurere
Săruturile tale moi,și netede, curate
Îmi intră-n pânzanopții, cu argint pudrate.

...

Penisul tău,ca un șarp din adânc, glămând
Îmi intră-n fluturele moale, de năduf gemând
Se lasă să cadă în ape ne-ntrerupte
Peste dorințe lâncede, stătute...

..

Avide o nouă viață
Poate de-o nouă dimineață, când Aurora bătu cu degete livizi în geam
și păsările dimineații cântă cu trstețe
pe un ram.

Ne-am îtâlnit în vise de plăcere
Ne-am întâlnit în vise dedurere
Săruturile tale moi,și netede, curate
Îmi intră-n pânzanopții, cu argint pudrate.
..

Pe sâni coboară buze dulci
Precum sunt vaiereleprelungi,țâșnite dintr-un piept de stâncă
Se-amestecă cu apa gurii cea adâncă
...

Năluca intră adțnc,tot mai adânc complet
În fluture plăpând și desuet
Dorințe pătimașe de vițel gumind

Când apa bate tare, tot mai tare-n grind.

...

Blanca aflăcă din leagăn
Domnul ete al tău Mire
Scâncește ca prin vis copil
Laale taleșoapte de iubire

Lasă-ț fațatacea dulce
Peste alemelebuze dulci
Suub razaovhiiului senin
A tale brațe să le culci

Lasă-ți fațatacea dulce
șiochiinegrăit de dulci...

....

Pe sâni coboară buze dulci
Precum sunt vaiereleprelungi,țâșnite dintr-un piept de stâncă
Se-amestecă cu apa gurii cea adâncă
...
Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Pyuiul meu.
Priin unde înotam ca o naiadă
Când părul greu de aur las' să cadă
Pe umerele-mi,pe brațe goale,sidefate
De nudă nimfă,cu arggint perlate.
Te doresc, Victor, Dragostea mea. ...

With silver undines ...

He left the evening, with thick, voluptuous wings, in foam
Of the sea coming in with silver
In the room of visions displacement
In the room of agony and direction ...

...
..
I watched where I swam like a swim
When heavy golden hair lets it fall
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways
Nude nymph, with pearl silver.
...

We met in dreams of pleasure
We met in sweet dreams
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.

...

Your penis, like a snake from deep, groaning

I get my soft butterflies, gnarled moaning
It is allowed to fall into uninterrupted waters
Over lustful wishes, standing ...

..

He craves a new life
Maybe a new morning when Aurora slammed her fingers into the window
and the birds in the morning sing with gossip
on a branch.

We met in dreams of pleasure
We met in sweet dreams
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean
My butterfly come in, with silver powder.
..

Sweet lips come down on her breasts
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest
Mix with the mouth water
...

The ghost enters deep, deeper and deeper
In butterflies flaking and obsolete
Passionate wishes for milking calf
When the water is pounding, it gets louder.

...

Blanca is in the swing
Lord is your Mire
It flashes like a child's dream
Yours love of love

Leave your face sweet
Over sweet German foodstuffs
Under the serene ray
Your arms to sleep on

Leave your sweet face
sweet and blackened by sweets ...

....

Sweet lips come down on her breasts
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest
Mix with the mouth water
...
I love you, my sweetness, my baby.
I watched where I swam like a swim
When heavy golden hair lets it fall
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways

Nude nymph, with pearl silver.

Te iubesv, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Puișor.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Di lotuși roz-roșii, abia îmbobociți...

Cu ochii în npoianul ede amintiri
Din cutia cu fotogrfii,un tânăr bărbat o prives.
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă
Totuși încărcată de suferință
...
Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea
Sau ar f revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte
Ochii lui o priveau...
Parcă de-aproape, parcă depate....

...

Un surâs trist pe buzele lui roșii,muitae-n azur
Peste care scobora albastrul tulbure
Al ochilor, atât de pur...
Cu cearcăne săpate pe sub safirele de-azur
Easupraobrazului tăiat în piatră, dur.

..

Un gâtca un lujer de lotus, ușor arcuit....
S deschidea-n cămașa descheiată
Peste pieptul lui cad, învolt, de tânăr oibit.

..
Nasl cu orbitee lui goale, avea nările fremătătoare
Ca o mică jivină speriată
Înmiezul pădurii gnită de lupi
Cu osaturanobilă, subțire, pe care îndoite lacrimi
De obidă rupi...

...

Cu ochii în npoianul ede amintiri
Din cutia cu fotogrfii,un tânăr bărbat o prives.
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă
Totuși încărcată de suferință
...
Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea
Sau ar f revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte
Ochii lui o priveau...
Parcă de-aproape, parcă depate....

..

Cathy, rpsti l... și voce lui era joasă
Totuși caldă, vibrantă,melodioasă

Pe când pieptușu lui se arcui ca un arc
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

...

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vremi
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...
La buzeletale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

..

și o cuprinse tare, mai tare, mai aproape, mai aproape
o noaptea dă neasemuită noapte
întunecimii din ai lorochi sorbind dulxceața
aăropierii tainice, duioase, dulci... O, Cathy,
șopti el... și frntea ta palidă încet pe almeu piept s-o culci
lăsând ca pradă gurii mele
a tale buze neasemuit de dulci...

..

Cathy, rpsti l... și voce lui era joasă
Totuși caldă, vibrantă,melodioasă
Pe când pieptușu lui se arcui ca un arc
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

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La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...
La buzeletale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

..
Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-mbpbociți
De incandescența nopții arzând văpaie
De fulgerul denouri, lucind, dulce trăsniți.

..

și di cer cade o dulce ploaie
peste creștetele adoi iubiți
pe când luna dă dulce văpaie
pchilorlor calzi, abia deschiși, îndrăgostiți...

..

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vremi
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă

La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...
La buzeletale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

..
Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-mbpbociți
De incandescența nopții arzând văpaie
De roșeața sângelui, palpitând, loiți....

.....
Cu ochii în npoianul ede amintiri
Din cutia cu fotogrfii,un tânăr bărbat o prives.
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă
Totuși încărcată de suferință
...
Din noianul de amintiri, in cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
Privea... în dimeniunea plină de amărăciune a lumii
Până în străfundul său.

...

Până în străfund bău cupa suferinței și amărăciuniine'ndrurătoare
Chinuit și jalnic arde de viuca Nessus
Poate el să mai re'nvie
Luminos și pur, ca Pasărea Phoenix?...

Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinreții
Care intră,nepăzit de nimic, vulnerabil și vonic
Pe ușa plină de promisuni a Veții
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde
Îl aștepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri
și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....
....
El, tânăr inocent
Cu mâini de floare și de lapte
Asculta ascunsele, înfioratele ei șoapte
Gata să treacă în foc și sabie pentru ea
Gata să treacă în Nemurire pentru ea
Pentru Dragostea Sa?...
...
Cu mâinile albe ca floarea albă de cireș
Acest tânăr ales
Pe obrazul pe care mijeau primele tuleie ale Bărbăției
Acest Fecior
E din Grădina Raiului cules?...
...
Cu sânii gei de Viață și de lapte
Lumea îl aștepta, la deschisele ei canate

Să-i dea să bea potirul
Neprihănitelor păcate
Să alăpteze dorințele celui Ales.
...
Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinreții
Care intră,nepăzit de nimic, vulnerabil și voinic
Pe ușa plină de promisuni a Veții
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde
Îl șatepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri
și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....
...
Părul lui blond dat în spic
Subțire și mătăsos
Încadra chipul rotund,alacestui tânăr frumos
Curios...
Care nu ajunsese încă în Tărâmul de Jos
Subțire, plin de lapte și voinic...
..
La ușa Raiului
Oare cine bate?.. cine s-a grăbit să intre
Pe nemuritoarele sale, albe Canate?...
Din noianul de amintiri, in cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
O privea...
...
Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru o mamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devine bărbat?...
...
Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul primăvara, zbura în dimensiunea
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii
În dimensiunea rară, dealã a dragostei
Adevărate, pure, absolute
Precum era bătaia inimii sale, prin bluza subțire, albastră
Ca o promisune și un legământ
La ușa dragostei.
...
Buzele copilărești deschise într-un murmur
Peste marea de-azur
Părul blond în șuvițe blond-castanii copilărești
Acolo unde încetezi să mai exiști
și numai ești...
...
Ochii-aplecați peste-un mister
Peste răsufletul de ger din zăpezile trandafirii
Acolo unde încetezi să exiști
și-ncepi să fii...
Să Fii...

...
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

Two lots rosy-red, barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
S opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow

Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your hot pipet call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

and he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
one night gives the same night
the darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
he whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
leaving my mouth as a prey
to your lips, especially sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your hot pipet call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
Lituain's lips opened softly
Like two aba-mbpboci-pink lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky a sweet rain falls
over the beloved shrimps
while the moon gives sweet tones
hot dogs, barely open, in love ...

..

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your hot pipet call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
Lituain's lips opened softly
Like two aba-mbpboci-pink lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
From the memory stick, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its depth.

...

To the depths I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...
I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood

This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen one.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though i his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
Hos blond hair given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...
...the look of his blue eyes, as the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of young young man

Ready to enter the floody door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes

Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google translate

The last two strophs are translated by Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc Tudor, Dorit Puișor, Dragostea mea.
Dragostea mea, Victor, T doresc și Te iubesc, ppuiul meu drag și dule, dulceața mea.
Din noianul de amintiri...

Din noianul de amintiri, in cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
O privea...

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceața
Recunoașterii tainice, un tânăr o prvea.

Ochii săi căprui,inocenți, visători
Priveau parcă într-un dincolo, într-un absoșut numenal
În dimeniunea ideală a poeziei
În tărâmul înfiorat de promisiuni, al dragostei.

...

Părul, lăsat de-a lungul figurii sale ovale, inocente
În care se fgiceau primele tușuri bărbătești
Era șatn, cu șuvițe ondulate, blonde
Moale și luminos, ca pânza argintată, aurie de stele a cerului.

...
Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceața
Recunoașterii tainice, un tânăr o prvea.

..

Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul toamna, zbura în dimensiunea
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii
În dimensiunea rar, deală a dragostei

Adevărate, pure, absolute
Precum era bătaa inimii sale, prin cămașa subțire, albstră
Ca o promisune și un legământ
La ușa dragostei.

...

Din noianul de amintiri, in cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
O privea...

Figura sa vulnerabilă, sensibilă, părea decupată
Dintr-un Arhetip
Îngropat adânc în sufletul tuturor mamelor.

Arhetipul lui Iisus, inocentul și neprihănitul Mântuitor
Gata să intre în tumultul năprasnic al vieții
Acolo unde Lumea nu-i v aduce decât suferință
și Răstignire.

...

Din noianul e amintiri, învăluit în oceanul de impresiuni gingașe
Ieșite parcă din penelul unui pictor
Care este Lumea, un tânăr o privea.

Cu ochiilui c azurul cerului, două nestemate muiate în fir deargint
și în picuri strălucitori de rouă
două pietre prețioase arznd ca doi picuri strălucitori
de absolut

tânărul privea în nemuritoarele grădini ale cerului
în dimeniunea rară, ideală a poeziei.

A dragostei.

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceața

Recunoașterii tainice, un tânăr o prvea.

...
Buzele lui rotunde, pline arcuite
Ca sărutul răcoros al mării, ca tunetul grațios al muntelui
Ca susurul izvoarelor pe prund
Erau sărutate de roua dimineții, de gândul lui îmbobocit
De primele icăriri ale dragostei

Acolo unde suferința se ghicea întreagă –
 șiel o primea întreagă
cu umilința și uitarea de sine pe care o aduce în suflet dragostea.

..

Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul toamna, zbura în dimensiunea
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii
În dimensiunea rar, dealǎ a dragostei

Adevărate, pure, absolute
Precum era bătaa inimii sale, prin cămașa subțire, albstră
Ca o promisune și un legământ
La ușa dragostei.

...

O Poete, cuvintele ți-s prea puține
Pentru a descrie intrarea în lume a unui tânăr fecior
Pe armăsarul său alb, impetuos, suflând în spume
Acolo unde mărețele și impunătoarele sale fapte
Vor rămâne petru vecie înregistrate

De harul povestitor al mulțimii
Pregătită să-ți primească Eroul, și să-l poarte spre biruință.
Acolo era un El
În ochii Lui era o Ea...

Sau poate blânda stea
Descriind un arabesc arhitectonic, căzând
În luminoasele câmpii azalee.

...
From the nojan of rememberings...

From the nojan with rememberings, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngman,with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her..

...

What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the oment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...

From the nojan of rememberings, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman was looking at her.

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a numenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In therealm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was bron-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes
Soft and lighty, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

..

What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than te moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?..

From the nojan of remembrings, from the records wrapped inthe mist
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue yes, as the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young youngman
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with rememberings, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngman,with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her..

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype

Buried deply in the soul of all mothers.

The Archetype of Jesus,the innocent and unsinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of rememberings, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a youngman
He was looking at her.

With His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones interwined with silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stonesburning like two brightfuldrops
Of absolute

The youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimesion of the poetry.

Of love.

...

What can be more thrilling for a mother
Than te moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?..

From the nojan of rememberings, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea, is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They wee kissed bt the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfullness which brings in the soul only love
..

The look of his blue yes, as the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young youngman
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young youngman
On his white, impetuos horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes it was a Her...

Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an rabesque architectonic, falling down
In the brightful azalea fields.

...
Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu puișor, dragostea mea.

Dive into me ...

Silences of gold, myrrh and incense float in the translucent air of May
I'll just wait an hour for you to stay
A spring, dressed in yellow belts ...

The scent of your roses descends to the earth
The sprinter and the humpbacker are invited
What suture branches blossomed with cherry and apple
Pleasant to the heart as the mind had ...
...

On the bench in the heresy what goodbye
With his mouth undone by the tulip
Let me be filled with dreamy abstractions
and the silence in my show falls hard ...

I was when I did not freeze, today I see myself and it is not ....
star icon that died
slowly in the sky it goes up ...

just as ours perish in the deep night
the icon of the dead quiver
is still following us ...

...

Luceafăr started. His wings were growing in the sky
and paths of infinite lives passed
in so many moments ...

...

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished….
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, defending
you disappeared
..

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...

Te iubesc, Victor,Soțiorul meu Dulce..
Te dorec.
Di lotuși roz-roșii, abia îmbobociți...

Cu ochii în npoianul ede amintiri
Din cutia cu fotogrfii,un tânăr bărbat o prives.

Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă
Totuși încărcată de suferință
...
Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea
Sau ar f revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte
Ochii lui o priveau...
Parcă de-aproape, parcă depate....

...

Un surâs trist pe buzele lui roșii,muitae-n azur
Peste care scobora albastrul tulbure
Al ochilor, atât de pur...
Cu cearcăne săpate pe sub safirele de-azur
Easupraobrazului tăiat în piatră, dur.

..

Un gâtca un lujer de lotus, ușor arcuit....
S deschidea-n cămașa descheiată
Peste pieptul lui cad, învolt, de tânăr oibit.

..
Nasl cu orbitee lui goale, avea nările fremătătoare
Ca o mică jivină speriată
Înmiezul pădurii gnită de lupi
Cu osaturanobilă, subțire, pe care îndoite lacrimi
De obidă rupi...

...

Cu ochii în npoianul ede amintiri
Din cutia cu fotogrfii,un tânăr bărbat o prives.
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă
Totuși încărcată de suferință
...
Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea
Sau ar f revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte
Ochii lui o priveau...
Parcă de-aproape, parcă depate....

..

Cathy, rpsti l... și voce lui era joasă
Totuși caldă, vibrantă,melodioasă
Pe când pieptușu lui se arcui ca un arc
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

...

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vremi
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...
La buzeletale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

..

și o cuprinse tare, mai tare, mai aproape, mai aproape
o noaptea dă neasemuită noapte

întunecimii din ai lorochi sorbind dulxceața
aăropierii tainice, duioase, dulci... O, Cathy,

șopti el... și frntea ta palidă încet pe almeu piept s-o culci
lăsând ca pradă gurii mele
a tale buze neasemuit de dulci...

..

Cathy, rpsti l... și voce lui era joasă
Totuși caldă, vibrantă,melodioasă
Pe când pieptușu lui se arcui ca un arc
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

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Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vremi
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...
La buzeletale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

..
Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-mbpbociți
De incandescența nopții arzând văpaie
De fulgerul denouri, lucind, dulce trăsniți.

..

și di cer cade o dulce ploaie
peste creștetele adoi iubiți
pe când luna dă dulce văpaie
pchilorlor calzi, abia deschiși, îndrăgostiți...

..

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vremi
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...
La buzeletale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

..
Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-mbpbociți
De incandescența nopții arzând văpaie
De roșeața sângelui, palpitând, loiți....

.....
Cu ochii în npoianul ede amintiri
Din cutia cu fotogrfii,un tânăr bărbat o prives.
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă
Totuși încărcată de suferință
...
Din noianul de amintiri, in cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
Privea... în dimeniunea plină de amărăciune a lumii
Până în străfundul său.

...

Până în străfund bău cupa suferinței și amărăciuniine’ndrurătoare
Chinuit și jalnic arde de viuca Nessus
Poate el să mai re’nvie
Luminos și pur, ca Pasărea Phoenix?... te iunsc, Victor,Puiul meu dulce.
..
Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinreții
Care intră,nepăzit de nimic, vulnerabil și vonic
Pe ușa plină de promisuni a Veții
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde
Îl aștepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri
și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....
....
El, tânăr inocent
Cu mâini de floare și de lapte
Asculta ascunsele, înfioratele ei șoapte
Gata să treacă în foc și sabie pentru ea
Gata să treacă în Nemurire pentru ea
Pentru Dragostea Sa?...
...
Cu mâinile albe ca floarea albă de cireș
Acest tânăr ales
Pe obrazul pe care mijeau primele tuleie ale Bărbăției
Acest Fecior
E din Grădina Raiului cules?...
...
Cu sânii gei de Viață și de lapte
Lumea îl aștepta, la deschisele ei canate
Să-i dea să bea potirul
Neprihănitelor păcate
Să alăpteze dorințele celui Ales.
...
Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinreții
Care intră,nepăzit de nimic, vulnerabil și voinic
Pe ușa plină de promisuni a Veții
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde
Îl șatepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri
și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....
...
Părul lui blond dat în spic
Subțire și mătăsos
Încadra chipul rotund,alacestui tânăr frumos
Curios...
Care nu ajunsese încă în Tărâmul de Jos
Subțire, plin de lapte și voinic...
..
La ușa Raiului
Oare cine bate?.. cine s-a grăbit să intre
Pe nemuritoarele sale, albe Canate?...

Din noianul de amintiri, in cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
O privea...
...
Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru o mamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devine bărbat?...
...
Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul primăvara, zbura în dimensiunea
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii

În dimensiunea rară, deală a dragostei
Adevărate, pure, absolute
Precum era bătaia inimii sale, prin bluza subțire, albastră
Ca o promisune și un legământ
La ușa dragostei.
...
Buzele copilărești deschise într-un murmur
Peste marea de-azur
Părul blond în șuvițe blond-castanii copilărești
Acolo unde încetezi să mai exiști
și numai ești...
...
Ochii-aplecați peste-un mister
Peste răsufletul de ger din zăpezile trandafirii
Acolo unde încetezi să exiști
și-ncepi să fii...
Să Fii...
...
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

Two lots rosy-red, barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like very far away..

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

and he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
one night gives the same night
the darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,

he whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
leaving my mouth as a prey
to your lips, so sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your hot breast call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

..

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
From the memory nojan, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in dimension full of bitterness
of the world
Up to its core.

...

To the depths I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?

Te iuiubesc Andrei, Piulmeu.
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Dragostea mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen one.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though i his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
Hos blond hair given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn’t arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son

He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, as the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of young young man

Ready to enter the floody door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Victor

Te iubesc nespus, Tudor, Puiul meu iubit.
Dulcele meu drag, te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu. Victor, dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcișorul meu.
Drowning aggressive herds



te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, dulcele meu, piul meu.

Such a miserable life
Ascending on his ramparts "to be" ...
I woke up feeling like I did not have it anymore
nothing to communicate
than mental states
the detection of consciousness in its intermittent movement
among things.

...

and what is poetry? ... other than a state of mind?
More than just a mood ...
Exalted, manic states

In which the smell of metal penetrated me
and lilies
perfume with an unknown source
unidentifiable elsewhere than in my own mind.

...

Otherwise, I would have scared you.
But I knew it was a consequence
Of serious psychological decompensation
Olfactory hallucinations.

..

My mom walked over to me
I told her I smelled metal - and then lilies
but she changed the word ...

always hoping I'm doing well
I'm getting deeper into the shelf of the
unconsciousness
which mixes so much with my own
life, waking up
that I no longer distinguish them ...

.....

A lucid hallucinatory state
Like the ones I have for a few years
With ordered, colorful waters
That I wear in front of my eyes
From one room to another

Seeing them everywhere I see my eyes
Like a colorful watermark
monitor
Cutting from the drowning of the aggressive herds
A smoother second ...

.....

Faced with the unforgiving challenges of life
All you have to do is stay
To stifle the rough rush
What I have no way to solve -
Cutting on the drowning of the aggressive herds
A game is more pure.

...

Converting Eros to Thanatos
and the anecdotal occurrence
as Eugen Simion would say
in devotion, in Bhakti Yoga
which in my case

has always worked without fail.

The pain of every sunrise ...

The pain of every sunrise
you are burdened with everything alive
and all you can love
put in coffin boards

...

It's hard - this is an undertaking
It's heavy and unnamed
When you don't go deep down
Weighed no wine ...

..

For you have betrayed me with my own hands
and you have put my destiny on me
for you have betrayed me with a smile, yet not a hundred books are laid
but in blue stars, it is written.

...

Because you sent me to fire and hell
At the Fire that burns forever eternal Hell
At best I can see you
The one with the hyena's smile.

..

The pain of every sunrise
you are burdened with everything alive
and all you can love
put in coffin boards

...

It's hard - this is an undertaking
It's heavy and unnamed
When you don't go deep down
Weighed no wine ...

Te doresc, Puiulmeu Victor, T iubesc,Dulceaț mea, Puiul meu...
Era o zifrumosă de august târziu...

Era o zi frumoasă de august târziu...
Ieșisem din colibă, eu și Bujor, și mersesemm în ograda luui Țariu,
să ne uităm după vaci.
Soarele scăpătase de după-amiază
și coliba lui Țariu se întrevedea ca un schelet de bârne

afumate, pste timp

domesticăși slbatică în același timo
cu pridvorul ei solid, din lemn afumat, vraiște,în neorânduială
cu lacătulpus șistăpânoo plecați...

mirosea tare a brânză de oi, sărată tare
și pusă la butoi
aerul aducea moesme necunoscute
deprine bruării bune de cules, din ograda lui Țariu
de care erau plini pruniiînalți și văratici.

Surana în frunte păștea pe coamadealului
Cu caăpul spre cest, deunde venau de obicei
Norii încărcați de furtună.

Alăturo de ea Dumana și vițelușele,
Pușa și Florana
Întoarse care cum
Muxând cu partaea suprioarăa botului iarba grasă
Păioasă, necosită de câșiva ani

și rmegând-o molcome, tihnite de frumusețea acelui
augist târziu, cu cerul oo pleiadă
de albastru închis
intens, puternic,oțelot

eu și Bujor o cotimpe lângăvăcuțedupă ce le cârmim
și le adunăm laolaltă
și mergem să vedem gântâna
cu vechea hidrocentrală
la care nu mai fusesem de ani.

Trcem prin pădurea de fagi și brazi, înaltă
De-un verde metalic
Trecând pe o cărăruie ca o curmătură,
trecând spre stânga
șiapoi pierzându-seîn meandre, în jos.

Trecem miculpârăiaș de la intrare
și în curând ajungem la pârâul falnic al Roșiei
din inima pădurii
sărind pestepietre și peste roci învăluite în mică
și minereu

era acoloomică insulăa lui Euthanasius...
nisipurile strălucitoare ale liAugust...
pârâul sckipind în soare ca un balaurde lumină
fântâna joasă, mcul iezer cu grătar,
care oprea frunzele
și pietrișul

și pe unde apa intra nestingherită, ca in șipot neostpot

pentru amișcatirbina microgidrocentalei.
Cu lopețileei ca un mptor de acion
Învâârtite lla dreapta de apaacre trecea,
Turbina producea energie
Curent electric

...

Atunci însănu mai era în folosință.
Ă înlpcuiese deja generatorul de curent
și noioprivim cu părere de rău
curășând-i de frunze, ca s-o privim mai bine.

..

Era o zi de august nesfârșută.
Ieșisem din colibă, eu și Bujor, și mersesemm în ograda luui Țariu,
să ne uităm după vaci.
Soarele scăpătase de după-amiază
și coliba lui Țariu se întrevedea ca un schelet de bârne
afumate, pste timp

domesticăși slbatică în același timo
cu pridvorul ei solid, din lemn afumat, vraiște,
în neorânduială
cu lacătulpus șistăpânoo plecați...

mirosea tare a brânză de oi, sărată tare
și pusă la butoi
aerul aducea moesme necunoscute
deprine bruării bune de cules, din ograda lui Țariu
de care erau plini pruniiînalți și văratici.

Din acre am cules în acea vară târzie și am umplut poloboacele
Care se vor transforma în țuică de prine
dulce și bună
Căci prinelor li se zicea mierícică
Din caiza dulcețiilor –
șiîn genere era un Augist târziu,
un degradeinterminabilde stele albe
ce împânzeai cerul Roșiei
caun voal de borangic...

It was a dazzling late August ...

It was a beautiful day of late August ...
I had come out of the hut, I and Bujor, and walked to the garden of the Tari,
let's look after the cows.
The sun had escaped the afternoon
Țariu's hut was seen as a skeleton of beams
smoked, over time

domestic and wild at the same time

with its solid porch, of smoked wood, it spontaneously waits
with the latchet and the leash you leave ...

it smelled of sheep's cheese, salty
and put in the barrel
the air brought unknown odors
he learns the good buzz of picking, from Țariu's garden
of which were full of prunes and cousins.

Surana in the forehead was walking on the crest of he hill
With their hooves toward the basket,
they usually came from here
Clouds charged by the storm.

I join with her Dumana and the calves, Pușa and Florana
He turned that whatever
Milking with the upper part of the moss the fat grass
Hairy, unmarried for a few years

and soaking it with molten, soothed by its beauty
late august, with the sky a dark blue fold
intense, strong, steel

Bujor and I climb it next to the cows after we ride them
and we gather them together
and we go to see the mist with the old
hydroelectric power station
which I had not been in for years.

We go through the beech and fir forest, high
Of a metallic green
Passing on a cart like a curb, turning left
and then losing himself in the meander, down.

We pass the little creek from the entrance
and soon we will reach the peat brook of Rosia
from the heart of the forest
jumping over stones and over small rocks
and ore

the island of Euthanasius was ecological.
the bright sands of late August ...
the brook glinting in the sun like a light bulb
the low fountain, the mazer with grid, which stopped the leaves
and gravel

and where the water went in unsteadily, as in a stream
for the microgrid hydrochloride.
With the shovels as an action master
Swirled right by the water, the turbine produced energy
Electrical current

...

But then it was still in use.
He had already turned off the power generator
and we feel bad about it
cleaning them from the leaves, so that we can look better.

..

It was an endless August day.
I had come out of the hut, I and Bujor, and walked to the garden of the Tari,
let's look after the cows.
The sun had escaped the afternoon
Țariu's hut was seen as a skeleton of beams
smoked, over time

domestic and wild at the same time
with its solid porch, of smoked wood, it spontaneously waits
with the latchet and the leash you leave ...

it smelled of sheep's cheese, salty
and put in the barrel
the air brought unknown odors
he learns the good buzz of picking, from Țariu's garden
of which were full of prunes and cousins.

From which I picked up that late summer and stuffed my fleece
Which will turn into sweet and good snack
Because it was said to them Wednesday
From the candy shop -
and he was usually a late Augist, an endless gradient of white stars
what you were pushing the sky of Rosia
like a borangic veil ...

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, puiul meu.
God is Nature...



That evening I had been with Bujor, on the mountain,
on Preluca, after the cattle. When we arrived up
the sun was setting down
in a garland of pink, yellow, orange, russet
flames.

It was a whirlpool of brilliant colours
from yellow and orange, to red, to purple.
The minced clouds, likewise some blush of the breeze
coloured by sunset and white
were stretching all over the sky, likewise being sifted
through a rare sieve.

we went and we drank the cattle at the wooden fountain
underneath the sheep gorge
of Tariu, and then we prepared to turn them
to our lodge.

I had remained on the mountain
near the peak, to admire the sunset. Who knows
how many thoughts were passing through my mind
then, contemplating the clouds
likewise some snows of snow, with forms

of angels, of flowers, of devils, of butterflies
even The God-Father
was reigning on the clouds of the sky.
Without any doubt, I was thinking, even if with other words
that God is the Nature

likewise Baruch Spinoza has asserted with centuries
before, and rightly so
I didn't know too many about God
otherwise than my experience was saying to me
and that was saying much...

And the Psalms of Grandma, and the books of the sister
Ellen G. White
and The Bible from the time of Carol I
whereon I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees
with all, that is, from bark to bark...
....
I remained contemplating the sky
losing itself at the horizon, beyond the herd of stallions
in a realm of the fairytales and tales
which, strangely, was being alive...

....
Te iubesc, Alin, Puiul meu Dulce..

Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea.
Heart-shaped box

În sfânta noapte de Ajun
Cathy și tânărul Alain în sfârșitt se întâlniră...
Cearșafurile erau motolite
de adânci și tulburătoare
Ispite ale dragostei ce avuseseră loc acolo
Străpunse de întunecata dulceață...
A tainelor și ispitelor lumești...

.....

De faptfusese o întâlnire de dragoste tulburătoare și implă.
Mai întâiCathy îi văzu lui Alain chipul
Fața lui rotundă, de lapte
Pe care scânteia roz-aprins o scânteiere ca o văpaie
Erau dulcile șoapte ale amrului
Pe care tânărl le primi îndurerart în iept
și cărora nu ava cum să se împotrivească, cum să lupte.

...

Buzele luica doi lotuși îmbobociți se deschiseră ca un ”A” de mirare
Când o văzu venind spre poartă
Subțire și mlădioasă ca un strugure dat în copt.
Cu sânii ei îmbobociți ca două petle
De trandafir moi și catifelate
Cu surâsul ei de regină a vânătorii
Puțin tandru, puțin ingenuu, puțin întrebător
E îl primi la poartă pe tânărul
Fecior...

....

Cathy, rsti tulburat yânărul
Muindyuu-și buzele într-ale ei, ca într-un pahar de vin
Te iubesc, te doresc
Dulceața mea...

....

Ajunși în cmeră, Alain îi cuprise talia în mâinile lui
Culcându-se lângă ea
și privind-o în ochi cu dragoste, cu infinită dragoste....
iubita mea, ce dor mi-a fost de tine!...
în timp ce sărutări fără de număr
curgeau din buzele lui aprinse și înflăcărate
ca două flăcări de rubin.

.....

Îi sărută cuugingășie sânii, munții albi ai zânylui
Petlalor de rbin înflăcărată
Apoi o pătrunse pânădincolo...
În tărâul de înfiorate mistere
D efoc, cenușă, lapte,miere...

....

Cathy, rsti tulburat yânărul
Muindyuu-și buzele într-ale ei, ca într-un pahar de vin
Te iubesc, te doresc
Dulceața mea...

În sfânta noapte de Ajun
Cathy și tânărul Alain în sfârșitt se întâlniră...
Cearșafurile erau motolite de adânci și tulburătoare
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Cathy, rsti tulburat yânărul
Muindyuu-și buzele într-ale ei, ca într-un pahar de vin
Te iubesc, te doresc
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Cu surâsul ei de regină a vânătorii
Puțin tandru, puțin ingenuu, puțin întrebător
E îl primi la poartă pe tânărul
Fecior...

Ajunși în cmeră, Alain îi cuprise talia în mâinile lui
Culcându-se lângă ea
și privind-o în ochi cu dragoste, cu infinită dragoste....
iubita mea, ce dor mi-a fost de tine!...
în timp ce sărutări fără de număr
curgeau din buzele lui aprinse și înflăcărate
ca două două întredeschise petale
aprinse de lotus...

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night, Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

.....

In fact it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

....

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two ruby flames.

.....

He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of the worldly poems and temptations ...

.....

In fact it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
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He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

Victor, puiul meu, Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Herghelia de armăsari

În ziua aceea trebuise să merg în recunoaștere
Să văd unde este herghelia cu caii
Printre care se afla și Fulga.
Eram cu Bujor. Trecem de vârful Preluca

Și o luăm spre stânga, pe șeaua ce împrejmuia
Muntele și se afla deasupra pădurii
Din Frunți, numită Dâlma Mare.
Eram veseli amândoi, ne opream să ne scrijelim

....

Numele pe fagi, dar Bujor nu mă prea lăsa,
Îmi zicea că nu e bine
Că după o vreme se uscă, așa că
n-am mai scrijelit nimic cu micul briceag

al lui Bujor. Mă opream să citesc diferite nume

pe scoarța fagilor
vedeam tot felul de însemne, de date, inițiale
și inimi străpunse cu săgeată.

......

Soarele era falnic. Era ziua în nămiez
Și iarba era mătăsoasă și foșnea
În adierea vântului.
După o vreme de mers, vedem caii, întreaga herghelie

Unii cai culcați jos, alții în picioare
Adulmecând vântul cu nările.
Iarna, când nu era de lucru, țăranii își lăsau
Liberi caii pe munte

Și ei se adunau și păşteau în herghelii.
Erau o minunăție de roibi roșcați
Și cu stea în frunte
Armăsari albi, cu coama albă ca laptele

....

Era o plăcere să-i privești. Printre ei era și Fulga
noastră.
Mai mergem o vreme, hai-hui
Până unde se întindea gardul ce împrejmuia
Livada unui țăran

Un gard din sârmă ghimpată. Iarba era mătăsoasă.
m-am aplecat să culeg
flori de câmp, și-am rămas cu capul în jos, privind
iarba care se unduia mătăsoasă

cu tulpinile albite de lumina solară.
Și știam că acea clipă
n-o voi uita, probabil, niciodată. Până Bujor mi-a spus:
hai să mergem!...

și-atunci am trecut iar pe lângă caii
care fornăiau liniștiți pe nări
și ne-am întors în lumina unei zile de vară minunate
spre colibă.

....

puiul meu dulce, soțul meu drag, Victor, te iubesc, dragul meu.



te

The herd of stallions
iubesc, dulcele meu puișor.

That day we had to go in recognition, I and my brother
Bujor, to see where is the herd of horses
among which there was Fulga, too. We pass by the Preluca
Peak, and we turn to the left

on the saddle surounding the mountain and there was above
the Forest from Foreheads, called the Big Dick.
We were cheerful both of us, we were stopping
to see the rind of the beeches

and I wanted to write my name on phagai
but Bujor didn't let me to do this, he was saying it is
not right, that after a while they dry out

so I didn't write anything anymore with the little
knife of Bujor.

I was stopping to read different names on the rind
of the beeches
I was seeing all kind of signs, of dates, of initials,
and heart-piercing hearts
....
The sun was towering. It was the day in its climax
and the grass was silky and it was fretting
in the breeze of the wind.
After a time of walking, we see the horses, the entire
herd

Some of them lain down, some of them standing up
Sniffing the wind with the nostrils.
In the summer, when it wasn't work to do
the peasants let their horses free on the mountain.

And they were gathering together and they were feeding
in herds. There were a wonder of red roes
and with a star in the forehead
white horses, with the ridge white as milk
.....
It was a pleasure to look at them. Among them it was
Fulga too, our mare.
We still walk for a while, carelessly
until where it was stretching the fence which was
surrounding the orchard of a peasant.

A fence of barbed wire. The grass was silky.
I bent up to pick up
field flowers, and I remained with the head downward
looking at the grass which was undulating silky
with the stalks bleached by the sunlight.

and I knew that that moment I would never, probably, forget.
Until Bujor said to me:
Let's go!....

and then we passed again besides the horses
which were quietly sobbing on their nostrils
and we came back in the light of a wonderful summer day
to the wooden lodge.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed

Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

…

..
When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

…

.
They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...
..
Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

…

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.
..
Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...
..
Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.
..
Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...
...
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
...
a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels

it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
...
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

…

….
a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
..
Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.
...
With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.
...
and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.
..
A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...
..
His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.
..

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers
..
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces
…

O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihau-Victor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Victor, Tudor dulce, puiul meu, Te iubesc, Iisus al meu
Cartofi fierbinți

În bătrâna bucătărie
Cu o mobilă veche, vopsită de câteva ori
În alb
Cu podea de lemn, acoperită de linoleum
Stau în jurul mesei
Lângă fereastră, membrii familiei.

...
Tatăl, în primul loc, în capul mesei
Cu spatele său larg
Și picioarele depărtate
Așa cum oamenii bărbătești obișnuiesc să șadă
Soția, în mijloc
Înconjurată de copii
Un băiețel și o fetiță

....

Ei iau cina.
Dacă pot spune astfel.
Ei mănâncă mâncarea
O masă sărăcăcioasă, mâncată cu apetit
De întreaga familie:
Cartofi cu brânză.

....

Cartofi fierți, decojiți de coajă
Cu brânză de vaci.
Aburi se ridică din oala pusă pe masă
Și din cartofii calzi, gustoși, aproape fierbinți
Pe care familia îi mănâncă, aproape
Pe nemestecate, și-i înghite.

.....

O veche imagine.
O bucătărie bătrânească, părintească
Cu mobila gata să se dezmembreze
Dar încălzită de fiecare membru al familiei
De aburii fierbinți care ies din cartofi
Și cu toate acestea nu atât de veche
De vreme ce eu însămi eram unul
dintre copii

Sunt unul dintre adulți
Care stau în jurul aceleiași mese vechi
Mâncând cu apetitul insațiabil
Al flămândului
Mâncarea sărăcăcioasă de pe masă.

Există, cu toate acestea, diferențe în felul în care lucrurile depind de Dumnezeu. Unele trăsături ale universului urmează cu necesitate din Dumnezeu – sau, mai precis, din natura absolută a uneia dintre atributele lui Dumnezeu – într-o manieră directă și nemediată. Sunt aspect universale și eterne ale lumii, și ele nu nu intră și nu ies afară din ființă; Spinoza le numește ”moduri infinite”. Ele includ cele mai generale legi ale universului, împreună guvernând toate lucrurile în toate modurile. Din atributul extensiunii urmează principiile guvernând toate obiectele extinse (adevărul geometriei) și legi guvernând mișcarea și restul corpurilor (legile fizicii); din atributul gândirii, urmează legiile gândirii (înțelese de comentatori a fi fie legile logicii, fie legile psihologiei). Lucrurile particulare și individuale sunt în mod cauzal mai îndepărtate de Dumnezeu. Ele nu sunt nimic altceva decât ”proprietăți ale atributelor lui Dumnezeu, sau moduri prin care atributele lui Dumnezeu sunt exprimate într-un fel anumit și determinat” (Ip25c). Mai precis, ele sunt moduri finite.
Sunt două ordine cauzale sau dimensiuni guvernând producerea și acțiunile lucrurilor diferite. Din acest punct de vedere, ele sunt determinate de legile universale ale universului care urmează imediat din natura lui Dumnezeu. Pe de altă parte, fiecare lucru particular este determinat să acționeze și să fie acționat de alte lucruri particulare. Astfel, comportamentul actual al corpului în mișcare este o funcție nu numai a legilor universale de mișcare, dar de asemenea a altor corpuri în mișcare și odihnă care o înconjoară și cu care intră în contact.
Metafizica lui Spinoza asupra lui Dumnezeu este sumarizată în mod elegant într-o frază care apare în ediția latină (dar nu originalul olandez) a Eticii: Dumnezeu, sau Natura”, Deus sive Natura:”Acea ființă eternă și infinită pe care o numim Dumnezeu, sau Natura, acționează din aceeași necesitate cu care el există” (Partea IV, Prefață). Este o frază ambiguă, de vreme ce Spinoza poate fi interpretat ca încercând fie să divinizeze natura sau să-l naturalizeze pe Dumnezeu. Dar pentru cititorul atent nu există nici o intenție greșită a lui Spinoza. Prietenii care, după moartea sa, i-au publicat scrierile trebuie să fi lăsat afară sintagma ”sau Natura” din versiunea olandeză mai accesibilă în mod larg din teama de reacția pe care această identificare o va face, în mod previzibil, în rândul unui public vernacular.
Există, insistă Spinoza, două fațete ale Naturii. În primul rând, este aspectul activ, productiv al universului – Dumnezeu și atributele sale, din care toate celelalte urmează. Aceast este ceea ce Spinoza, angajând aceeași termeni pe care i-a folosit în Tratatul Scurt, numește Natura naturans, ”Natura naturii”. Vorbind în mod strict,

aceasta este identică cu Dumnezeu. Celălalt aspect al universului este cel care este produs și susținut de aspectul activ, Natura naturată, ”Natura naturală”.
Prin Natura naturata înțeleg orice urmează din necesitatea naturii lui Dumnezeu, și din oricare dintre atributele lui Dumnezeu, adică, toate modurile atributelor lui Dumnezeu în măsura în care ele sunt considerate ca lucruri care sunt în Dumnezeu, și nici nu pot fi sau nu sunt concepute fără Dumnezeu. (Ip29s).
Există o anumită dezbatere în literatura de specialitate cu privire la faptul dacă Dumnezeu trebuie să fie identificat cu Natura naturata. Cea mai probabilă interpretare este aceea pe care el a făcut-o, și că modurile infinite și finite nu sunt doar efecte ale lui Dumnezeu sau puterii Naturii, ci ele de fapt sunt inerente în acea substanță infinită. Fie ce poate să fie, înțelegerea fundamentală a lui Spinoza în Cartea Întâi este aceea că Natura este un întreg indivizibil, necauzat, substanțial – de fapt, este singurul întreg substanțial. În afară Naturii, nu este nimic, și tot ce există este o parte a Naturii și este adus în ființă de Natură cu o necesitate deterministă. Această ființă unificată, unică, productivă, necesară este ceea ce se înțelege prin ”Dumnezeu”. Datorită necesității inerente în Natură, nu există nicio teleologie în univers. Dumnezeu sau Natura nu acționează pentru vreo finalitate, și lucrurile nu există pentru vreun scop stabilit. Nu există ”cauze finale”(pentru a folosi fraza Aristoteliană cunoscută). Dumnezeu nu ”face” lucrurile de dragul a orice altceva. Ordinea lucrurilor urmează doar din esența lui Dumnezeu cu un determinism inviolabil. Toate discursurile despre scopurile, intențiile, obiectivele, preferințele sau intențiile lui Dumnezeu este doar o ficțiune antropomorfică.

Puiul meu dulce,
Victor, dragul meu soț, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu.
Bunicul din Roșia

Eram cu bunicul Nicolae, din Roșia
Eu și cu Bujor
Ne dusesem să facem un gard
La pădurea Jirului

Care s-o separe de livezile noastre.
Bunicul își luase în tașca lui verde
De la tata, de la mină
Multe cuie lungi, unele încovoiate

Sau ruginite, dar în opinia bunicului
Încă bune de ceva.
Își luase și toporișca, și un sul de sârmă
Ghimpată

....

Adusă tot de tata de la mină.
Acolo făcea la fața locului ștempți
Bârne de lemn groase
Tăiate de ramuri, c-un vârf ascuțit

Pe care le băga în pământ, la 2-3 metri
Distanță, în gropi special făcute.
Bunicul nu era încă așa de bătrân
Noi eram copii....

Probabil la gimnaziu...

Și se opintea din rărunchi și băga
parii groși în pământ.
Apoi bătea cuiele, la 12-15 milimetri
Unul de altul

......

Și eu cu Bujor întindeam firele ghimpate
De fier prin dreptul fiecărui cui
Când bârnele era gata împlântate
Iar Bunicul le îndoia din lovituri

Scurte și precise, peste firul de fier ghimpat.
Așa ne-am petrecut
O zi întreagă până către seară
În acea liniștită pustietate

Făcând gardul, făcând un lucru adică bun
Și potrivit la casa omului.
Eram pătrunsă de misiunea ce-o aveam
Și bunicul ne zâmbea hâtru

Cu buzele lui vinete, și din ochii mari, verzi,
Parcă puțin triști, deși veseli
Și eu îmi găseam timp și pentru joacă
Să mă strecor în spatele gardului

În livadă. Bunicii din Roșia
Erau și ei niște zeități, ca și părinții
Oameni munciți, până la adânci bătrâneți
Care stăteau la vite în Roșia

Pentru lapte și caș, pe care-l sărau bine
Și îl puneau în butoaie mari
Cu cercuri
Pe care le mai aduceam și acasă.

....

Bunicul Niculaie, cum îi spunea bunica
A dus până de bătrân, cu păr alb
La tâmple, lapte orășenilor,
Peste munții Petrilei, în desagă, pe cal

Ba poate chiar și caș.
Sâmbăta, în zi de odihnă, cobora cu bunica
Frumos înveștmântați
Și se duceau la biserică, la predică.

...

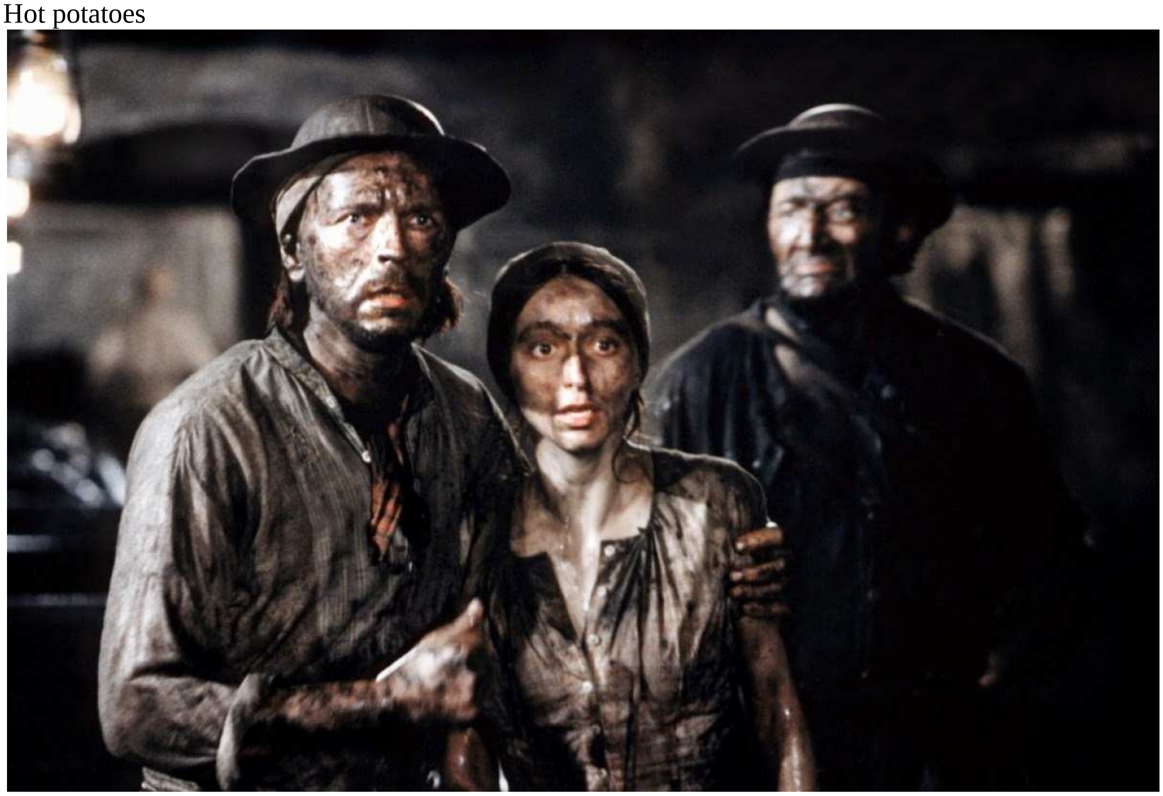
În hainele lor de catifea, în fustă de muselină
Haine de sărbătoare

Cu botinele noi și curate
Se duceau să-și ia rația de spiritualitate

Acești bătrâni cuminți, cu chipuri netede, curate
În haina lor de catifea.

....

Te iuubesc. Te doresc.
Dragostea mea, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu. Dragostea mea dulce, Puiul meu iubit
Soțul meu iubit, Puiul meu dulce,
Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Hot potatoes



In the old kitchen
With an old furniture, painted for some times
In white
With wooden floor, covered by linoleum
Are staying around the table
By the window, the members of the family.

...
Father, in the first place, in the head of the table
With his large back
And the legs apart
Likewise the manly people use to stay
The wife, in the middle
Surrounded by children

A little boy and a girl.
...te iubeesc.

They are having their dinner.
If I can say this way.
They are eating the meal.
An impoverished meal, eaten with appetite
By the whole family:
Potatoes with cheese.
......
Boiled potatoes, peeled by shell
With cow cheese.
Steams are raising up from the pot
Put on the table
And from the warm, almost hot potatoes
Which the family is eating, almost on the unmixed
And swallows them.
.....
An old image.
An old kitchen
With the furniture ready to fall apart
But warmed up by each member of the family
By the hot steams
Which come out from the potatoes
And nevertheless not too old
Since I myself
I was one of the children

I am one of the adults
Which stay around the same old table
Eating with that unsatiable appetite
Of the hungry
The impoverished meal from the table.

There are, however, differences in the way things depend on God. Some features of the universe follow necessarily from God—or, more precisely, from the absolute nature of one of God's attributes—in a direct and unmediated manner. These are the universal and eternal aspects of the world, and they do not come into or go out of being; Spinoza calls them "infinite modes". They include the most general laws of the universe, together governing all things in all ways. From the attribute of extension there follow the principles governing all extended objects (the truths of geometry) and laws governing the motion and rest of bodies (the laws of physics); from the attribute of thought, there follow laws of thought (understood by commentators to be either the laws of logic or the laws of psychology). Particular and individual things are causally more remote from God. They are nothing but "affections of God's attributes, or modes by which God's attributes are expressed in a certain and determinate way" (Ip25c). More precisely, they are finite modes.

There are two causal orders or dimensions governing the production and actions of particular things. On the one hand, they are determined by the general laws of the universe that follow immediately from God's natures. On the other hand, each particular thing is determined to act and to be acted upon by other particular things. Thus, the actual behavior of a body in motion is a function not just of the universal laws of motion, but also of the other bodies in motion and rest surrounding it and with which it comes into contact.

Spinoza's metaphysics of God is neatly summed up in a phrase that occurs in the Latin (but not the original Dutch) edition of the Ethics: "God, or Nature", Deus, sive Natura: "That eternal and infinite being we call

God, or Nature, acts from the same necessity from which he exists" (Part IV, Preface). It is an ambiguous phrase, since Spinoza could be read as trying either to divinize nature or to naturalize God. But for the careful reader there is no mistaking Spinoza's intention. The friends who, after his death, published his writings must have left out the "or Nature" clause from the more widely accessible Dutch version out of fear of the reaction that this identification would, predictably, arouse among a vernacular audience.

There are, Spinoza insists, two sides of Nature. First, there is the active, productive aspect of the universe—God and his attributes, from which all else follows. This is what Spinoza, employing the same terms he used in the Short Treatise, calls Natura naturans, "naturing Nature". Strictly speaking, this is identical with God. The other aspect of the universe is that which is produced and sustained by the active aspect, Natura naturata, "natured Nature".

By Natura naturata I understand whatever follows from the necessity of God's nature, or from any of God's attributes, i.e., all the modes of God's attributes insofar as they are considered as things that are in God, and can neither be nor be conceived without God. (Ip29s).
There is some debate in the literature about whether God is also to be identified with Natura naturata. The more likely reading is that he did, and that the infinite and finite modes are not just effects of God or Nature's power but actually inhere in that infinite substance. Be that as it may, Spinoza's fundamental insight in Book One is that Nature is an indivisible, uncaused, substantial whole—in fact, it is the only substantial whole. Outside of Nature, there is nothing, and everything that exists is a part of Nature and is brought into being by Nature with a deterministic necessity. This unified, unique, productive, necessary being just is what is meant by 'God'. Because of the necessity inherent in Nature, there is no teleology in the universe. God or Nature does not act for any ends, and things do not exist for any set purposes. There are no "final causes" (to use the common Aristotelian phrase). God does not "do" things for the sake of anything else. The order of things just follows from God's essences with an inviolable determinism. All talk of God's purposes, intentions, goals, preferences or aims is just an anthropomorphizing fiction.

soțiorul meu iubit, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dragul meu.
The Grandpa from Rosia



I was with my grandpa Nicolae, from Rosia
I and my brother
We had gone to make a fence
At the forest of Jiru....

O, what places of a complete silence, of a great solitude and greatness!....

The fence was thought to separate
the Forest of Jiru
by our orchards...

Our grandpa has taken in his green bag
from our father, from the mine of coal
many long nails, some of them hooked
or rusted

but in the grandpa's opinion
still good of something.
He has taken also his little ax, and a barbed wire rod.
brought also by my father
from the coal mine.

He has been doing there, at the scene
stamps mill
thick beams of wood
cut by the branches, with a sharp top

where on he was laying in the ground
at 2-3 metres distance one of another
in holes specially made.

Our grandpa wasn't yet so old
We were children
probably at the gymnasium
And grandpa was facing from the rocks
and he was putting the thick pales
in the ground.

then he was hammering the nails, at
12-15 mm one of another.
and I with Bujor were stretching the barbed wires
of iron by the right of each nail

when the beams were ready-made
and our Grandpa was bending them
from short and precise hits
over the barbed wire.

....
So we spent an entire day till the evening
in that silent, peaceful wilderness
Making the fence, making, that is, a thing good
and proper at the house of man.

I was impressed by the mission I had
and our Grandpa was smiling waggish
with his bruise lips, and from the large, green eyes
Seemingly a little sad, although joyful

and I was finding time for jokes too
to sneak behind the fence
and to play in the orchard.

Our Grandparents from Rosia were some deities
likewise the parents, too
working people until the deep old age
who were standing at our cattle in Rosia

for milk and curd, where on they were salting well
and then put it in large barrels with circles
whereon we were bringing at home
too...
....
Grandpa Niculaie, as our Grandma was calling him
Has taken milk to the town,

over the mountains of Petrila, in the large wallets
on the horse

maybe even curd or cheese
until the old man with white hair at the temples.
On Saturday, on the Day of Rest
he was getting down with our grandma

beautifully dressed
and they were going to the church, to the preach
in their velvet dresses, with clean and ironed
shirt and skirt of muslin

clothes of holiday, with the clean and new boots
they were going to listen to the Holy Scripture
these old man, with plain, smooth faces
in their velvet, beautiful clothes.

Iartă-mă, Puiul meu Victor.
In the story of the bare trees ...

That evening the colonel told us about his life
About the tough army years
With severe discipline
About tasks and responsibilities
About good points and facilities.

All right, he told us ...
Every year we received new Colonel costumes ...
and usually military costumes
meal and transportation were assured.

...

Did you read White Corner, by Jack London?
Anca spoke
Which, next to the colonel, bends easily, greedy and livid
Over a pile of books ...
It's a beautiful story ...
But Red and Black, by Stendhal
But Life for the High Society by John Braine?
...

But no one cares.
Everyone was talking, which tones you had lower, which higher ...

...

and look at Sabrina, who was jealous of me, because I had a better voice
and I was more beautiful
He put sticks in my wheels and drove me away
from the Opera ...

...

Only I know how much I suffered ... hungry, without any money
Strolling the streets
Until my sister, Emilia, took me to her ...

Adela spoke, addressing me.
Nataniel was placidly beside her
With cheeks pinched to shed
and he held his hands in his.

...

Hehe, you would like to, she shook Carmen's embrace
A fat, solid, tall girl
Dressed in black pants, and wearing a training jacket.

I have a friend, and you are a mofluz
Who does not leave girls alone ...

...

Opposite to her was the "mofluz". A young boy, come from outside
With a thick chain around the neck, metal
and with a thick bracelet and at the wrist
left hands.

...

All was well ... we paid for our meals and transportation ...
We had many facilities ...
But also serious tasks, responsibilities, intervenes in discussions
The colonel's broken.

....

But hear Lia, my husband is very jealous.
he beat me by leaving me wide
last week
Ana whispered to me quickly, her voice boiling, pelticite.
It was so fucking jealous ...

Until I broke up with him, so suddenly. As sure as gun...

..
I listened to headphones Trees without forest
By Tatiana Stepa.
"In the story of bare trees / creaking in one door
It's both of us
It's about fire and ashes

Two leafless trees on the road
As for the tall

Two trees by the ash kiss / leaning against each other ...

We are only two trees
Cutters will come to trim us
All poor children will take branches / for their dying flame

and even if you love me again
over the coming winter / without arms, with deserted eyes ... "

...

In the story of the trees bare / creaking in one door
It's the edge of both of us ...
Anca choked, then
There is a wild trill: it is about fire and ashes.
Ana had climbed on the bench and declared ...

...

God's dick ... Lia, don't you have a cigarette? ... Peter asked me
Climbing the stairs
They took all of them ...

...
All right, he told us ...
Every year we received new Colonel costumes ...
and usually military costumes
meal and transportation were assured.

...
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Tidor-Victor, dulceața mea.
Joc secund

Cu coroana în cerul de albastruși foc
și cu rădăcinile-n infern
așa trec prin lume sec și făă de noroc –
aud cum spiritele moarte gem!...

...

Pe oglinda lacului lucitoare
Lucioli de visuri și de diamante zboară
Plutesc se lasă-ntr-a sufletului ponoară
Ca cea mai imperceptibilă, mai fără greutate –
Mai inefabilă comoară!...

..

Cerul din lacrimi de cleștar e lumea în care
Se întoarce-n-n mine-mi lumea-mi de amar –
Lacrimi albastre de cleștar, nude și ude
Ce sunt sorbote de buzele de dude!....

...

Cerul din molecule roz și argintii, trandafirii
E chaosul în care plutesc stele negre-nflăcărate mii
E-alcătuit din atemporalele câmpii –
Ale fluturilor de diamante, argintii!... vii!...
..
Cerul din ape-ntoarse-n zenit –
Se-ntoarse înapoi în inefabil și în negrăit
Lovit de apele mării verzi-albastre, de smarald
Lovit de vânturi și de neguri-n-pieptu-i cald!...
...

Cerul din ape colorate și din zare
Se-ntoarse înapoi în zare –
Se-ntoarse înapoi în curcubeu –
Pe aripile unui inefabil zmeu!....

...
Pe ohlinda lacului lucitoare
Lucioli de visuri și de diamante zboară
Plutesc se lasă-ntr-a sufletului ponoară
Ca cea mai imperceptibilă, mai fără greutate –
Mai inefabilă comoară

Cerul din molecule roz și argintii, trandafirii
E chaosul în care plutesc stele negre-nflăcărate mii
E-alcătuit din atemporalele câmpii
Ale fluturilor de diamante, argintii!...

Cerul din lacrimi de cleștar e lumea în care
Se întoarce-mi lumea-mi de amar –
Lacrimi albastre de cleștar, nude și ude
Ce sunt sorbite de buzele de dude!.... ude!...

,,,
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat
...
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga

Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu, dulceața mea.

I love you, my sweet Tidor-Victor, my sweetness.
Second game

With the crown in the sky of blue fire
and with its roots in hell
that's how they go through the dry and lucky world -
I hear how dead spirits groan!

...

On the mirror of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure!

..

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My bitter world is coming back to me -
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet
What are dude's sips!

...

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
Made up of timeless plains -
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver! ... live! ...
..
The sky from the waters turned into zenith -
He turned back to the ineffable and unspoken
Hit by the waters of the green-blue sea, the emerald
Struck by the winds and the blacks - it's not hot!
...

The sky from colored water and from the water
He returned to the area -
He returned to the rainbow -
On the wings of an ineffable kite!

...
On the edge of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
It is made up of timeless plains
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver!

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My world turns bitter -
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet
What are dude's lips sucked! ... wet! ...

,,,
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweet, my sweetness.

Kamadeva
Tablou în cinci acte și trei scene

Închinată lui Tiwari Ji Maharaj, iubitul meu prieten.

Nu trebuie să gândesc... trebuie doar s-o fac...
De vreme ce rezultatul e întotdeauna
Perfect...
De vreme ce plâng strângându-mă la piept
Atunci când mă trezesc pe patul
meu deștept...

...

Cu dorințele iubirii a venit călare Kama, Kamadeva
Zeul indic...
Cu surâsul lui amarnic pe-a lui buze de coral...
Să mă lase tras de val...
Zeul poftei și-al iluziei deșerte...

...

Cu dorințele iubirii a venit ca să mă certe
Călărind un papagal
Kamadeva zeul indic, cu surâsurile-i viclene
Pe-a lui buze de coral...

Kamadeva zeul indic
Al amorului și-al iluziei deșerte....
și de-atunci în fiece noapte
mă trezesc strângând la piept
fiul poftei cei deșerte – plâng pe patul meu deștept..
...

Cu dorințele iubirii a venit ca să mă certe
Călărind un papagal
Kamadeva zeul indic, cu surâsurile-i viclene
Pe-a lui buze de coral...

Și cu poftele iubirii a venit călare Kama, Kamadeva
Zeul indic...
Cu surâsul lui viclean pe-a lui buze de coral...
Să mă lase tras de val...
Zeul ddragostei carnale
și-al iluziei deșerte...

Nu trebuie să gândesc... trebuie doar s-o fac...
De vreme ce rezultatul e întotdeauna
Perfect...
De vreme ce plâng strângându-mă la piept
Atunci când mă trezesc pe patul
meu deștept...
...

Încercând să mă recuperez
din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă gădesc pe crestele uui munte înalt
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
...
Atunci când totul se preface în cenușă
și-n praf stelar, întors în ochean
în ocheanul cu care dumnezeu privește lumea
ascuns undeva unde nu-l pot vedea...
...

Încercând să mă recuperez din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă gădesc pe crestele uui munte înalt
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat
...
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
...
Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Cu durerile iubirii a venit călare Kama, Kamadeva
Zeul indic...
Cu surâsul lui amarnic pe-a lui buze de coral...
Să mă lase tras de val...
Zeul poftei și-al iluziei deșerte...

...
Kamadeva
Picture in five acts and three scenes

I don't have to think ... I just have to do it ...
Since the result is always
Perfect...
Since I'm crying, clutching at my chest
When I wake up on the bed
my smart ...

...

With the wishes of love came Kama, Kamadeva
The god indicates ...
With his bitter smile on his coral lips ...
To let me wave ...
The god of lust and desert illusion ...

...

With the desires of love he came to fight me
Riding a parrot
Kamadeva the Indian god, with his naughty smiles
On his coral lips ...

Kamadeva the god indicates
Of love and desert illusion.
and since then every night
I wake up clutching at my chest
son of longing for the desert - I cry on my smart bed.
...

With the desires of love he came to fight me
Riding a parrot
Kamadeva the Indian god, with his naughty smiles
On his coral lips ...

And with the lust of love came Kama, Kamadeva
The god indicates ...
With his naughty smile on his coral lips ...
To let me be a trader ...
The god of carnal love
and of the desert illusion ...

I don't have to think ... I just have to ...
Since the result is always
Perfect...
Since I'm crying, clutching at my chest
When I wake up on the bed
my smart ...
...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...
...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude

I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
With the pains of love came Kama, Kamadeva
The god indicates ...
With his bitter smile on his coral lips ...
To let me wave ...
The god of lust and desert illusion ...

I love you my love.

Tudor Puiul mu, Te iubesc și Te doresc Mihai...
Leg you...

Sărutându-ți picioul...
Urc în lumea mea de visuri și durere
De plăcere, fum și miere
De indescritibilă cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul
Ascult de chemarea laptelui din mine
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală
De gingațș ei liniște letală....

...

Sărutându-ți vioara
Pe care au apus telele
Alung din jurul meu toate relele
...și în genere tot ce-i blasfemiaor
Impur... și amintește de omor...

..

Sărutându-ți vioara
Pe care au apus telele
Dau o nouă definiție cuvânului dor
și sensului lui Amor...

...

Sărutându-ți vioara
Pe care au apus stelele
Iau act de existența creației
Cu tăcerea dulce-amară a grației
Ce se prelinge pe dulcele-ți pcior
Ușor, ușor, tot mai ușor...

...te iubesc dulcele meu Victor
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Leg you ...

Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal ....

...

Kissing your violin
On which they left
Alung around me all the evils
... and in general everything blasphemous
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

..

Kissing your violin
On which they left
I give a new definition to the miss
and the sense of Amor ...

...

Kissing your violin
Which the stars have set
I note the existence of creation
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace
What's happening to your sweet son
Easy, easy, easy ...

... I love you sweet Victor
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...

Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu. Te voi iubi mereu.
Lord Abraxas

Privind de sub poala pădurii acum
La ceața car învăluie orașul
Nu pot să nu mă gândesc că nu există un Dumnezeu
Fără milă acolo sus

Un Dumnezeu pentru care nu există scăpare.
Ochiul lui de fier
Înregistrează totul cu deplină obiectivitate
Impenetrabilitate și răceală

Îi ete totuna dacă ești un înger roz
Sau acă arzi în cazanul cu smoală.
....

Faptele contează pentru el.
Fie că sunt simple cuvinte, gânduri
Sau fapte teribile transpuse în practică.

Tot ce vine întru existență
Este supus nepăsătoarei, îngrozitoarei sale
Atrocități.

....

El nu iartă. N-are de ce să ierte.
Nici nu trece cu vederea

Figura sa imobilă, fără nicio grimasă
Ar putea părea unora că schițează
Un zâmbet cinic.

....

El este alcătuit din semne grafice și simboluri matematice
Din membrane roșii și priviri imbile fixe
El este nemișcarea ochilor, încleștarea gurii
Oprirea pe loc a mațelor.
....

Totul este imobil aici. Totul ete încremenit.
Dumnezeu s-a transformat într-o masă de aer, mișcată
Cu repeziciune
Deasupra umilelor noastre capete
Într-un fulger ascuțit ca un junghi

Într-un tunet zdrobitor, zgduduitor
În lama unui brici
Într-o flacără roșie-albastră
Ce arde cu vâlvătaie deasupra cugetelor noastre

Ca un foc pârjolitor uscat dintru înalturi..

Tot ce vine întru existență
Este supus nepăsătoarei, îngrozitoarei sale
Atrocități.

...
El nu iartă. N-are de ce să ierte.
Nici nu trece cu vederea
Figura sa imobilă, fără nicio grimasă
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El este nemișcarea ochilor, încleștarea gurii
Oprirea pe loc a mațelor.

Privind de sub poala pădurii acum
La ceața care învăluie orașul
Nu pot să nu mă gândesc că există un Dumnezeu
Fără milă colo sus

Un Dumnezeu pentru care nu există scăpare.
Ochiul lui de fier
Înregistrează totul cu deplină obiectivitate
Impenetrabilitate și răceală

Îi ete totuna dacă ești un înger roz
Sau un diavol roșu în cazanul cu smoală.

...

Rather, the question of Spinoza’s pantheism is really going to be answered on the psychological side of things, with regard to the proper attitude to take toward Deus sive Natura. And however one reads the relationship between God and Nature in Spinoza, it is a mistake to call him a pantheist in so far as pantheism is still a kind of religious theism. What really distinguishes the pantheist from the atheist is that the pantheist does not reject

as inappropriate the religious psychological attitudes demanded by theism. Rather, the pantheist simply asserts that God—conceived as a being before which one is to adopt an attitude of worshipful awe—is or is in Nature. And nothing could be further from the spirit of Spinoza's philosophy. Spinoza does not believe that worshipful awe or religious reverence is an appropriate attitude to take before God or Nature. There is nothing holy or sacred about Nature, and it is certainly not the object of a religious experience. Instead, one should strive to understand God or Nature, with the kind of adequate or clear and distinct intellectual knowledge that reveals Nature's most important truths and shows how everything depends essentially and existentially on higher natural causes. The key to discovering and experiencing God, for Spinoza, is philosophy and science, not religious awe and worshipful submission. The latter give rise only to superstitious behavior and subservience to ecclesiastic authorities; the former leads to enlightenment, freedom and true blessedness (i.e., peace of mind).
Te iubesc
…
This proof that God—an infinite, necessary and uncaused, indivisible being—is the only substance of the universe proceeds in three simple steps. First, establish that no two substances can share an attribute or essence (Ip5). Then, prove that there is a substance with infinite attributes (i.e., God) (Ip11). It follows, in conclusion, that the existence of that infinite substance precludes the existence of any other substance. For if there were to be a second substance, it would have to have some attribute or essence. But since God has all possible attributes, then the attribute to be possessed by this second substance would be one of the attributes already possessed by God. But it has already been established that no two substances can have the same attribute. Therefore, there can be, besides God, no such second substance.

If God is the only substance, and (by axiom 1) whatever is, is either a substance or in a substance, then everything else must be in God. "Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be or be conceived without God" (Ip15). Those things that are "in" God (or, more precisely, in God's attributes) are what Spinoza calls modes.

As soon as this preliminary conclusion has been established, Spinoza immediately reveals the objective of his attack. His definition of God—condemned since his excommunication from the Jewish community as a "God existing in only a philosophical sense"—is meant to preclude any anthropomorphizing of the divine being. In the scholium to proposition fifteen, he writes against "those who feign a God, like man, consisting of a body and a mind, and subject to passions. But how far they wander from the true knowledge of God, is sufficiently established by what has already been demonstrated." Besides being false, such an anthropomorphic conception of God standing as judge over us can have only deleterious effects on human freedom and activity, insofar as it fosters a life enslaved to hope and fear and the superstitions to which such emotions give rise.
Te doresc.
… În dimineața aceea de vară urcasem eu și Bujor,
cred că pe jos de-acasă
Spre Roșia.
Prin livezi, prin livada lui Țariu

Și dădeam să trecem cumpăna de lemn
Făcută într-un gard
Ce despărțea o livadă de altă livadă.
Ne jucam

Ne jucam printre arbori, printre fagi
Și culegeam frunzele de fag
Pe care se-nchegaseră fructele
Niște mici alunițe

...

Din care Bujor voia să-mi facă un colier.
Am cules multe, amândoi
Și Bujor mi-a făcut un colier pe cinste.
Rupeam bobițele din frunze

Și Bujor petrecea un ac cu ață prin găurile
De la ambele capete.
Și așa am făcut colierul.
Nu aveam multe podoabe în acele vremuri

....

Decât mărgelele de sticlă colorate
Ale mamei
Și apoi colierul lui Bujor.
Nu aveam nevoie de multe ca să fim fericiți

....

Și copilăria e cea mai fericită vârstă
Din viața mea
Cea în care totul era minunat
Și-apoi, descoperisem cărțile....

....

Privind în urmă, fără mânie
Îmi dau seama c-am avut o copilărie frumoasă
Chiar dacă nu eram niște copii
Așa îndestulați și îmbuibați.

...

Totul era un miracol. Iubeam natura,
Roșia, bunicii, părinții
Ne bucura până la lacrimi, fără s-o știm,
fericirea de a fi viu.
Te iubbesc și te doresc, Victor, puiul meu.
Lord Abraxis

Looking under the pot of the forest now
At the haze that envelops the phages
I can't help but think there is no God
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.
His iron eye
It records everything with full objectivity
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel
Or here you burn in the pitcher cauldron.
....

Facts matter to him.
Whether it's just words, thoughts
Or terrible facts transposed into practice.

Everything that comes into existence
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread
Atrocities.

....

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.
It is not overlooked either
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces

It might seem to some to be sketching
A cynical smile.

....

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols
From red membranes and fixed looks
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth
The stillness of the viscera.

....

Everything is immobile here. Everything's stuck.
God has turned into a moving air mass
With speed
Above our fingertips
In a lightning-like lightning strike

In a crushed, shaking thunder
In the blade of a knife
In a red-alabaster flame
What burns with a whirlwind above our minds

Like a dry roaring fire overhead.

Everything that comes into existence
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread
Atrocities.

...
He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.
It is not overlooked either
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces
It might seem to some to be sketching
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You're fine if you're a pink angel
Or a red devil in the pit cauldron.

...te iubesc dulcele meu.

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Te doresc.
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Așa îndestulați și îmbuibați.

...

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Roșia, bunicii, părinții
Ne bucura până la lacrimi, fără s-o știm,
fericirea de a fi viu.

..

I want you.
… That summer morning, I and Bujor climbed,
I think walking home
To Rosia.
Through orchards, through Țariu's orchard

And we were about to pass the wooden log
Made in a fence
What separated an orchard from another orchard.
We play

We play among the trees, among the beech trees
And I was collecting beech leaves
On which the fruits were collected
Some small moles

...

Of which Bujor wanted to make me a necklace.
I picked a lot, both of us
And Bujor made me a very good necklace.
I was breaking the buds from the leaves

And Peony was spinning a needle through the holes
From both ends.
And so did the necklace.
I didn't have many ornaments in those days

....

Than the colored glass beads
Mother's go
And then Bujor's necklace.
We didn't need much to be happy

....

And childhood is the happiest age
From my life
The one where everything was wonderful
And then, we had discovered the books.

....

Looking back, without anger
I realize I had a beautiful childhood
Even if we were not children
That's how you stir and soak.

...

Everything was a miracle. I loved nature,
Rosia, grandparents, parents
We are happy to tears, without knowing it,
the happiness of being alive. Te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meuu.
te doresc, dulceața mea.
Puiul meu dulce, te iubesc nespus.

Lumea dontr-un bob de rouă...

Această întâmplare s-a petrecut
cu mulți ani în urmă.
Eram copil, poate tânără, la liceu, sau cum înclin să cred acum
La facultate.
..

Eram la ușa grajdului vitelor, într-o vară frumoasă, aurie.
Stăteam afară, și priveam înăuntru.
Lumina galbenă se cernea prin micul geamlâc de-afară
Înăuntru,intra de asemenea prin mica ușiță
De afară.

Intru. Liniște și pace. Lumina se cernea ireal
și era o oază de umbră și răcoare
lângă staulul vitelor.

Firișoare de praf minuscule infinitezimale pluteau
În razele de lumină
Ca niște lumi microscopice în miniatură...
O lume a colbului a prafului, și a gâzelor –
Aduse de la milioane de ani depărtare – când raza ei abia acum
Luci vederii noastre....

...
Te oiubesc dulceaa emea.
Fân. În iesle. Lângă staulul vitelor

Plutea o plasă vere de răcoare, o liniște asurzitoare...
Lumina galbenă se cernea prin micul geamlâc de-afară
Înăuntru,intra de asemenea prin mica ușiță
Înuntru.

Intru. Liniște și pace. Lumina se cernea ireal
și era o oază de umbră și răcoare
lângă staulul vitelor.

Firișoare de praf minuscule infinitezimale pluteau
În razele de lumină
Ca niște lumi microscopice în miniatură...
O lume a colbului a prafului, și a gâzelor – o lume mistică, a lu Dumnezeu
și a amicilor săi îngeri înaripați....

meditând la frumusețea razelor, a colbului, a liniștei și păcii
eram trasă înt-un tunel atemporal – într-o lume
în care se petreceau minuni, o lume atemporală – unde Timpul
încetase să existe...

o lume onirică, a miraclului, a visului, deschis în pieptul Realității
o lume a Sărmanului Dionis...

”Nu există nici timp, nici spațiu, își spuse el, ele sunt numai în sufletul nostru.” Aceasta înseamnă că lumea împreună cu toate manifestările ei este o reflectare sensibilă, subiectivă a conștiinței noastre și noi avem puterea să modificăm toate evenimentele și lucrurile exterioare. Omul, prin esența sa, este atotputernic, deoarece poartă în sine o scânteie dumnezeiască, imaginea divină a sufletului: ” ...si tot astfel, dacă închid un ochi văd mana mea mai mică decât cu amândoi. De aș avea trei ochi aș vedea-o și mai mare, și cu cât mai mulți ochi aș avea cu atâta lucrurile toate dimprejurul meu ar părea mai mari. Cu toate astea, născut cu mii de ochi, în mijlocul unor arătări colosale, ele toate in raport cu mine, păstrându-și proporțiunea, nu mi-ar părea nici mai mari, nici mai mici de cum îmi par azi. Să ne-nchipuim lumea redusă la dimensiunile unui glonte, și toate celea din ea scăzute în analogie, locuitorii acestei lumi, presupuindu-i dotați cu organele noastre, ar pricepe toate celea absolut în felul și în proporțiunile în care le pricepem noi. Să ne-o închipuim, caeteris paribus (cu alte cuvinte, la fel n.a.), înmiit de mare — același lucru. Cu proporțiuni neschimbate — o lume înmiit de mare și alta înmiit de mică ar fi pentru noi tot atât de mare. Și obiectele ce le văd, privite c-un ochi, sunt mai mici; cu amândoi — mai mari; cât de mari sunt ele absolut? Cine știe dacă nu trăim într-o lume microscopică și numai făptura ochilor noștri ne face s-o vedem în mărimea în care o vedem? Cine știe dacă nu vede fiecare din oameni toate celea într-alt fel, și nu aude fiecare sunet într-alt fel — și numai limba, numirea într-un fel a unui obiect ce unul îl vede așa, altul altfel, îi unește în înțelegere. — Limba? — Nu. Poate fiecare vorbă sună diferit în urechile diferiților oameni — numai individul, același rămâind, o aude într-un fel. Și, într-un spațiu închipuit ca fără margini, nu este o bucată a lui, oricât de mare și oricât de mică ar fi, numai o picatură în raport cu nemărginirea? Asemenea, în eternitatea fără margini nu este orice bucată de timp, oricât de mare sau oricât de mică, numai o clipă suspendată? Și iată cum. Presupuind lumea redusă la un bob de rouă și raporturile de timp, la o picătură de vreme, secolii din istoria acestei lumi microscopice ar fi clipite, și în aceste clipite oamenii ar lucra tot atâta și ar cugeta tot atâta ca în evii noștri — evii lor pentru ei ar fi tot atât de lungi ca pentru noi ai noștri. În ce nefinire microscopică s-ar pierde milioanele de infuzorii (mici animale, invizibile ochiului liber, care se dezvoltă în lichide: microorganisme) ale acelor cercetători, în ce infinire de timp clipa de bucurie — și toate acestea, toate, ar fi — tot astfel ca și azi.
...În faptă lumea-i visul sufletului nostru. Nu există nici timp, nici spațiu — ele sunt numai in sufletul nostru. Trecut și viitor e în sufletul meu, ca pădurea într-un sâmbure de ghindă, și infinitul asemenea, ca reflectarea cerului înstelat într-un strop de rouă. Dacă am afla misterul prin care să ne punem în legătură cu aceste două ordini de lucruri care sunt ascunse în noi, mister pe care l-au posedat poate magii egipteni și asirieni, atuncea în adâncurile sufletului coborându-ne, am putea trăi aievea în trecut și am putea locui lumea stelelor și a soarelui.

Păcat că știința necromanției și aceea a astrologiei s-au pierdut — cine știe câte mistere ne-ar fi descoperit în această privință! Dacă lumea este un vis — de ce n-am putea să coordonam șirul fenomenelor sale cum voim noi? Nu e adevărat că există un trecut — consecutivitatea e în cugetarea noastră — cauzele fenomenelor, consecutive pentru noi, aceleași întotdeauna, există și lucrează simultan. Să trăiesc în vremea lui Mircea cel Mare sau a lui Alexandru cel Bun — este oare absolut imposibil? Un punct matematic se pierde-n nemărginirea dispozițiunii lui, o clipă de timp în impartibilitatea sa infinitezimală, care nu încetează în veci. În aceste atome de spatiu și timp, cât infinit! Dac-aș putea și eu să mă pierd în infinitatea sufletului meu pân' în acea fază a emanațiunii lui care se numește epoca lui Alexandru cel Bun de exemplu... și cu toate acestea... ”
Te iubesc, dulcișor scump.te doresc, uiul meu. Soțulleu iubit.

The world of dew

This happened
many years ago.
I was a kid, maybe young, in high school, or how I tend to believe now
At college.
..

I was at the door of the cattle barn, in a beautiful, golden summer.
I was sitting outside, and I was looking inside.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
From outside.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of dust mackerel and geese -
Brought from millions of years away - when its radius is only now
Lights of our sight ....

...
I love you sweet lady.
Hay. In the alleys. Near the cattle barn
A cool net floated, a deafening silence.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
To come in.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of the pigeon of dust and geese - a mystical world, of God
and his winged angel friends ...

meditating on the beauty of the rays, the dove, the peace and peace
I was drawn into a timeless tunnel - into a world
in which miracles occurred, a timeless world - where Time
it had ceased to exist ...

a dreamlike world, of the miracle, of the dream, open in the chest of Reality
a world of poor Dionysus ...

"There is neither time nor space," he said, "they are only in our soul." This means that the world with all its manifestations is a sensitive, subjective reflection of our consciousness and we have the power to change all external events and things. . Man, by its very essence, is omnipotent, because it carries in it a divine spark, the divine image of the soul: "... and yet, if I close an eye, I see my hand lower than with both. If I had three eyes I would see her even bigger, and the more eyes I had with all the things around me, the bigger it would seem. However, born with thousands of eyes, amidst colossal looks, they all in relation to me, keeping their proportion, would not seem to me bigger or smaller than they seem to me today. To imagine the world reduced to the size of a bullet, and all that is low in analogy, the inhabitants of this world, supposing them equipped with our organs, would understand all that absolutely in the way and in the proportions in which we understand them. Let's imagine, caeteris paribus (in other words, the same n.a.), surrounded by the sea - the same thing. With unchanged proportions - a world bounded by the sea and another bounded by the small would be so great for us. And the objects I see, viewed with one eye, are smaller; with both - larger; how big are they absolutely? Who knows if we do not live in a microscopic world and only the opening of our eyes makes us see it in the size we see it? Who knows if they do not see each and every one of them in a different way, and do not hear each and every sound in another way - and only the language, the naming in one way of an object that one sees it that way, another otherwise, unites them in the understanding . - Language? - Not. Maybe every word sounds different in the ears of different people - only the individual, the same remaining, hears it in a way. And, in a space conceived as without borders, is not a piece of it, no matter how big and how small it is, just a drop in relation to the boundless? Also, in eternity without borders, is not every piece of time, however big or small, just a moment suspended? And here's how. Assuming the world reduced to a dewhead and the time ratios, at a drop of time, the centuries in the history of this microscopic world would have blinked, and in these blinkers people would work as hard and think as much as in our swarms - their swarms for them it would be as long as ours. In what microscopic infinity would the millions of infusers (small animals, invisible to the free eye, which develop in liquids: microorganisms) of those researchers be lost, in what infinite amount of time the joy - and yet, all, would be - all like today. ... In fact, the world is the dream of our soul. There is neither time nor space - they are only in our soul. Past and future is in my soul, like the forest in an acorn-tree, and the infinity as well, as the reflection of the starry sky in a dew. If we were to find out the mystery by which we could relate to these two orders of things that are hidden in us, a mystery that maybe the Egyptian and Assyrian magicians possessed, it was in the depths of the soul descending, we could live in the past and we could inhabit the world of stars and the sun. Too bad the science of necromancy and that of astrology have been lost - who knows how many mysteries we would have discovered in this regard! If the world is a dream - why couldn't we coordinate the range of its phenomena how we want it? It is not true that there is a past - the consecutiveness is in our thinking - the causes of the phenomena, consecutive for us, always the same, exist and work simultaneously. To live in the time of Mircea cel Mare or Alexandru cel Bun - is it absolutely impossible? A mathematical point is lost in the boundlessness of its disposition, a moment in its infinitesimal impartability, which does not cease forever. In these atoms of space and time, how infinite! If I could lose myself in the infinity of my soul until that phase of his emancipation, which is called the epoch of Alexander the Good for example ... and yet ... " Te iubesc, Te doresc, dulcișor dorit.

Mama

Astăzi am stat afară, am admirat natura
Acest uriaș organism verde și viu.

Numai cine a stat în celula unei închisori

Mulți ani, fără să iasă afară
E fermecat de frumusețea fără seamăn, de neînchipuit a Naturi.

...

Nu este Maya.
Ea este deplina și bine-îndreptățita Realitate
Ea este miezul Lumiișiesența Universului.

Stân cu tălpile pe treytele de gresie, ămi urmăream taăl
Cum u=spală curtea de beton fin
Cu furtunul și apoi udă grădina.

O fericire de neînchipuit mă cuprinse
Privind perdeaua de stropi ce e înalța în aer
Briza caldă, sărată a Austrului de toamnă.

Uminditata plutea în aer
Ca o răcoare sărată, pparfumată și binefăcătoare.
Ramurile, frunzulițele din arbustul bogat, plin
Al Mâinii Maicii Domnului
Se mișcau ca purtate de un vânt celest.

...

Mă simțeam un copil, un copil atât de bătrân
Privindu-mi Tatăl cum udă curtea și grădina.
Pe băncuță, cu tăpile goale,
Priveam cu ochii închiși soarele.

Un roșu deschis, intens, îmi năvăli în obraji, în ochi
În toată făptura
Ca o mare de lumină, de dragoste, de puritate.

..

Merg clătinindu-mă prin sânul Naturii
Coapcii, pe jumăate golași
Se clătinau de un Vânt celest
Vântul celest le pătrundea toată ființa, tulburându-i
Mișcându-i.
...

Cerul albastru, un albastru0gru, limpede
Se profila deasupra capului meu
Ca o uriașă chemare din Înălțimi.
Ca o nostalgie a unei Ființe superoare
Ce privește cu tristețe, cu Dragostenesfârșită pământul.
...

Amintrat pe portiță în Grădina Mamei.
Pâlcul de gherbere, de crizanteme se prifila aproape

În mijlocul Grădinii de zarzavat
Acum golită de roade.

m-am îndreptat spre ele.
Sunt o garoafă verde? Galbenă? Lămâie?
O păpădie, un zbor de flutur mic?
Un sfânt modest cu flori la pălărie
Trecând prin lume deșert
ca un pustnic?....

....
Am aes, cu grijă, meditând, două flori mov,
Unamai deschis, alta mai închis
Două flori violet spre roșu, cu puișori
O floare alb.

...

Le duc Mamei.

...
Fericită, trec inconștient prin Sânul Naturii
Coapcii, pe jumăate golași
Se clătinau de un Vânt celest
Vântul celest le pătrundea toată ființa, tulburându-i
Mișcându-i.
...

Cerul albastru, un albastru0gru, limpede
Se profila deasupra capului meu
Ca o uriașă chemare din Înălțimi.
Ca o nostalgie a unei Ființe superoare
Ce privește cu tristețe, cu Dragostenesfârșită pământul

...

Mama nu este.

...
mi-e dor de mama.
O caut prin camerele goale ale casei pe Mama.
Mama este la Biserică.

...

Sera îi întind florile, într-un gest copilăresc
În curtea din beton.
Mama îmi întindela rândul eirifele
Pe care le-a adunat pentru mine.
Sunt curate.

Cu fața ei rotundă, cu chipul i rotund, fără vârstă
Copilăresc

Mama îmi ia din mână florile
Întinse școlărește.
Mama zâmbește larg, fericită, din toată Ființa, inonștient
Cu chpul ei rotund, bucălat, de Copil mare.
Măă simt ca un vierme în fața ei
Vâltorit într-o parte și-n alta, de Vântul celest, necruțător
De Briza serii.

Mama se ridică binișor
Și se așeză pe mormânt.
Privește buruienile care au crescut între timp,
Ascultă ciorile.
Vede crucile cum stau să se dărâme,
Observă morminte noi și alte crăpături
În zidul bisericii.

Și când își aruncă ochii, na! c-a dispărut
Ulmul din vârful dealului, de pe mejdina noastră,
De stăteau oamenii la umbră,
Când așternea ea masa pe pământ, vara.
Fața de masă, de cânepă,
fixată la colțuri
Cu bulgări de pământ. Și pe ea așeza bucatele,
Aduse cu banița în cap,
C-o mână ținând de baniță, și în cealalată cărând
Ulciorul cu apă.

Suia, ei! era greu, dar ce să facă...
Și ulmul pentru asta era acolo, în buza dealului,
Deasupra Săliștii – asta era misunea lui:
Să facă umbră, vara când mănâncă oamenii.
Oftau când se așezau jos.
Dar măcar ședeau la umbră.

Și cum de l-au tăiat? Unde-o fi dispărut?

Și ulmul aude gândul ei.
Locul unde a fost se neliniștește, fosta umbră
Se agită și copacul apare falnic și se întrupează
Numărându-și cercurile, foșnind din cercuri,
Acoperind cu coroana imensă
Imaginea Săliștei din vale.

Se dau înapoi întâmplările lui.
Se zăresc tăietorii izbind cu securea trunchiul tare,
Nădușind, glumind și ferindu-se
De așchiile care sar ca schijele.
Cade. E curățat de crengi și cărat în sat
Cu șase perechi de boi. Nu încape în curte.
E lăsat la poartă.

Apoi o ploaie grozavă.
Curg ududoaiele, se varsă vâlcelele.

Răculețul, Guura Racului, Bisa, Ungureanca,
Se varsă valea a mare, ca niciodată.
Și ulmul e încins de puhoaie și luat pe sus, plutește, alunecă,
Sar vreo doi oameni și îl proptesc
De alt copac, tocmai când era gata să alunece
În marele fluviu al văii.

Apoi, zboară și prinde rădăcini,
La locul lui.
Acum stă falnic, acolo sus, pe creastă,
Ca pe vremuri.
Se uită în jur și întreabă:
Unde sunt oamenii? Secerătorii? Prășitorii?
Culegătorii de porumb,
de floarea soarelui?

Cetele harnice, vesele, mișunând ca albinele,
Femei întrecându-se,
 care ajunge mai repede
La capul locului și la vremea mesei
Năzuind să se așeze la umbra mea?

Unde e Nicolița, care venea
Cu banița în cap și cu ulciorul de apă în mână
Cu de mâncare pentru zece-cincsprezece oameni?

Și mama, rezemată de propria-i cruce,
Semănând cu cea din poză,
Vede – ce minune! – ulmul la loc.
Când? Cum a apărut? Că adineaori nu era?
Locul – ca înainte, cu mejdinile vechi.

Se vede pe ea însăși, cu banița în cap
Și cu ulciorul ăl mare în mână,
Gâfâind printre rândurile de porumbi,
Or prin grâu, urcând coasta.

Sare Nea Florea și-i ajută să pună banița jos,
Țața Mări îi ia ulciorul.
Ea oftează de ușurare
Și începe să întindă șervetul, scoate oalele,
Bâjbele cu mâncare, străchinile, lingurile, sarea.

Femeile, bărbații, copiii, se strâng
Dejghinați de muncă.
Ilie al Floarei s-a întins pe pământ, cu fața-n sus
Și încearcă să privească prin frunzișul des
Cerul încins ca sticla de lampă.
”Ți-ai putea aprinde țigara de la cer –
Așa dogorește. ”

Mama se uită tot mai uimită la ulm,
Ulmul nostru.

Și ulmul o vede că îl vede.
”Doamne, cum nu trece vremea! ” oftează.
”Credeam că vremea trece, dar ea nu trece.
Nu trece neam. Nu, nu trece. ”
Ulmul fericit, foșnește că așa e –

Și dispar amândoi, într-o clipă:
Mama de pe mormântul ei
Și ulmul de pe coastă.

...
I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweetheart.
Mother

Today I sat outside, admired nature
This huge green living organism.

Only who was in a prison cell
Many years, without going out
He is enchanted by the incomparable beauty, unmistakable of Natures.

...

It's not Maya.
She is the full and well-justified Reality
She is the heart of the world-light of the Universe.

I stand with my soles on the tiles, following my father
How he wash the fine concrete yard
With the hose and then water the garden.

An unmistakable happiness filled me
Looking at the splash curtain that's high in the air
The warm, salty breeze of the Austrian Autumn.

Moisture floated in the air
Like a salty, perfumed and beneficial chill.
The branches, the leaves of the rich, full shrub
Of the Hand of the Virgin
They moved as if carried by a celestial wind.

...

I felt like a child, a child so old
Looking at my Father as the yard and garden water.
On the bench, with the empty soles,
I watched the sun with my eyes closed.

A deep red, deep in my cheeks, in my eyes
In the whole thing
Like a sea of light, of love, of purity.

..

I go rocking through the breast of Nature
Thighs, half empty
They were rocking a Celestial Wind
The celestial wind penetrated their whole being, disturbing them
Moving them.
...

The sky blue, a blue blue, clear
It was hovering above my head
Like a huge call from Heights.
As a nostalgia for a higher Being
What about sadness, with love the end of the earth.
...

Restored on the porch in the Mother's Garden.
The chickpea, chrysanthemum stick is almost ringing
In the middle of the vegetable garden
Now drained of fruit.

I turned to them.
Am I a green carnation? Yellow? Lemon?
A dandelion, a small butterfly flight?
A modest saint with flowers in the hat
Passing through the desert world
like a hermit?

....
I carefully, meditating, two purple flowers,
One open, one darker
Two flowers purple to red, with chicks
A white flower.

...

I'm taking Mom.

...
Happy, I pass unconscious through the Breast of Nature
Thighs, half empty
They were rocking a Celestial Wind
The celestial wind penetrated their whole being, disturbing them
Moving them.
...

The sky blue, a blue blue, clear
It was hovering above my head
Like a huge call from Heights.
As a nostalgia for a higher Being
What about sadness, with love the end of the earth

...

Mom is not.

...
I miss my mother.
I'm looking through the empty rooms of the house on Mother.
My mother is at church.

...

Evening stretch out her flowers, in a childish gesture
In the concrete yard.
My mother was stretching the sheriffs
That he gathered for me.
They are clean.

With her round face, with her round face, without age
Childlike
My mother takes my flowers in my hand
He stretched his school.
The mother smiles broadly, happily,
from all Being, unconsciously
With her round, chubby, big baby cheek..
I feel like a worm in front of her
Traveled on one side and the other, by the heavenly, merciless Wind
Breeze series.

My mother was getting up, and he sat on the tomb.
Look at the weeds that grew
in the meantime,
Listen to the crows.
He sees the crosses as they fall,
Look at new graves and other cracks
Inside the church wall.

And when he rolls his eyes, no! he disappeared
The elm from the top of the hill,
from our table,
Where the people were in the shade,
When she lay down on the table in the summer.
Table top, hemp, fixed to the corners
With earth bubbles.

And she put the dishes on it,
He brought the money with his head,
There is a hand holding the money, and the other hand
Water jug.

She was climbing, they! it was hard, but what to do ...
And the elm tree for that was there, on the edge of the hill,
Above Saliste - that was his mission:
Shadow, summer when people eat.

They sighed as they sat down.
But at least they sat in the shade.

And how did they cut it? Where did she go?

And the elm tree hears her thought.
The place where he was is restless, the former shadow
The tree appears shaky and incarnate
Counting their circles, hissing from circles,
Covering with the huge crown
The image of the Salt Valley.

His events are back.
You can see the cutters hitting the heavy log securely,
Hoping, joking and avoiding each other
From the chips that jump like skis.
Cade. It is cleaned of branches and carried
into the village
With six pairs of oxen. He doesn't fit in the yard.
He's left at the gate.

Then a great rain.
The watercourses flow, the watercourses flow.
Răculețul, Guura Cancer, Bisa,
Hungarian,
The great valley flows, as never before.
And the elm is heated by stingrays
And taken up, it floats, it slides,
Some two people jump and I propose
From another tree, just when
It was ready to slide, in the great river valley.

Then fly and take root,
In his place.
Now he sits high, up there, on the ridge,
Like old times.
He looks around and asks:

- Where are the people? Reapers? Hoeings?
Harvesters of corn, sunflower?
The fierce, cheerful forts, moving like bees,
Women competing, which gets faster
At the head of the place and at table time
Not wanting to sit in my shadow?

Where's Nicoliita coming from
With the money in his head and the water jug in his hand
With food for ten to fifteen people?

And the mother, supported by her own cross,
Similar to the one in the picture,
See - what a wonder! - the elm tree again.
When? How did it come about?

That it really wasn't?

The place - as before, with the old media.
She sees herself, with the money in her head
And with the big pitcher
in his hand,
Snorting among the rows of pigeons,
Or through the wheat, climbing the coast.

Salt Nea Florea helps them put the money down,
Tăcă Mări takes his jug.
She sighs in relief
And he begins to stretch the napkin, remove the pots,
Plums, food, spoons, spoons, salt.
Women, men, children, are tightening
You get off work.

Elijah of the Flower lay on the ground, face up
And he tries to look through the thick foliage
The sky lit up like a lamp glass.
"You could light your cigarette from the sky -
That's how bad it is. "

My mother is looking more and more at the elm,
Our elm tree.
And the elm sees her seeing him.
"God, how the time goes by! ”Sighs.
"I thought the weather was passing, but it wasn't.
No family passes. No, it does not pass. "
Happy elm, it is shameful that it is -

And they both disappear, in a moment:
The mother from her grave – and the elm on the coast.

.....

Te iubesc, Victor the Sun, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea. Te doresc Puiul meu.
Marea de Atlaz

A fi sentimental e-o stare
De-adâncă, continuă fervoare
De-a fi cu tine trecând prin proopriul Sin
De-a fi cu ceilalți
 trecând prrin propriul Eu
Acolo unde Lumea se deschide, ca o floare
Albă, vouptoasă,
laîntâlnirea cu nemuritorul Zeu.

A fi duios e-o staree tandrețe
Pe car e so simt doar mamele în suflet

Atunci când decerul ce ninge ce plânge
mi—am atârnat speriată ochi
cu gândul a venirea Ta – duioasă dragostea...

....

Senzații plutesc ușor în Cerul de-azuur
Se-atârnă,, nălucite, de Marea de Atlaz
Atunci când dulci sentimente, indicible poeme
Mi se deschid, moi, poparfumate
Ca Floarea pe obraz....

...

A fi duios e-o staree tandrețe
Pe car e so simt doar mamele în suflet
Atunci când decerul ce ninge ce plânge
mi—am atârnat speriată ochi
cu gândul a venirea Ta – duioasă dragostea...

...

A fi sentimental e-o stare
De-adâncă, continuă fervoare
De-a fi cu tine trecând prin proopriul Sin
De-a fi cu ceilalți
 trecând prrin propriul Eu
Acolo unde Lumea se deschide, ca o floare
Albă, vouptoasă,
laîntâlnirea cu nemuritorul Zeu.

...

Senzații plutesc ușor în Cerul de-azuur
Se-atârnă,, nălucite, de Marea de Atlaz
Atunci când dulci sentimente, indicible poeme
Mi se deschid, moi, poparfumate
Ca Floarea pe obraz....

The sea of Atlas

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,

at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek ....

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
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with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

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The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek ....

Marius

It was through the smoking pimple
A young boy about 18-22 years old
With green eyes not very beautiful
and with the black hair slightly curled in the middle of the head.

His left eye was half closed
Because of the disease
Or any eye disease.
But I do remember that I also had my eyes straight on three quarters
Many years ago, about 42 years ago.

....

The poor boy had no one
He was the only cuckoo
and he had his hands open and with the knots of the phalanges bent, pointed
with the battered pile
probably hits, hit walls, boards,
in hard materials.

When I awoke a little I took them and comforted them slightly.
Marius, because Marius called him, as he told me
Drink everyone's coffee
Juices in glasses
From sudden, unexpected beginnings, then spit with spit on tiles.
Suddenly I finally understood.

The tastes were tricky, fake, unpleasant
The people were fake, cheated, pretended
and there was nothing left except spilling the liquid on the floor
impressed by the sense of intuition and the Holy Spirit.

...
I said, Marius didn't spit on the floor anymore
it's not nice
to get your towels to spit in?

he continued to spit down.
I gave him a cigarette, the first fromthe packet and invited him to drink from my tea.
Can you find me?
Marius shook his head resolutely
No, he can't spit,
Then I brought her juice in two glasses

One, the smaller yellow mug from which he drank
Mrs. Ana had been thrown into the basket
and taken by the washerwoman washed by a sick man.

We meet on the corridor.
Marius tastes both the cups to the bottom
Like a connoisseur
spit rail.

I put the marlboro package between the breast scanner, along with the 3 cigarettes given above.

Then I tell him: Marius, you have to tell yourself:
I must do well!
I have to do well! ..

Then I go to the room, and I take them to room 18
Where he was admitted
A large packet of cereal biscuits, a half-glass bottle of coffee
A yogurt with cereal, and a teaspoon of stainless steel
From home.

...

Epilogue:

I also learn from other patients
That Mariu, my dear, had opened all the beds
and threw away the bedding
on down

so he yelled at the junkies to take him to Zam.
I didn't grab it and couldn't take it
Goodbye from him.

they took him to Zam, where some good doctors could put him
those legs
to irritate freedom
to analyze and treat them.

...

I was just hoping I could see him again in the oasis
This intelligent boy found it superfluous
To talk too much
As it was filled with despair to the ground.

A handsome boy with high school
With green eyes wide open; with tie knots around the neck
and ready to go to college.

...

The poor boy had no one
He was the only cuckoo
and he had his hands open and the knots of the phalanges bent, pointed
with the battered pile
probably hits, hit walls, boards,
in hard materials.

When I awoke a little I took them and comforted them slightly.
She felt everything - in a thousandth of a second.

...te iubesc Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dulcele și Doritul meu Puișor...
Te iubesc Mihai, Dragostea mea, Piul meu. Te doresc.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...
...
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.
...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.
...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...
..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.
..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.
..
When Mihai suddenly enters.

She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.
...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.
...
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, ”Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.
..
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...
...
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...
...
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...
...
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
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..
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc,Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Mistrețul cu colți de argint

În ziua aceea ne dusesem după vaci
Eu și Silvia, verișoara mea primară.
Trecusem de vârful Preluca și găsiserăm vacile
Păscând poate pe muntele Bou
Mai sus de coliba lui Gălățan.

Ne întoarcem acasă. Dar pe lunga șa ce despărțea vârful
Preluca de muntele Bou
Era o turmă de mistreți cu pui.
Se auzeau fornăiturile și sunetele ciudate

Ce le făceau și era o turmă de zece-treisprezece mistreți.
Mari și mici.
Sivia, vara mea, se speriase rău
Și tremura ca varga

Se gândea că acolo ne vom găsi moartea.
Dar eu știam de la tata
Că animalele sălbatice nu-ți fac nimic
Dacă nu le ataci

Ș dacă nu le încalci teritoriul, ci îți vezi liniștit
De drum.
Cu tot cu sângele rece de care eram în stare
i-am șoptit Silviei

să nu urmăm șaua după mistreți
că ei din spate nu ne puteau simți.... ci numai din vântul
care le bătea din față.
Și-am tăiat muntele Prelucii drept în două

Întorcându-ne acasă.
Silvia era nespus de recunoscătoare
Că scăpasem cu viață, iar eu eram fericită
Că fusesem curajoasă.

....

Mai târziu m-am gândit că mistreții au simțit...

Că sunt una de-a lor
Eufemistic spus...
Căci aveam ascendentul în Mistreț

După zodiacul chinezesc.
Era și este o scumpă amintire, cea din vremea
Copilăriei noastre
Când muntele, codrul, ba chiar și mistrețul

Râmuitor, era frate cu noi.
Dintr-o pictură în ulei, cu vopselele scurse
În care se mai deslușesc chipurile a trei copii,
A două fete, al meu și al Silviei
Verișoara mea primară, și al fratelui meu
Bujor.

te doresc, Soțul meu iubit, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Wild boar with silver thistles



That day we had gone after the cattle
I and Silvia, my primary cousin
we had passed by the Preluca Peak and we had found
the cattle, grazing maybe on the
Ox Mountain
above the wooden lodge of Gălățan

We come back home.
But on the long saddle which

separated the Peak Preluca by the Ox mountain
It was a herd of boars with chickens
There were hearing the strange sounds
they were making

and there was a herd of ten-thirteen wild boars
big and small.
Silvia, my cousin, had been scared badly
and she was shuddering
she was thinking that there is our end.

But I knew from my father that the wild animals
don't do to you any harm
if you don't attack them and you do not break
their territory
but you are quietly on the road.

with all my cold blood I was capable I whispered to Silvia
not to follow the saddle after the wild boars
for they from behind couldn't feel us...
but only from the wind which was blowing from
the front

and we cut the mountain of Preluca straight in two
coming back home.
Silvia was thankful, with tears in her eyes
that we had escaped alive
and I was happy that I was courageous.

..
Later I thought that the wild boars
had the feeling that I am one of them
Euphemistically spoken
Because I had the ascendancy in the Wild Boar
after the Chinese zodiac.

It was also a dear remembrance, that one from
the time of our childhood
When the mountain, the forest, even the ruthless
wild boar, was our brother.

From an oil canvas, with the draining paintings
where in there can be still discerned
the faces of three kids, of two girls, mine, and Silvia's
and of my brother, Bujor.
Te iubesc...

Te iubesc, dulceața mea.
Mit, ritual și simbol

E dimineață devreme. Ne-am strâns lângă clăile din fundul ogrăzii.
Tata bate coasa.

Așezat pe iarbă, pe platoul ce se scurbează apoi
Foarte abrupt în groapa din fundul ogrăzii
Tata bate coasa.

Își scoase gresia de la brâu, din ghioc, o înmuie bine în apă
Apoi ținând coasa cu mâna stângă
Cu mișcări precise și iuți, îi ascuți tăișul
Alternând mișcările de pe oparte pe alta, până ajunse
la vârful coasei.

Apoi luă o mână de iarbă verde,moale, o șterse
Dintr-o singură mișcare.
Na, iați-o îi spuse el lui Bujor, și-i dădu coasa.

Apoi începu s-o bată, cu luare-aminte
Tacticos, absorbit, pe-a lui.

O coasă veche, franțuzească
Cu tăișul de oțel ca o sclipire de lumină în soarele dimineții.
Pe nicovală, așeză cu grijă marginea
zimțuită a coasei
Aăpoi dinspre interior spre exterior
Începu s-o bată cu ciocanul din mișcări fine, precise
Nici prea apăsate, nici prea ușaore.

Era o întreagă artă. Precizia, îndemânarea și știința
De a nu o bate decât cât trebuie –
 și unde trebuie.

Ascuțișul nu trebuia zdrobit, nici mărit, nici micșorat.
Bujor se apucase de coasă.
Încordându-și tendoanele picioarelor, cobora la vale
Luptându-se cu forța gravitațională
și în genere cu forța de frecare,
și din mișcări largi
culcând iarba la pământ, într-un culoar aval
care se mărea se lărgea se extindea...

apoi porni tata în urma lui.
Cu mișcări precise și scurte, tăia tufele de iarbă rămase, oprindu-se
la răstimpuri, apoi din mișcări largi, iuți, ritmice
curba iarba la pământ.

Ajunși lângă gardul de deasupra cărării de jos, dintre ogrăzi
se opriră să răsufle.
Apoi Bujor o luă din nou în sus
Iar tata rămase să cosească pâlcurile de iarbă
De lângă gard.

Totul trebuia făcut fără cusur –
și în genere nu era lucru frumos să lași iarba netăiată
sau tăiată de jumătate sau trei sfert.
Locul trebuia ras ca-n palmă -

și în genere după sibțire
nu era bine să rămână șire uscate de paie,
fân uscat neadunat

locul arăta rău, se da apoi rău la cosit și în general era rușine
numaioamenii angajați la lucru
mai făceau uneori așa – dar noi niciodată.
...

Erau legile nescrise ale pământului – care cereau
Ca lucrurile să fie făcute cum trebuie
și nu de mântuială.

și în genere claia să fie călcată bine, să aibă vârf
și să i se pună panze
eventual peste celofanul găurit și strecurat pe par
ca să nu intre ploaia.

...

Cum era claia, așa era mirele.
Dacă claia era înaltă și frumoasă rotundă, egală,
Cu gâtul prelung și bine arcuit
Pre vârf
Mirele era frumos.
Dacă nu, nu.

și mama trebuia să facă clăile fără cusur
altfel tata o repezea
și-i vorbea aspru, poticnindu-se cu pala uriașă de fân
în vârful prului, deasupra capului.

...
mai puțin, dă-mi mai puțin, Lazăre
Nu vezi că sunt aproapede vțrf?!...

..

În arșița verii, alegam cu picioarele-mi tinere
Să aduc apa.
Apoi după ce beam, îi turnam apă lui Bujor să se spele
Pe mâini, pe brațe, pe față, pe gât.
Aoi Bujor lua sticla
și-și turna de-a dreptul apă în cap.

...

și mie!... strgă mama. Adu-mi și mie apă!...

..

În ăldura arzătoare a soarelui, în acea zi caniculară de august
Aerul se curba ca mii de particule colorate

Ca o eternă fata morgana -
Eternă iluzie vizuală.

Eram fericită. Priveam printere gene aerul curbându-se
Sticlind
Ca o apă colorată
Ca o perdea de stropi diafani, inefabili, irziând în mii de fațete colorate
Scânteietoare.

...

Soarele era mitic. Fânul era mitic. Roșia era mitică.
Mă gândeam la romanul corintic
al lui Manolescu
și cugetam că probabil așa trebuie să arate o pagină de roman:
mitul Sorelui, al apei și al Oglinzii
în muntele fără istorie
intrând pe o poartă din august
în truputl cakd, de aer, de paie şi de lut
 al Eternității.

...

Tema irecognoscibilității miracolului" este echivalentă cu a spune că miracolul ia formele cele mai nesemnificative, și este ilustrată de numeroase opere literare, dintre care amintim "La țigănci", "Pe strada Mântuleasa", "Noaptea de Sânziene". A fi prezent fără să te faci cunoscut este, probabil, ecoul paradoxului budist al prezenței-absență...
Te iubesc și te doresc dulcele meu Victor.

Myth, ritual and symbol

It's early morning. We gathered near the fences at the bottom of the yard.
Dad is sewing.
Sitting on the grass, on the plateau which then flows
Very steep in the pit at the bottom of the yard
Dad is sewing.

She removed her tiles from her waistband, soaking them in the water
Then holding the knife with his left hand
With precise movements and sharp, you sharpen its edge
Alternating the movements from one side to another, until it came
at the tip of the seam.

Then he took a hand of soft green grass, wiped it
In one move.
No, take it, he told Bujor, and he sewed his tail.

Then he began to beat her, remembering
Tactically, absorbed, his.

An old, French stitch
With steel cut as a gleam of light in the morning sun.

On the niche, he carefully placed the edge
stitched on the seam
Then from the inside to the outside
He began to strike her with the hammer of fine, precise movements
Neither too pressed nor too light.

It was a whole art. Accuracy, skill and science
Not to beat her properly -
and where to go.

The sharpener was not to be crushed, enlarged or diminished.
Peony began to sew.
Tightening the tendons of his feet, he descended to the valley
Fighting with the gravitational force

and generally with frictional force,
and from large movements
lying on the ground, down a corridor
which enlarged it widened it expanded ...

then started dad behind him.
With precise, short movements, he cut the remaining bushes, stopping
at times, then from wide, fast, rhythmic movements
bend the grass to the ground.

You come near the fence above the lower path, between the groves
they stopped to breathe.
Then Bujor took her up again
And my dad had to mow the grass clippings
Near the fence.

Everything had to be done seamlessly -
and in general it was not a good thing to leave the grass untouched
or cut in half or three quarters.
The place had to be shaved -
and generally after bullying
it was not good to keep the straw dry,
unused dry hay

the place looked bad, then it went bad in the meadow and generally it was shameful
only people employed at work
sometimes they did so - but we never did.
...

It was the unwritten laws of the earth - they demanded
That things should be done properly
not salvation.

and in general the key should be ironed well, it should be tipped
and put cloths on it
possibly over the cellophane drilled and slipped on the hair
not to enter the rain.

...

As was the key, so was the groom.
If the clause was tall and beautiful round, equal,
With long neck and well arched
Towards peak
The groom was beautiful.
If not, no.

and my mother had to make the seams seamless
otherwise my father would hurry her
and he spoke harshly to her, stumbling over the huge hay shovel
at the tip of the head above the head.

...
,less, give me less, Lazare
Don't you see I'm near the top ?! ...

..

In the heat of summer, I chose with my feet young
Bring water.
Then after we drank, we poured Bujor water to wash
On the hands, on the arms, on the face, on the neck.
Then Bujor took the bottle
and he poured water right into his head.

...

and me! ... my mother cried. Bring me some water too!

..

In the scorching heat of the sun, on that hot August day
The air curves like thousands of colored particles
Like an eternal morgan girl -
Eternal visual illusion.

I was happy. I was looking at printers, the air bending
glass
Like a colored water
Like a curtain of translucent, ineffable splashes, irritating thousands of colorful facets
Fire.

...

The sun was legendary. The hay was legendary. The redness was mythical.
I was thinking about the Corinthian novel
of Manolescu
and I thought that proabably this is how a novel page
should look like:

the myth of the Sister, the water and the Mirror

in the mountain without history
entering a gate in august
in cudd, air, straw and clay
of Eternity.

...

The theme of the unrecognizableness of the miracle "is equivalent to saying that the miracle takes the most insignificant forms, and is illustrated by numerous literary works, of which we mention" At Gypsies "," On Mântuleasa Street "," Sânziene Night ". Being present without making yourself known is probably the echo of the Buddhist paradox of presence-absence ...
I love you and I wish you my sweetheart Victor the Sun.

Moarte la Veneția

Zări tulburate de valuri decenușă se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

Norii albi devneau roș
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.
...
Treceam pe podul de lavă încinsă
Ce colcăia frenetic în măruntaie de pământ
Pe când cu adierile-i fierbinte caldul vânt
Mă clătina peste scânduri, scobite-arare

De-o parte și de alta păduri virgine
Care priveau cu ochiul imobil al lui Crist
Cum încercam pe valuri de magmă să mă țin mai bine
Cum încercam din totă ființa să rezist...
..
Zări tulburte de valuri de cenușă
Se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare
țiintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune
cum izvorăsc în ceruri reci senine
țâșniri de magmă și cărbune.

..

Norii albi devneau roș
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune
...

Afară frunzele metalice se mișcă, suflate de vânt
Totul respiră uun aer de nevinovăție virginală
De căldură și răceală boreală
De lumină albă, sepulcrală...

..

Mă întorc pe dunele măturate de vânt
În inima pustiei, acolo unde mi-am ascuns inima

Sub șirul pierdut de sălcii plângătoare
Pe care lucesc ca nestemate
Solzii trecutelor noastre întâliri...

Sunt albastru și singur
Atât cât un om poate să fie...
Pescuiesc seara-n asfințit
Lostrițe albastre
Cu trupul miraculos de știme ale apelor...

...
Vântul atârnă pe portativa cerului
Mișcate de un vânt celest
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi

... Lumea nu e decât o impresiune de culori delicate
puse pe pânza unui pictor
o ciudată străbatere și îngemănare de realități
dintre imanent și transcendemt.

Vârfurile brazilor se unduiau în zare
Ca o maree, ca o mare
Cu coroana în trupul de foc al pământului
și cu trunchiul înfipt în lumină
în uriașa, misterioasa,ciudata, labirintica
a Domnului grădină.

....

În iureșul meu am întânit pe toți profeții celeilalte lumi
Pe toști sfinții, arhanghelii și serafmii

Cu părul nins însetând după adevăr.

...

m-am cufundat în conștiința lumii
ca într-o mare tulburată tălăzuindu-și valurile
în oceanul ei de foc, de sânge și cruzime,
de război.

Sărutându-ți piciorul...
Urc în lumea mea de visuri și durere
De plăcere, fum și miere
De indescritibilă cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul
Ascult de chemarea laptelui din mine
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală
De gingașa ei liniște letală....

...

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare
Lătrătoare
Oamenii negri de cărbune
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Totul e o atmosferă între negru și verde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

..
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....

Death in Venice

He saw the waves of decay
They are lost in the clearing of the solar rains
Me, back on the sea floor
I target the expanding volcano from a distance.

The white clouds turned red
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance.
...
I was crossing the lava bridge
What was lying frantically in the depths of the earth
While with the hot expresses, the hot wind
He shook me over planks, hollowed-out

On both sides virgin forests
Who looked with the immobile eye of Christ
How I was trying on magma waves to keep me better
As I was trying my hardest to resist ...
..
He saw ashes of ash waves
They are lost in the light of the solar rains
Me, you turned around on the high tide
I target the expanding volcano from a distance
how they spring into clear skies
magma and coal spills.

..

The white clouds turned red
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance
...

Outside the metallic leaves move, blown by the wind
Everything breathes an air of virgin innocence
Boreal heat and cold
White light, burial ...

..

I return to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the line lost by the weeping willows
On which I work as unskilled
The scales of our past meetings ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish at dusk
Blue glitter
With the miraculous body of water spurts ...

...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a heavenly wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

... The world is just an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
a strange crossing and twisting of realities
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke and honey
The indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
From her throat lethal silence.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

..
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....

Moonlight

O lume de impresiuni colorate, gingașe
Zvârlite din paletaunui pictor
Ca niște pete de lumină și culoare aruncate în decor
Te iubesc. Zbătându-se la capetele zării, încet
Tot mai încet, ușor, tot mai ușor...

...
Pe străzi de lumină și-ntuneric pășeam în zbor....
Ca niște pete de lumină și culoare aruncate în decor
Te iubesc. Zbătându-se la capetele zării,încet
Ușor, tot mai ușor...

Străzi pustii, hrănite de covorul viu la toamnei
Frunze macerându-se încet pe jos
Plutind frumos...
Ca niște mâini carbonizate peste artere

Pline de himere

Ca nişte otrăvuri lente macerându-se în vin
În vinul crud al toamne, umed şi înviforat pelin.
Străzi pustii, hrănite de covorul viu la toamnei
Frunze macerându-seîncet pe jos
Plutind frumos...
Ca un neasemuit de gingaş covor, ca cel mai fraged și gingaş omor...

....

Înnegurați pașii ei trec dinspre o arteră spre alta
Pe-al lumii suspendat în aer portativ
Cu tot parfumul lui nociv...
Risipit pe umerii tineri ai acestei toamne...

....
Te doresc.
Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Decor uittat de lume, la sfârșitul anilor ’80
Pe lângă mine parcă treci
Cu mâini rănite sau înmănușate, vid de ani…
...
Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Sărim în goluri ținându-ne de mână...
Afară plouă parcă de o săptămână
Sărim dalele-mbucate de pe trotuar – toamna își poartă al ei
Irezistibil calvar...
...
Sunt frunze multe și șuvoi de apă
Pe-un ram imaginar, o pasăre tristă își vorbește...
și apa-n vaduri crește, parcă crește
și noi sărim, pron goluri vide pe caldul trotuar...
...
Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Decor uittat de lume, la sfârșitul anilor ’80
Pe lângă mine parcă treci
Cu mâini rănite sau înmănușate, vid de ani…
...te iubesc dulcele meu.
Sunt frunze multe și șuvoi de apă
Pe-un ram imaginar, o pasăre tristă își vorbește...
și apa-n vaduri crește, parcă crește
și noi sărim, prin goluri vide pe caldul trotuar...
...
Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Sărim în goluri ținându-ne de mână...
Afară plouă parcă de o săptămână
Prin dalele-mbucate de pe trotuar – toamna își poartă al ei
Irezistibil calvar...

..
O toamnă spălată de ploi

și-ntinde larg aripile peste noi… pe străzi pustii
frunzele moarte călătoresc, călătoresc…
mi-adun fruntea-n palme
și zâmbesc…

cu-amărăciune, dar blând, cu gândul dus
la răsărit și la apus
în grădini dovlecii galbeni se strâng unul în altul
ca niște copii
și bruma a dat peste vii…

pe străzi
pustii mâinile-mi moarte le risipește vântul
tăcut absoarbe ploaia doar
pământul…

te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu.

Străzi alb-negre.
Decor de sfârșit de lume.

Oare de ce orașele mari
Sunt atât de anonime?...

….

Mă pierdeam în anonimat
Mă cufundam în masa
Întunecată a inconștientului.

..

frunze. Cădeau frunzele
copacii erau alb-negri
ca niște umbrele uriașe deschise în ploaie
în vânt

mergeam repede
pe străzile umplute de frunze

……….

Creierul meu prinsese 4 dimensiuni
Mă mișcam pe axa
Trecut – prezent – viitor
într-un singur continuum
și flux al conștiinței.

……

o stradă.
Decupată dintr-o amintire din viitor

Dintr-un vis

Sentimentul cosmic
Al călătoriei prin spațiu și timp

…………………

strada plină de frunze
devenise o punte spre infinit

galben și verde
pictate într-un alb-negru nesfârșit.

Îmi zâmbești. Îți zâmbesc.
Afară peisajul lunar se schimba cu repeziciunea vântului
Care sufla printre frunzele galbene ale cipacilor
Alcătuind un decor lunar
Un decor sideral, părea, de atâta strălucire
Se face brusc noapte...

...

Trăiam în boaba e strugure suspendat
În care lumina intra ca înr-o prismă de culori violet
Pentru a ieşi de cealaltă parte
Într-o smfonie de culori și de poeme.

...

Noi ieșiserăm din timp
și ne priveam c-un aer de recunoaștere tainică pe chip.
Eram doi bolnavi absoluți...

Afară, mestecenii șopteau ireal, fremătându-și frunzele argintii
Păreau un peisaj oniric, lunar
Cu frunzele plutind ușor, ca într-un vis, într-un vals
Spre pământ, covor de argint,
de aur și brumă.

Noi trăiam în clepsidra timpului
Într-o boabă de struhure suspendat
Irizându-și luminile atemporale, scânteietoare
Irizând infinit lumini...
Te iubescși Te doresc, dulcele meu.

Moonlight

A world of colorful prints, cheeks
Flushed from the painter's palette
Like stains of light and color thrown into the décor
I love you. Fighting at the head of the hill, slowly
Slower, lighter, lighter ...

...
On the streets of light and darkness I was walking in flight.
Like stains of light and color thrown into the décor
I love you. Fighting at the head of the hill, slowly
Easy, ever easier ...

Desert streets, fed by the living carpet in the fall
Leaves macerating slowly on the floor
Beautiful floating ...
Like hands carbonized over the arteries
Plenty of chimeras

Like slow poisons soaking in wine
In the raw autumn wine, moist and invigorated pelin.
Desert streets, fed by the living carpet in the fall
Leaves macerating slowly on the floor
Beautiful floating ...
Like an asshole of rug lace, like the earliest and luscious kill ...

....

Blackened her steps go from one artery to another
The world suspended in portable air
With all its harmful scent ...
Scattered on the young shoulders of this fall ...

....
I want you.
Through dark gangs, rats
Decor forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, empty for years ...
...
Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for a week
We skip the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it
Irresistibly bald ...
...
There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals
on the warm sidewalk ...
...
Through dark gangs, rats
Decor forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, empty for years ...
... I love you my sweet.
There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...

and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, through empty holes on the warm sidewalk ...
...
Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for a week
By the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it
Irresistibly bald ...

..
A rain-washed autumn
and it spreads its wings over us ... on deserted streets
dead leaves travel, travel ...
I gather my forehead on my palms
and I smile ...

bitter, but gentle, with a thought
at sunrise and sunset
In the gardens the yellow pumpkins gather together
like children
and the haze came alive ...

on the streets
your dead hands desert my wind
quietly absorbs rain only
earth ...

I love you and I wish you, my baby.

Black and white streets.
End of the world decoration.

Why big cities
Are they so anonymous?

....

I was lost in anonymity
I plunged into the table
Dark of the unconscious.

..

leaves. The leaves were falling
the trees were black and white
like huge umbrellas open in the rain
in the wind

I was going fast
on the streets filled with leaves

....

My brain had caught 4 dimensions
I was moving on the axis
Past - present - future
in a single continuum
and flow of consciousness.

......

a street.
Cut from a memory of the future
From a dream

The cosmic feeling
Of the journey through space and time

....

leafy street
it had become a bridge to infinity

yellow and green
painted in endless black and white.

You smile at me. I'm smiling.
Outside the lunar landscape it changes with the speed of the wind
That blows among the yellow leaves of the onions
Making a monthly decoration
A sidereal decoration, it seemed, so bright
It is suddenly night ...

...

I was living in grains and grapes suspended
Where the light came in like a prism of purple
To get out of the other side
In a symphony of colors and poems.

...

We were out of time
and we were looking at an air of secret recognition on the face.
We were two absolute patients ...

Outside, the birch trees whispered unreally, shaking their silver leaves
They seemed like a dreamlike, monthly landscape
With the leaves floating slightly, as in a dream, in a waltz
To the earth, silver carpet,
gold and mist.

We were living in the hourglass

In a grain of suspended ostrich
Ironing his timeless, sparkling lights
Irisizing the lights infinitely ...

Puiul meu drag, Dulcele meu Victor,
Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Biata mea inimă e însângerată, totuși... te iubesc din tot sufletul meu.
O poezie

În grădina verde, plină până la refuz
Cu păpădii galbene
Lăptuci înflorite,și trifoi înflorit
Te iubesc.
cum le spuneam noi
Mă retrăsesem în acea zi de primăvară
De mai

Să-mi scriu compunerile
Așezată-n iarbă.
Poate aveam vreo cinci, șase ani
Poate mai puțin, mai mult
Nu știu

.....

Dar eu cercam cu vârful bont de la creion
Să scriu, micile-mi poeme
Copilărești.
Sigur că nu știam pe-atunci

Ce să scriu și despre ce să scriu
Și cum să scriu
Aveam doar un caiețel, cu pătrățele
Și vârful bont de la creion.

....

Îmi făcusem o coroniță din păpădii galbene
Și scriam despre flori
Și fluturi
Mă-ncercau doruri ne-nțelese
Și în caiet mai așterneam un rând
Sau două.

...

Cuvinte disparate, fără noimă
Dar cât de-adânc mă-ncerca fiorul
Inspirației
Gândul fără noimă
Anima Mundi, sufletul lumii
Se pleca asupră-mi...

....

Admirația mea cea mai mare era pentru
Scriitori.
Îi iubeam din tot sufletul
Și mă fascinau poveștile pe care le citeam
Basme

Și chiar romane.
Mă gândeam că voi fi un mare prozator.
Un mare scriitor.
Dar totuși... în acea zi, cu coronița pusă pe frunte
Zâmbeam inconștientă, fericită
Unei poezii...

....
My dear baby, my sweet Victor,
I love you and I love you, my dear baby.
My poor heart is bleeding, yet ... I love you with all my soul.
A poem

In the green garden, full to the brim
With yellow woods
Flowered lettuce, and flowering clover
I love you.
as we said
I had retired on that spring day
May

Let me write my compositions
Lying on the grass.
Maybe I was about five, six
Maybe less, more
I do not know

.....

But I was aiming for the pencil tip
Let me write, my little poems
Childish.
Of course I didn't know back then

What to write and what to write
And how to write
I only had one puppy, with the squares
And the tip of the pencil.

....

I had made myself a crown from the yellow woods

And I was writing about flowers
And butterflies
They were trying to get me misunderstood
And in the notebook, I was putting down another row
Or two.

...

Missing words, no fear
But how deep the thrill was trying to get me
inspiration
The thought with no fear
Anima Mundi, the soul of the world
He was leaving on me ...

....

My biggest admiration was for
Writers.
I loved them wholeheartedly
And I was fascinated by the stories I was reading
Fairy tales

And even Romanians.
I thought I was going to be a great pro.
A great writer.
But still ... that day, with the crown on his forehead
I was smiling unconscious, happy
Some poetry ...

....te iiubesc, puuiul meu.

Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.
Te besc, Dragostea mea.
Outsecticie
Pe negre-i vițele de păr, ccoroioana alrde pre
El vine rupt într-adevăr
Din foc de stea, din foc de soare
Arzând îi cresc arip de abanos
Peste care îi cade părul ebenin
Sub raza cerului senin
Fierbinte-cald, cumplt de dulce!..
..
O plerină de flăcări îi cade pe umeri—
E cerul învrâstt cu acrimi roș
Ce îi coboară lin pe piept
Se pierd într-al sfârcului lui roz cloș
..
Soarele tremură pe-a luiorbită
În cerul negru de văpaie –
Aromită de a ei ursită
O fată tânără în față îi apare...

..
Cu ochii dulci, o trage către sine
Se culcă în umbra părului ei blod
Când raze ale lunii, blândeși senine
Îi dcupează pe umeri un alb rond.
...
Săruturi duli ăi curg din buze
Precum e muerea din faguri, vinul din pocale
Se-amestecă cu-a gurii ei dulce și rece apă
Coboară-ncet pe păr de aur moale
Cuprind c-un dulce sughiț a sânului ei rodii
Pe când năstrușnic Eros
Îi intră-n fluture alb ursit de sodii
Ca un șarpe de aur ca un șerpe de-argint
Aluecă umed și cald și bate-n grind
Cu mișcări iuți și sacadae
Cu mișcări moi, ușoare, oarfumate...
...
Săruturi duli ăi curg din buze
Precum e muerea din faguri, vinul din pocale
Se-amestecă cu-a gurii ei dulce și rece apă
Coboară-ncet pe păr de aur moale
Cuprind c-un dulce sughiț a sânului ei rodii
Pe când năstrușnic Eros
Îi intră-n fluture alb ursit de sodii
..
Cu ochii dulci, o trage către sine
Se culcă în umbra părului ei blod
Când raze ale lunii, blândeși senine
Îi dcupează pe umeri un alb rond.
...
Outsecticie
On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!
..
A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell
..
The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -
The aroma of her bear
A young girl in front of him appears ...
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde

Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake
Wet wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and sarhythmicallycadae
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...
...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dulcele și Doritul meu Puișor.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..

Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Animus, te iubesc nespus.Dragostea meea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu, iubitul meu puișor.
phantasm



That night I had a reve-eveille with you, my baby
Very pregnant and strong
Cut out suddenly from the ocean of impressions
and feelings is the world
imprinted on your cerebral cortex ...

I imagined you leaving you in my arms
without power
scared and helpless
kissing us in a flood of kisses

feeling your body, vulnerable, lacking in strength and will
in my embrace.

...

See, my dear, your femininity has come to light
In a very intense revelation
While the masculinity in me
Model your body as a piece of clay

....
The sorrows joined us in our deepest core
Deep feminin ...

and then I knew, my baby
that I love you forever.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea.

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone
Hours leave
Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...
...
The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes
and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
You hold me up when the bedtime comes
and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
....
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...
.....
Silent, cadence, monotone
Hours leave
Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...
I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.

Te iubsc, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, Animusul meu dulce. I desire you and I love you, sweetheart.
Self-portrait in a state of waking



Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea.
In the empty room
A woman like about 46 years old
She laughs in one laugh.
Just what she wrote a literary commentary, full of mistakes
of spelling
Which she gave the publication.

....

The room is a sordid mess.
Plain and food plates lie on top of each other

in a corner of the table
Next to the blossoming flowers in the stool
Received March 1 and 8.

....

Empty cups of coffee
Dirty cups, just dirty mugs
Cube Tubes Stylish Tube, next to the monitor, next door
The tobacco bag, half dry
A square glass ashtray
Where the ash of cigarettes
He made a thick bed

Three holes in.
Salty-washed meal with traces of snuffed tobacco
and ash of cigarettes
a pen
a comb
a church-shaped candle with a rosette.

.....

The Sambo lock chamber is very welcoming
It once belonged to her brother Bujor.
The parquet, broken, swollen, dry
She is red and she pulls the welcoming chair beside the table
To be able to write.

.....

A welcoming mess.
The room is green.
Her corners at the top,
are brown, like dampness
Because of cigarette smoke.

On the back wall, icons.
A little icon with Mother with baby, she recently bought
In which Mother, with crown on her head
She's comforted on her cheek
Of her holy son.

A dishonor and a hidden humor
Skein in all these scattered things
Claire over the pile, washed, on an armchair by the window.

.....

The most humorous is She
A woman between two ages
Artificially fertilized on small spaces
With molds between voluptuous and overflowing

backy, pantagruelic

With her hair tight in a tail, behind her
and with eyes in two café, tabacist circles
die-hard.

....

No doubt what she writes is interesting.
But she as a human being
It's a combination of ridiculous, derisory
and sublime.

She sighs, after he laughed at all of the combatants
Drowning in a tobacco cough.

She still feels guilty
When she laughs, when she smiles
When she laughed at an ironic start
As to what she writes about herself.

....

Double-meaning words
Ingenuous blending of meanings
Possible by spelling mistakes
I bring him a smile on his face
Converted into huge laughter of laughter.

..

She's ugly.
she knows it's ugly.
All that remains is writing
Out of the way
A mysterious, pure being
An intelligent being and sex appeal.

..

The eroticism of her poems is overwhelming.
The being in the deep is very erotic
and enigmatic
has everything they lack.

...

Her impenetrable face
Lack of excitement
Do not let it see
All the heat of thoughts and passions
Of a real being
Made of flesh and bones, from deep.

...

With time the gap between the two dug
has become overwhelming.
Aunt Pink
Imagine fantastic, worlds drifting
Build and tear
with a smile
endless inner universes.

...

Concomitant living
Washed by convulsions and illnesses
It has not yet become possible.

Mrs Pink is a prince Maxentius of the disease
and deep dreams.

Recording with maximum voluptuousness
The stages of the disease, its nuances
Like an incurable sick ally
Allows to slip, fully healthy, normal
In a poetry.

.....

Her mind is a paradigm grin
A cornfield looked ordered.

Like a pyramid overlaps with meanings and senses.
Feeling is playing it though
and exalts her on a pain of pain
from which they became feasible
all the worlds imagined with intelligence
but full of a primitive feeling
and an infantile sensation.

....

Thinking intuition
Feeling sensation
Or sensation feeling, thinking intuition? ...

.....

The concern of psychological types
She's been paroxysed in the last month.
Everywhere she sees only patterns, prototypes and archetypes.

.....

Leaving to slip
Like a hallucinatory, Buddhist song
In the mysteries of her being
She had agony and sublime.

....

Getting no longer seeing types
People
Unique individual beings.

...

For what else is art
If not a pattern
and a concurrent output of the print? ...

hunted and conqueror
victorious and defeated
it's nothing but an endless focus
on the weight of one's own person.

....

Of which, lately
she woke up with huge neck pains
because of the immobile stiffness in the armchair
following the intermittent run of thoughts
sublime, abject and demoniac
the polyphonic monologue.

.....

Swinging between dizzying highs
and inner voids
of which only the sleep stolen one morning
price of two clocks
has saved her from total, absolute and overwhelming teaching
her paroxysmal mental states.

As a tide they came and washed their souls.
Like a bath of fire
From which it came to an end
an ash taste
and its ashes scattered over the four winds.

....

Dismantling the sublime
You do not stay for nothing
Than a poor Grail
In which the very forces of the world, dismantled to derisory
They are the carriers of a desecralized world

Of which the meaning fled
Not having the hermeneutic act
The only one who endows life with meaning

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady
…
The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.
…
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
…
.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.
…
and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust
...
I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest

your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation:Carl Gustav Jung
Correction: Natalia Gălățan

Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.
Te doresc, Puiulmeu. T iubesc.

Te iubesc dulcața mea.
Splendoare în alba, pura iarnă a obrajilor tăi

În azurul lbastru al ochilor tăi
Mă pierd ca-ntr-o grdină plină e splendoare
Din cre-nviforată-o blândă mare
O vocedă ascunselor mistere

Ascunse în cazne cu foc,aur și miere
Din care pierdută, nou viață
Urcă cu tumultuosu-i vifor din adânc
și se strălumineazăîn minte, inimă,gând.

...

ți-s buzele ca două petale de-azur
muiate în albastrul ochilor pur
pe care le sărut cu-nfiorare
legust parfumullor învolt de floare.

...

ți-s buzele ca doi lotuși îmbobociț
ca doi nuferi gata de bor spre înaltul
albastru, plin de sete cer
răsuflet de gheață și mister

care tresaltă unul în altul...

...

ți-s buzele ca doi nuferi îmbobociți
ușorînfloriți, tresăltând sub misterul buzelor mele
atunci când se îndreaptă bvertiginoase
necuprinse spre stele.

...
În azurul lbastru al ochilor tăi

Mă pierd ca-ntr-o grdină plină e splendoare
Din cre-nviforată-o blândă mare
O vocedă ascunselor mistere

Ascunse în cazne cu foc,aur și miere
Din care pierdută, nou viață
Urcă cu tumultuosu-i vifor din adânc
și se strălumineazã în minte, inimă,gând.

..

ți-s ochii ca două întrebări calde, pure, prinși de ai ei
din care forță dă necuprinșilor zei
să vină în ape de foc și smirnă să scalde
tot viforul cald-rece al albastrelor lor scântei.

..

Ca două virgl târzie, prinse într-un op de poezie
Ca două tăceri înelungi, iana pe câmpie
Ca doi ascunși, verzi ciorchini de viță de vie
Ca tot ce n-a gost șiare să fie.

...

ți-s buzele ca două petale de-azur
muiate în albastrul ochilor pur
pe care le sărut cu-nfiorare
legust parfumullor învolt de floare.

...

ți-s buzele ca doi lotuși îmbobociț
ca doi nuferi gata de bor spre înaltul
albastru, plin de sete cer
răsuflet de gheață și mister

care tresaltă unul în altul...

...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in fire, gold and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with with disturbance and thrill
odoured fragrance surrounded by flower.

...

Your lips are like two blossomed lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...
In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in fire, gold and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long silences, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn’t and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
desired fragrance surrounded by flower.

...

Your lips are like two bloom lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweetheart.

Moarte la Veneția

Zări tulburate de valuri decenușă se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

Norii albi devneau roș
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.
...
Treceam pe podul de lavă încinsă
Ce colcăia frenetic în măruntaie de pământ
Pe când cu adierile-i fierbinte caldul vânt
Mă clătina peste scânduri, scobite-arare

De-o parte și de alta păduri virgine
Care priveau cu ochiul imobil al lui Crist
Cum încercam pe valuri de magmă să mă țin mai bine
Cum încercam din totă ființa să rezist...
..
Zări tulburte de valuri de cenușă
Se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare
țiintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune
cum izvorăsc în ceruri reci senine
țâșniri de magmă și cărbune.

..

Norii albi devneau roș
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune
...

Afară frunzele metalice se mișcă, suflate de vânt
Totul respiră uun aer de nevinovăție virginală
De căldură și răceală boreală
De lumină albă, sepulcrală...

..

Mă întorc pe dunele măturate de vânt
În inima pustiei, acolo unde mi-am ascuns inima

Sub șirul pierdut de sălcii plângătoare
Pe care lucesc ca nestemate
Solzii trecutelor noastre întâliri...

Sunt albastru și singur
Atât cât un om poate să fie...
Pescuiesc seara-n asfințit
Lostrițe albastre
Cu trupul miraculos de știme ale apelor...

...
Vântul atârnă pe portativa cerului
Mișcate de un vânt celest
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi

... Lumea nu e decât o impresiune de culori delicate
puse pe pânza unui pictor
o ciudată străbatere și îngemănare de realități
dintre imanent și transcendemt.

Vârfurile brazilor se unduiau în zare
Ca o maree, ca o mare
Cu coroana în trupul de foc al pământului
și cu trunchiul înfipt în lumină
în uriașa, misterioasa,ciudata, labirintica
a Domnului grădină.

....

În iureșul meu am întânit pe toți profeții celeilalte lumi
Pe toști sfinții, arhanghelii și serafmii
Cu părul nins însetând după adevăr.

...

m-am cufundat în conștiința lumii
ca într-o mare tulburată tălăzuindu-și valurile
în oceanul ei de foc, de sânge și cruzime,
de război.

Sărutându-ți piciorul...
Urc în lumea mea de visuri și durere
De plăcere, fum și miere
De indescritibilă cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul
Ascult de chemarea laptelui din mine
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală
De gingașa ei liniște letală....

...

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare
Lătrătoare
Oamenii negri de cărbune
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Totul e o atmosferă între negru și verde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

..
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci

Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....

Death in Venice

He saw the waves of decay
They are lost in the clearing of the solar rains
Me, back on the sea floor
I target the expanding volcano from a distance.

The white clouds turned red
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance.
...
I was crossing the lava bridge
What was lying frantically in the depths of the earth
While with the hot expresses, the hot wind
He shook me over planks, hollowed-out

On both sides virgin forests
Who looked with the immobile eye of Christ
How I was trying on magma waves to keep me better
As I was trying my hardest to resist ...
..
He saw ashes of ash waves
They are lost in the light of the solar rains
Me, you turned around on the high tide
I target the expanding volcano from a distance
how they spring into clear skies
magma and coal spills.

..

The white clouds turned red
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance
...

Outside the metallic leaves move, blown by the wind
Everything breathes an air of virgin innocence
Boreal heat and cold
White light, burial ...

..

I return to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the line lost by the weeping willows
On which I work as unskilled
The scales of our past meetings ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish at dusk
Blue glitter
With the miraculous body of water spurts ...

...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a heavenly wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

... The world is just an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
a strange crossing and twisting of realities
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke and honey
The indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
From her throat lethal silence.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

..
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....

Te iubesc, dulcele meu, dulceața mea, puiul meu.
Moonlight Sonata

Printre razele tremurătoare ale lunii, se strevăd vârfurile argintii
Ale copacilor –
O vatră albă, argintie de jeratic
Ce clocotește cu razele ei tremurătoare, valsânde
Peste crânguri...

Luna cu chipul ei de Fecioara Maria – de profundis –
Pare oglinda în care cerul se aruncă-n mare
Printre snopi de grâu și tufăriș de iută

și de stuf

pe-oglinda lacului cea lucitoare
pe care lucioli de diamante și de aer zboară...

...

Cratere pe fața ei rotundă, de lapte
Gropi săpate în carnea obrazului fraged-
Închipuind doi ochi tandri, duioși
și-o gură maternă zâmbitoare
așa iese luna ca o vatră de jăratic din apele zâmbitoare
in verdea înspumata, calda mare!..

...

Gropițe în obrajii ei rotunzi de lapte
și gură ce din surâsul morții se adapă – al morții și întunecimii
alchasoului negru, frăgezimii!...
să sorbi amara, dulcea-i apă!...
...
Luna cu chipul ei de Fecioara Maria – de profundis –
Pare oglinda în care cerul se aruncă-n mare
Printre snopi de grâu și tufăriș de iută
și de stuf

pe-oglinda lacului cea lucitoare
pe care lucioli de diamante și de aer zboară...

..
Printre razele tremurătoare ale lunii, se strevăd vârfurile argintii
Ale copacilor
O vatră albă, argintie de jeratic
Ce clocotește cu razele ei tremurătoare, valsânde
Peste crânguri...

..

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare
Lătrătoare
Oamenii negri de cărbune
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Toiotule o atmosferă între negri șiverde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...

Omaenii se mișcă ca într-un vis,își vorbesc, își zâmbesc

Cu fruntea de funingine
Cu mâinile pline de pământ
Cu cămașa lipită d fire de fân...

...
Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare
Lătrătoare
Oamenii negri de cărbune
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Toiotule o atmosferă între negri și verde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...
...
Vântul atârnă pe portativa cerului
Mișcate de un vânt celest
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi
Clanța ușii se mșcă încet ca în vis
Eu iarăși, într-o teribilă spaimă, îmi las sufletul
Eternității vide, totuși temporale
În tăcerea noțuu, aspre, guturale
Ucis, renăscut, neantului emis....

E noapte târziu, galbenă și atemnporală
Adorm cu mâna la tâmplă
Totul se petrece ca-ntr-un vis real, aievea
Se întâmplă și nu se întmplă...
Te iubesc, dulcele meu... te doresc.

Moonlight Sonata

Among the trembling rays of the moon are the silver peaks
Alcopacilor
A white fireplace, silver jeratic
What blows her shivering beams, waltzing
Over the woods ...

The moon with its image of the Virgin Mary - by profundis -
It looks like the mirror where the sky is high
Among the chunks of wheat and jute bush
and reed

on the mirror of the shining lake
on diamond tiles and air flies ...

...

Craters on her round face, milk

Gropisăpaye in the flesh of the cheek
Imagining two octopuses, sweet
and a smiling mother's mouth
this is how the moon comes out like a fire pit from the smiling faces
in the green foam, warming! ..

...

Pits in her round cheeks of milk
and gur who from the smiling death adapts - of death and darkness
of the black alchasoul, the brotherhood! ...
suck the bitter, sweet water!
...
The moon with its image of the Virgin Mary - by profundis -
It looks like the mirror where the sky is high
Among the chunks of wheat and jute bush
and reed

on the mirror of the shining lake
on diamond tiles and air flies ...

..
Among the trembling rays of the moon are the silver peaks
Alcopacilor
A white fireplace, silver jeratic
What blows her shivering beams, waltzing
Over the woods ...

..

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

Every is atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In our silence, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

Te iubesc, Puiul emu.
O ploaie de stele visătoare

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stlele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadave și a sicriu
Părea că murise tot ceeste viu
Afrăă stele-albastre, stele albe
Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe și dalbe.

..

Afară era oo simfonie de culori...
Cerul albastru se ascunsese printre albii nori
Raze mov-rooz-galbene la a sfințit
Îmbrăcau cerul și lumea în dulce negrăit.

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –

Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stlele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor, Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.

Te iubesc, Fiul meu Dulce și iubit.

Serve the servants

Un cer de sttle dededesubt, deaupra-i cerde stele
Părea un fulger ne'ntrerupt
Rătăcitor prin ele

Cu brațul lui când o cuprinde fata
El rar privindde săptămâni
Îi cade dragă draga....

...

Deasupr cer de filomele
Printredumbrăvile verzi l drageimele
Cu stufăriș înalt și mătăsos
Princare trec egrete c penaj de abanos.

..
Un cer de sttle dededesubt, deaupra-i cerde stele
Părea un fulger ne’ntrerupt
Rătăcitor prin ele

Când brațu-i o cuprinde lin
Iubita să și-o culce
Sub raza ichiului senin - și negrăit de dulce

..

Printre lunci cu flori de argint
În vârf cu rubin
Sub raza cerului senin
și negrăit de dulce!...

..
Dezmiara alba lor ninsoare
Se pierede- strălucirea lor ca într-o mare
Zvârlind spre țărmuri valuri de argint
Cu brațele amândouă sânii ăi cuprind.

..

Luncând e albul derdeluș
Intră tot mai adânc, asudat de fericire
În cenrul lacului de-argint
Înconjurat de alebe coviltire

...

Se-aruncă lunecnd râzând
Cu lacrimi de-argint
În galben și palid dtufăriș
Cu gust de late, cu gust de măcriș.

...

Un cer de sttle dededesubt, deaupra-i cerde stele
Părea un fulger ne’ntrerupt
Rătăcitor prin ele

Când brațu-i o cuprinde lin
Iubita să și-o culce
Sub raza ichiului senin - și negrăit de dulce

....

Printre lunci cu flori de argint
În vârf cu rubin
Sub raza cerului senin
și negrăit de dulce!...

..
Dezmiara alba lor ninsoare
Se pierede- strălucirea lor ca într-o mare
Zvârlind spre țărmuri valuri de argint
Cu brațele amândouă sânii ăi cuprind.

..

Luncând e albul derdeluș
Intră tot mai adânc, asudat de fericire
În cenrul lacului de-argint
Înconjurat de alebe coviltirete iubesc, Puiul meu Drag, Dragostea mea.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them

With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling ....

...

I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them

When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver

In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them

When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

....

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves I love, my baby Chick, my love.te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubsc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Puișor iubit. Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.
Pădurea Arsă

La întoarcerea din Vârful Bou în acea zi însorită de vară
Ne-am gândit pe unde ar fi mai bun drumul
Pentru mașină.
Așa că am cârmit spre stânga,pe cealaltă șa a muntelui
li-apoi am început s-o luăm ușor în jos.

Am trecut printr-o pădure, pe drum încă
Destul de vun pentru mașină
Apoi am vârmit mai jos prin Pădurea arsă.
Era o pădure carbonizată de flamele ucigătoare
ale focului
De curând.

..

Cât vedeai cu ochii, numai cioturi carbonizate, de brazi, de fagi
D arini, de mesteceni, de pini.
Trunchiuri tăiate,
arse și carbnizate. Er o imagine cutremurătoare aceasta.
Părea că inconștientul,inconștientul Naturii
dăduse e dinafară

și carboniizase totul în jur cu flacăra lui ucigătoare
pârjolitoare.
Ea o imagine dezolantă: ăe coasta ce pe altădată
Se înălța o pădure verde
Erau numai trupuri contorsionate, carbonizate de copaci

Trunchiuri tăiate
De pădurari sau de proprietari și arse.
Imaginea m-a cutremurat: am scris chiar o povestire
Despre asta, o compoziție literară
Pe care mai târziu am șters-o.

Coborâm, mai jos, împărtășindu-n impresiil dezolate.
În zig-zag.
Mai jos ne astepta un drum la dreapta
Printr-o pădure vie, cu trunchiuri bizr de înalte
De brazi și pini.

...

Când deodtă, stupoare: un brad înalt căzuse de-a lungul
și ne astupase drumul, care era un fel
de drumeag ca o mlaștină, un drum îngust și anevoios.
Ne privim consternați. Nu-mi luasem medicamentele
La plecare.

Totuși privesc cum tata și Bijor luaseră mica toporișcă
Adată în caz de nevoie în mașină
și începuseră să sape trunchiul
puțin mai jos de mijloc.
Coada toporiștii se uscase, și tăișul juca în coadă
Au trebuit în mai multe rânduri să-l fixeze
Cu icuri de lșem, bătute în orificiul în care tăișul

Intra în coadă. Obosiseră. Făceau cu rândul. Mâinil li se umflaseră
și aproape sângerau, toporișca era mică
nu destul de eficace pentru o asemenea
grea sarcină.
Umbrele înserării coborau.
Eu stăteam lâmgă trunchi,pe o buturugă de lemn

Privind mișcările lor îndemânatice, disperarea lor tăcută
și neinvazivă. Eram aboslut sigură
că abeam să ieșim
de acolo, că Bujor și tata vor elibera calea.
Tata era deja bătrân. Încerca cu greu să-și ascundă

Tulbuarea, pe când Bujor preluase greul pe umerii lui.
Mama se învârtea c o buburuză
De launul la altul, probabil incomplet conștientă
De gravitatea ituației.

...
Când deodată truchiul pocnește și tresaltă în aer
Apăsat deasupra de Bujor.
Trunchiul îl crmom la o parte, cu greutate
Pentru a face loc mașinii să treacă.

...
Mai jos, prin mlaștina care înfundase roțile mașinii
Mașina se îbclină periculos la dreapta.
Crezând că mașina o să se răstoarne cu noi
Sar din mașină, din locul meu din față

De lângp șofer. Pe dată și mama, care era în spatele meu
Face la fel. În sfârșit, Bujor trece de hop
și ne așteaptă ceva mi încolo. Curând, când întunericul
începea deja să se aștearnă ăeste aceste locuro sălbatice

ieșim pe drumul principal, ce ducea la Lunca Florii.
O cârmim spre Taia, pe drumui asfaltate, pline de nisip
Pe care copiii se jucau, nepăsători
În mijlocul lor, și-apoi, ajuni în Petrila, o cârmim
spre Petroșani.

...

... A trăi o baie de foc, a simți jocul unei călduri interioare, plină de flăcări, nu este a atinge o puritate imaterială în viață, o imaterialitate asemănătoare cu dansul flăcărilor? Emanciparea de sub greutate, de sub forțele atracționale, ce se întâmplă în această baie de foc, nu fac viața o iluzie sau un vis? Decât și aceasta e prea puțin față de senzația finală, care este una dintre cele mai paradoxale și mai ciudate, când din sentimentul acelei irealități de vis ajungi la sentimentul prefacerii în cenușă. Nu există baie interioară de foc al cărei rezultat final să nu fie învolburarea stranie din sentimentul acestei prefaceri în cenușă, când într-adevăr poți vorbi de imaterialitate. Atunci când flăcările lăuntrice au ars tot din tine, când nu mai rămâne nimic din existența ta individuală, când numai cenușa a mai rămas, ce senzație de viață mai poți avea? Am o voluptate nebună și de o infinită ironie când mă gândesc că cineva ar sufla cenușa mea în cele patru colțuri ale lumii, că vântul ar împrăștia-o cu o iuțeală frenetică, risipindu-mă în spațiu ca pe o eternă mustrare pentru această lume.

....

Te iubsc, Victor, dragostea mea
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Burnt Forest

On the return from Bou Peak on that sunny summer day
We thought about where the road would be better
For the car.
So I rode to the left, across the other side of the mountain
then we started to take it slightly down.

I passed through a forest, still on the road
Pretty good for the car
Then I wandered down through the Burning Forest.
It was a forest charred by the deadly flames of fire

Recently.

..

As you can see with your eyes, only charred stains, fir trees, beech trees
Of alders, birch trees, pine trees. Cut logs,
burnt and charred. This was a terrifying picture.
It seemed that the unconscious, the unconscious of Nature
it had turned out to be outside

and had carbonized everything around him with his killer flame
searing.
It's a bleak picture: it's the coast that once
A green forest rose
They were only contorted bodies, charred by trees

Cut logs
Of forests or of owners and burns.
The image shook me: I even wrote a story
About it, a literary composition
Which I later deleted.

We descend below, sharing in the desolate impressions.
In the zigzag.
A road to the right was waiting for us below
Through a living forest, with bizarre tall logs
Of firs and pines.

...

When suddenly, astonishment: a tall fir had fallen along
and had blocked our way, which was a kind
like a swamp, a narrow and winding road.
We look dismayed. I hadn't taken my medication
On departure.

However, I look at how Dad and Bijor had taken the little bullfighter
Suitable in case of need in the car
and they had begun to dig the trunk
just below the middle.
The tail of the bulls had dried, and the edge played in the tail
They had to fix it several times
With lemongrass, beaten into the hole in which the cut

Get in the queue. Weary. They did it in a row. Their hands had swollen
and they were almost bleeding, the minstrel was small
not quite effective for such a heavy task.
The shadows of the sunset were coming down.
I was sitting near the trunk, on a log

Looking at their skillful movements, their silent despair
and non-invasive. I was pretty sure we were going out
from there, Bujor and dad will clear the way.

Dad was already old. She was trying hard to hide

The confusion, while Bujor had taken the hard on his shoulders.
My mother was spinning like a butterfly
From one to the other, probably incomplete conscious
The seriousness of the situation.

...
When suddenly the truffle bursts into air
Pressed above Bujor.
The trunk is chromed to one side, with weight
To make room for the car to pass.

...
Below, through the swamp that clogged the wheels of the car
The car bends dangerously to the right.
Believing the car will overtake us
I jumped out of the car, from my front seat

By the driver's side. Once upon a time, my mother,
who was behind me
He does the same. Finally, Bujor goes hop
and something awaits me. Soon when the darkness
these wild places were already beginning to be expected

take the main road, which led to the Lunca Florii.
We drive it to Taia, on the paved road,
full of sand
The children were playing, careless
In the middle of them, and then, you arrive in Petrila
We make it to Petroșani.

..

... To live a bath of fire, to feel the play of an inner heat, full of flames, is not to attain an immaterial purity in life, an immateriality similar to the dance of flames? Does not emancipation under the weight, under the attractive forces, what happens in this bath of fire, make life an illusion or a dream? But this too is little compared to the final sensation, which is one of the most paradoxical and strange, when from the feeling of that dream unreality you reach the feeling of the ash-gray preface. There is no inner fire bath whose final result is not the strange wrapping of the feeling of this preface in ash, when you can really speak of immateriality. When the inner flames burned all over you, when nothing left of your individual existence, when only the ashes remained, what sense of life can you have? I have crazy voluptousness and infinite irony when I think that someone would blow my ash in the four corners of the world, that the wind would spread it with a frenetic jolt, scattering me in space as an eternal rebuke to this world.

...te iubesc, dulcele meu, puiul meu.
te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, ppuiul meu.
Sărutul tău

Cârlionții blonzi îți tremură răvășiți

De briza dulce a-nserării –
Plimbțndu-ne pețărmurile mării
Ne sărtăm până la buze, până la dinți...

...

Ochii tăi calmi, sunt înfundați n-orbite
și cearcăne vinete îi înfăşor –
buzele roșii-roz ca floarea cea de măr
îmi dătuiește sărutul lor, dulce ispită.

...

Cămașa-mbracă trupul dalb - și cald
Precum culcușul de feioară
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –
și dulce,prin floriledepăpădie.

...

De-atțta dragoste, uitare de sine ai slăbit
și pantaloni-mracă trupul zvelt
din care parcă e rănit
piciorul alb de gândul meu dement.

...

Te-apleci n-uitare deplină
Chipulflutură-n vânt - săruți gingaș
Mireasa pământ
Cu părul ei negru, uscat de cărbune.

...

Privindu-ne-n ochio veșnicie –
Uităm toate câte-au fost și câte-ors să mai fie
Printre sărutări gingașe
Precum corole albi de păpădie.
Precum e creanga roz de vișin și de măr –
Ălăcutăsimțurilor cum minții devăr.

...
Dulce ți-egura ca unchireș dat în copt
Învara ce-ncepe cuo friză de culori delicate, scânteietoare
Recistropiai mării albastre dulce briză.

...
Te—aplei în vis
Puiun picior peste-a mele coaste – din care tulburați în calda noapte
Bne strângem la piept tot maiaproape
Mai aproape....

..

Cămașa-mbracă trupul dalb - și cald
Precum culcușul de feioară
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –
și dulce,prin floriledepăpădie......

Your kiss...

Your blond hair loops are trembling, devastated
By the sweet breeze of the nightfall –
Walking ourselves, on the shores of the sea
We kiss each other, to the lips, to the teeth...

...

Your calm, wandering eyes are sunken in the orbits
And bruise circles are wrapping them –
Your red-rosy lips as the apple flower
Are giving me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...
The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm
As if it was a virgin bed
It is a nightfalling so bitter –
Annd sweet, through dandelion flowers.

..

For so much love, and forgetting of self, you lost weight
And your pants are dressing the feeble, slim your tender body
Wherefrom it is seemingly hurt
Your white foot, by my demented thought.

..

You are bending yourself in full hypnosis
You shape is fluttering in the wind –you kiss tenderly
The Earth bride
With her black hair, dry of black coal.

Looking in our eyes an Eternity
We forget about what they were, and what they will be
Through tender, vibrant kisses
Likewise the white crowns of dandelion.
Likewise the rosy branch of cherry and of apple tree
Pleasant to senses as to the mind truth.

You bend in your dream
Thou put a white leg over my ribs – whrefrom tormented in the warm night
We stretch together closer and closer...
..

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm
As if it was a virgin bed
It is a nightfalling so bitter –
And sweet, through dandelion flowers.....

Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce, dulceața mea.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan

Your kiss

The blond haters are shaking you up
The sweet breeze of the sunset -
Walking the shores of the sea
We kiss to the lips, to the teeth ...

...

Your eyes are calm, they are not blinded
and eggplant circles I wrap them -
red-pink lips like the apple flower
give me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...

The shirt bears the white body - and warm
Like the pillowcase
it's such a bitter evening -
and sweet, through the flower bud.

...

For so much love, forgetfulness you have weakened
and slim body pants
of which he is injured
the white leg of my demented thought.

...

You bend over in complete oblivion
Chips fluttering in the wind - kissing hips
Earth bride
With her black hair, dried from coal.

...

Looking at us eternally -
We forget all that was and how many bears there are
Among the kissing kisses
Like white dandelions.
As is the pink cherry and apple branch -
Praise to the senses as the mind goes down.

...

The sweetness makes you like a baker
Spring begins with a frieze of delicate, sparkling colors
You rewatched the sweet blue sea breeze.

...
I called you in a dream
Chicken leg over my ribs - from which you disturb in the hot night
We tighten the chest even closer
Closer....

..

The shirt bears the white body - and warm
Like the pillowcase
it's such a bitter evening -
and sweet, through the flower-dandelion ......

Translation Carl Gustav Jung

Dulceața mea, dragostea mea, Animusul meu, Tudor, puiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Silent, still decay

Notion of blacks which surrounds me
Emotions extinguished in powerless words
I look behind me, beforehand
And future like a green stained glass puiul meu drag,
dulcele meu,
Te doresc nespus și te iubesc nespus.

Full of sparkling ore
Which floats in rosy shawls, fluttering, caught
By the low sky, green and small.

....
Nature alive, warm, pure and immaterial
Likewise is your sweet manhood –
Unique violin
Whereon I sing on low notes, my dream
Bewildered and dunderhead.

....

From the deep the girls, the girls and the flowers
Look forward bewildered, silly
The rain to wet them
With cold lips, with wet lips, cruel

Streams full of orgasm
Wherein they drowned their silent, still decay
...
If I will die, I have only one longing

To die embracing you
From the lust of desire smoothly carried

....

Silent, ivory, the mate hours of the morning fly away
Carried on white strings of sweet violin
Whereon the lord was playing like
A goat stabbed, the sweetheart suffers
In my book.

...
....
Nature alive, warm, pure and immaterial
Likewise is your sweet manhood –
Unique violin
Whereon I sing on low notes, my dream
Bewildered and dunderhead.

....

From the deep the girls, the girls and the flowers
Look forward bewildered, silly
The rain to wet them
With cold lips, with wet lips, cruel

Streams full of orgasm
Wherein they drowned their silent, still decay
...

Translation Natalia Gălățan

Soșul mu Drag și Dulce și Iubit, Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Draostea mea,Dulceașa mea.Te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu. Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc.
Animus

Doi ochi albaștri o priveau țintuiți dintr-un
Nor de foc
Cu-acea privire plină de un elan tăcut,
Introvertit a tinereții

Întregul lui chip transmitea un limbaj non-verbal
Fără cuvinte, dar cu atât mai pregnant....
Deși erau și câteva cuvinte
Scrise pe-un pliant, în spate

Inițiativă, sugativă, curaj, sevraj...
și-o sticlă mică de apă minerală borsec pe masă
din care se vedea doar sec
și din care deduceai că tânărului personaj

îi place vinul sec.
Haina de costum în cloș, oprindu-se puțin mai jos pe piept...
și-un surâs, abia schițat, cu buze pline,
un surâs senin și neforțat

lăsând să se vadă splendoarea buzelor, arcuirea lor tragică
într-o dăruire totală, covârşitoare
precum privirea... puţin cruciş
gata să-şi ia zborul, undeva deasupra capului tău

un efect coriolis straniu, al privirii deviate puţin la dreapta –
de razele solare
de n-ar fi cea mai îndrăzneaţă, mai grea şi mai ilogică concluzie...
corelându-se cu numinozitatea imaginii

făcută să stoarcă fărâme de sublim
din fiecare aamănunt...
...
Izbindu-te cercurile albastre
Pe-un caiet alăturat, precum cele din proiectele de lecţii
Haina îmbrăcată plin, dar lăsând spaţii în mâneci
De braţe primăvăratice

şi neformate
picioarele ascunse sub masă
precum tot ce-ar însemna în mod fizic bărbăţie
dar chipul vorbind de la sine

pentru această bărbăţie
care n-are nevoie de amănunte fizice
ci de imponderabile sufleteşti, şi de trăsuri ale feţei
blânde, netezi, drepte, adânci

precum bridele în carnea obrazului fraged.
O, Adonis!...
m-am îndrăgostit fulgerător
de moarte la Veneţia

ignorând tinereţea trufaşă, orgolioasă a acestui Youngman
sau poate tocmai de aceea...

cămaşă descheiată la gât
păr castaniu cu şuviţe blonde căzându-i de o parte şi de alta a feţei
un gât imberb
un surâs bărbătesc şi deplin

o caracterizare făcută prin înfăţişare, expresie, gestică
limbaj non-verbal
o potenţă ţintuită în zbor, ca o imagine dinamică
surprinsă static

....

Valuri regresive de memorie, trăgându-se în inconştientul colectiv
şi cam în tot ce am scris
şi am citit
o amintire de temeliile fiinţei

şi de forţa surprinzătoare a Animusului
care te privea zâmbind
cu ochii într-o dimensiune ideală
de mire încins cu brâul dragostei

într-o dăruire totală și covârșitoare.
Te iubsc și Te doresc, Dragostea mea Tudor.

Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, puiul meu. Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, puiul meu.Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so ....
Although there were a few words
Written on a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water
on the table
of which only a sec
and from which you deduced that the young character

he likes dry wine.
Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile

leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication
like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head

a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,
it would not be the boldest, heavier and

most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...
...
Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces
in his sleeves
By spring arms

and unformed
legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself

for this man
who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep

such as the breasts in the tender cheek.
O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantlyto death in Venice

ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised

....

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read
a memory of the foundations of being

and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size
the bridegroom with the girdle of love

in total and overwhelming dedication.
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Tudor, puiul meu. Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, puiul meu.Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Animus

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By spring arms

and unformed
legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself

for this man
who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep

such as the breasts in the tender cheek.
O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice

ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised

....

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read
a memory of the foundations of being

and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size
the bridegroom with the girdle of love

in total and overwhelming dedication.
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.
Animus

Te iubesc Victor-Tudor, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea

Soțul meu dulce
Puiul meu dulce, Lia se simte binișor.
Te iubesc
Victor, puiul meu dulce
Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Sus, pe Jară

În ziua aceea bunica Lucreția, bunica din Roșia
Ne făcuse muiată, ca de obicei
Adică balmoș, bun de să te lingi
Pe degete.... cu smântână, lapte, poate că și brânză
Și mălai.

...

Eram eu cu Bujor. Terminasem de muls văcuțele
Și trebuia să urcăm cu ele
Pe Jară, ograda înaltă
Pe care urcai pieptiș, până-n Ciocan.

......

Am mâncat cu poftă și ne-am săturat, noi și bunicii
Apoi ne-am luat nuielușele
de salcie
Și-am pornit să dăm după vaci.
Le-am dus mai întâi, pe niște cărări bătătorite
Paralele și întretăiate

La fântânile făcute de tata, sub coama dealului
Să le adăpăm.
Apoi am pornit cu ele pieptiș
Să urcăm dealul, o creastă povârnită care urca
Aproape drept în sus.

.....

Gâfâiam, roșie în obraji, cu jordița într-o mână
Alergând după văcuțe
Și le mânam drept la deal.
Ele se orânduiau cuminți, roșii, florane, negre
pe lângă gardul

Din uliță, și curând ajunserăm la poarta de sus.
Pe ciocan răsuflăm mai ușurați
Și ne uitam după pitoance, cum le spuneam noi
Hribi, crescuți de la o zi la alta.

....

Când mai găseam câte unul
Și mai ales mici puișori, abia mijiți din iarbă
Exclamam fericiți.
Bujor mă chema: Lia, hai să vezi!...

Și alergam să văd pitoanca uriașă
Cu-o pălărie mare, crudă
Pe care bunica avea să ne-o pregătească cu ceapă
Și cu brânză.

...

Urcăm domol.
Din dreapta, se aude cățeaua lui Mardea
Băbuța singuratică și rea de gură
Care-şi avea coliba în văioagă, sub poala muntelui
Lătrând sălbatic, asmuțită

Funest, ca o prevestire, pe sub coroanele
Pădurii de fagi ce da în Fața Prelucii.
În stânga se-ntindea pădurea de brazi și de fagi
De sub Frunți

O pădure deasă, unde știam că sălășluiește ursul.
Curând, tot dând după vaci
Ajungem sus.
Un drum drept, bătătorit, între cele două păduri.

......

Dincolo de care, drept în fața noastră, se înălța Preluca,
primul vârf de munte.
Acolo, la stânga pe-o cărare
Mai porneau vacile setoase să se-adape

La o mică fântână din lemn
Apoi apucau pe cărările bătătorite, din dreapta
Pe lângă pădure,
Urcând încet muntele, la pășunat.

....

Fagii, verzi, cu coroanele lor umbroase
De-un verde metalic
De-un verde crud, brazii nespus de înalți
Aerul tare de înălțime, atât de curat

Punându-te cu capul jos, pe spate
Admirai cerul
Pe care alergau fără oprire norii
Și te simțeai fericit, atât cât inima ta de copil
O putea cuprinde.

.....

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiulmeu.
Te doresc.

Soțul mu Dulce, iartă-mă, Te rog, Puiul meu. Te iubesc.

Dragostea mea, Iubitul meu, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragul meu soțior, te iubesc.
Upside, on Jara orchard

That day our grandma Lucretia, the grandma from Rosia
has been making ourselves the dipped, like usually
that is, ”balmoş”,
a dish with cream, milk, cheese, and cornflour.

....
I was with Bujor. We had finished milking the cows
and we had to climb with them
on Jară, the high gradient, where on you were climbing up
hardly
until the Hammer.
.....
We have eaten with appetite until we were tired,
we and our grandparents
then we took the thin branches of willow
and we started to handle the cows.
We brought, first of all, on some beaten paths

parallel and intersected
to the fountains, one of wood, another one of cement
made by our father, under the ridge of the hill
to drunk them.
then we started to climb with them abruptly
the hill, a sloped ridge which was getting up
almost right upward.
...
I was breathing in pain, red in cheeks
with the little branch in one hand
and we were handling them up to the hill.
they were aligning mellow, red, flowery, black
besides the fence

which was giving in the unstoned alley.
and soon we had arrived at the upside gate.
On the hammer, we are lighter
and we look after ”pitoance”, how we were calling them
mushrooms, boletus, rising up from a day
to another.
....
When we were finding one of them
and especially little mushrooms, hardly risen up
from the grass and ground
We were exclaiming happily.
Bujor was calling me: ”Lia, come to see!...”

and I was running to see the large boletus
with a large hat, unripe
whereon our grandma was going to prepare for us
with onion and cheese.
.....
We climb up softly.
From the right, it is hearing the bitch of Mardea
The old woman lonely and mouth disease
who was having the lodge in the abrupt valley
under the lap of the mountain, barking savagely,
whet

fateful, like a premonition, under the crowns
of the beech forest which was giving
in The Face of Preluca.
To the left, there was stretching the forest of pine-trees

and beeches
underneath the Foreheads

a dense forest, where we were knowing
that has its place the bear.
soon, still handling the cattle
we arrive upwards. A plain road, beaten, between the two forests.
.....
Beyond which, straight in front of us, it was rising up Preluca.
the first Peak of Mountain.
there, to the left on a path
the cows were still starting to drink water

at a little wooden fountain
then they were starting on the beaten paths, from the right
besides the forest
climbing slowly the mountain, grazing it.
.....
The green beaches, with their shadowy crowns
of a metallic green
of light green, the pine trees unspeakable tall
the heaviness of height, with clean air

putting yourself with the head down, on your back
you were admiring the sky
whereon they were running ceaselessly the clouds
and you were feeling happy, as much as your
child's heart could compress it.

Te iubesc, Victpr, Puiul meu

Iartă-mă, Puiul meu. Sunt așa de obosită, cu inima frântă.Dragul meu Victor, Te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
Surâsul tău...

Pe cărările pustiite dunele le mătura vântul
Un alt eu de=nnceput de lume
Pictat într-un tablou cam suprarealsit...
Veneam, prin răscruci ascunse de drumuri,pustiit și trist.

....

Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament
Surâde puțin trist, puțin adus
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri.

...

Mâna ta gingașă, precum e visul palid de poet
Așvrea s-oduc la gurășis-o gust
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri

Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde
În sânul depărtării verde
Cum poașiimei răsunăîi ascult.

...

Te caut la margine de ape și pădure
Mâna gingașă să-ți privesc
Ce se-apleacă în neștiută armonie
Asiupra gândului dulce și-omenesc.

...
Mâna ta gingașă, precum e visul palid de poet
Așvrea s-oduc la gurășis-o gust
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișinișі de meri

...
Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde
În sânul depărtării verde
Cum poașiimei răsunăîi ascult.
....

Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament
Surâde puțin trist, puțin adus
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișinișі de meri......

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, dragostea mea nespusă a sufletului meu.
Te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept by the wind
Another I from the beginning of the world
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

..

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops of green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

..

I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest
Your sweet tender hand to look at it
Which bent in unknown harmony
Over the sweet human thought...
...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops of green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puiul meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths
Another self from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.

...

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest
Hands down to look at you
What bends in unknown harmony
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

...
Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

...
With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance

As the poem rang, I listened.
....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries ...... te iubec, puiul meu, cu toate acestea...
Te doresc, puiul meu dulce și drag, iubitul meu.

Tranlation: Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu.

Te Doresc, Puiul meu. Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce.
Anima

Sufletul este ceva divin
Suflarea de dumnezeire pe care a pus-o
Dumnezeu
În tine

Jumătatea din tine care lipsește…
Dar este acolo
În adânc.

……

Sufletul e cel care dă viață
Suflare vie
Lucrurilor neînsuflețite
Le așează în grădina primitoare
a Domnului
Printre lacrimi și sfinți.
Te iubesc.

Dulcele meu Dulce și Drag, Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, din tot sufletul meu.
Anima

The soul is something divine.
The breath of divinity which God put it into you
The half from you which is missing
But it is there
In the deep.
....
The soul is that which gives life
Lively breathing
To the inanimated things
Lies them down in the welcoming garden
Of God
Between teardrops and saints.
TeDoresc, Tudor, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce;fiul meu iubt, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

Dulceața mea, Te doresc și T iubesc, Dulcișorul meu, Victor, Puiul meu, Animusul meu.
Anima

În dormitorul cu patul spre est, tinrerii se întânire
în după-amiaza aceea de iarnă caldă, plăctă

în care ploaia se amesteca cu zăpada
și ninsoarea, într-un vălmpșag de visuri ciudate,încțcite.

..
Picurii mulți cădeu în dans ciudat
Într-o ploaie deasă, măruntă, mocănească
Într-o ploaieudă, cu s-ar spune
Precum erauși ei în acea după-amiază de oanarie
Uzi de dorință, de proisune de făgăduință.

..

Se aplecă cald de pasiune pestte ea
Sărutând-o cu buzele lui ca un șerbet de trandafiri
Ca un roz-roșuînmiresmat zefir
Dorian se aplecă cald de pasiune peste ea...

..

și buzele lui întredeschise ca un ”A” dete iubesc mirare
se aplecau în sărutri peste fața eiîntoarsă
cu părullung și negru, de abanos
strălucitor și uns cu eleiuri parfumate
în timp ce brațil ei stâng îl cuprindea de după cap
arcuindu-se ca corzile unei violine
și trăgându-l ușor spre ea.

...
Cathy, șopti el, cu buzele lui pline și învoalte
Ca sărutate de vântul dimineții
Cu părul lui blond și buclay tăiat scurt și rsfirându-se pe gât
și în doi mici perciubmi, două șuvițe de păr mătăsos șiblond.
Ciborând ușor pe obraz.

...

Dorian, femu ea, te doresc Puiul meu, Puișorul meu...
Anima mea șopti el
Sărutând-o pe buzele ei dulci, ca o ciocolată fină
Cao fremă de fragi
Ca un zmeuriș sălbatic, două fructe de pădure
Pline de dulceațăă și savoare.

...
Brațul ei se arcuia din ce în ce
El se apleca in ce în ce mai tare, cu buzele deschise să o soarbă
Afară picurii mulți cădeu în dans ciudat
Într-o ploaie deasă, măruntă, mocănească
Într-o ploaieudă, cu s-ar spune
Precum erauși ei în acea după-amiază de oanarie
Uzi de dorință, de proisune de făgăduință

...
Brațul ei se arcuia din ce în ce
El se apleca in ce în ce mai tare, cu buzele deschise să o soarbă –
și Mihai clipi din ochi, rușinat, și apoi se plecă
într-o nouă flotare spre podea
cu umerii lui atletici coborând ritmic

fără oprire, cu trupul ca un arc gata săplesnească
ca o oală sub presine.

...
și buzele lui întredeschise ca un ”A” dete iubesc mirare
se aplecau în sărutri peste fața eiîntoarsă
cu părullung și negru, de abanos
strălucitor și uns cu eleiuri parfumate
în timp ce brațil ei stâng îl cuprindea de după cap
arcuindu-se ca corzile unei violine
și trăgându-l ușor spre ea.

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Cathy, șopti el, cu buzele lui pline și învoalte
Ca sărutate de vântul dimineții
Cu părul lui blond și buclay tăiat scurt și rsfirându-se pe gât
și în doi mici perciubmi, două șuvițe de păr mătăsos șiblond.
Ciborând ușor pe obraz.

...
Brațul ei se arcuia din ce în ce
El se apleca in ce în ce mai tare, cu buzele deschise să o soarbă –
și Mihai se șterse la ochi, rușinat, și apoi se plecă
într-o nouă flotare spre podea
cu umerii lui atletici coborând ritmic
Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
where in the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

..
Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet od desire, of promise,of covenant.

..

She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

..

and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind

With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings many fall into strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.

...
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...



From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

It’s late in stones...

It’s late in stones and branches
In the clearing it reverberates sadly the song of whirling
Now, when it is rising the Moon and the stars in the sky
To leave, my grave Love, between us?...

....

It’s sad my soul, for he found a way
To flow the whole misery wherefrom he is comprised...
He looks the Parâng Mountain, in the distance
He’s white, as if the Sky would have snowed him...

...

Through cold cucumbers of waters the swans are floating smoothly
On the covering of blue and of coldness full

To lie their majestic body in the Self, through reed
Then when the Night is quincing slowly of the sky light...

...

The wicks of the candle has quinced....
În the night they are heard warm whisperings
Of the Earth, like a warm living creature, which slowly is whispering, quinced...

..

The silence is beating slowly from the copper top of a Tower
And the heavy, liquid drops of water are penetrating me
Taking slowly, slower and slower, my hands downwards...
..

I am looking for you when light is interfering with the dark
when yellow water lillies
are floating on the translucid surface of the water
the silence is beating like a bronze bell
On the top of a tower, and the heavy water drops go through me
and carry like a river your hands flowing slowly
downwards -
your delicate and fragile hands
slowly and slowly into a torrent flowing
downwards

An old image on the wall. An icon is burning slowly
The candle's bowl has quenced.
It is hearing a cry of night butterfly, hitting in short and fast beats
My thought, hidden in deeps of darkness, caught
As into a a cage...

The walls are crying and falling down on the ground.
An age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
Over the ponds flippers are fleeing into the night...
Into the glade has gathered a hedgehog, in a clew
of illusions - are falling broken...

an age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
at the page seven, at the page seven...

Translation Natalia Gălățan

It's too late ...

It's late in stones and branches
In the light, the song of whirling sounded sad
Now, when the Moon and the stars rise in the sky
Are you leaving, serious love, between us?

...

It is sad to my soul, because I found the way
To reverse the whole grief that is contained ...
Look at Parang Mountain in the distance
It's white as if the Snow had snowed it ...

...
Through cold forests of the Lebede period, I float smoothly,
On the stretch of blue and cold full

To lay his majestic body in the reeds, through reeds
When the Night slowly goes out of the sky the light ...

...

The candle light went out ...
At night there are warm whispers
Of the Earth as a warm life, which slowly whispers, extinguished ...

..

Silence beats nectar from the gong of a tower
and the heavy fluid streams of water penetrate me
moving slowly, slowly, my hands flutter.

...

I seek you when the light blends with the darkness
when yellow water lilies
float on the translucent water canvas
silence is like a brass gong
at the top of a tower, and heavy splashes of water penetrate me
they become fluid

and I carry your hands - delicate yellow flowers ...
in a stream flowing down the valley…
always flowing

downhill…

..

An old picture on the wall. a slowly burning icon
the candle juice went out ...
there is a crying butterfly at night
hitting in short strokes and quickening my thinking
hidden in holes of darkness, trapped as in a
cage…

....

the walls weep and fall to the ground. a century of
loneliness lies open on page seven.
over the puddles can be spotted running at night ...
a hedgehog squeezed into the luminaire, into a moan
of illusions - they are broken ...

like the shards of a mirror.
an age of loneliness lies open on the page
seven, on page seven, on page seven ... te iubesc, puuiul meu drag. Te doresc, puiul meu.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

E târziu înpietre....

E târziu în pietre și în ramuri
În luminiș răsună trist cântecul de pițigoi
Acum, când răsre Luna și stelele pe cer
Să pleci, dragoste gravă, dintre noi?...

...

E trist sufletu-mi, căci găsi cu cale
Să reverse întreaga jale de care e cuprins...

Privește muntele Parâng în depărare
E alb ca și cum Ceul l-ar fi nins...

...
Prin vaduri reci de epe Lebede, plutesc lin,
Pe-ntinderea de-albastru și răceală plină
Să-și culce trupul maiestos în ine, prinre trestii
Atunci când Noaptea stinge-ncet a cerului lumină...

...

Sfeștila lumânării s-a stins...
În noapte se-aud calde șoapte
Ale Pământului ca o caldă vietate, ce-ncet șoptește, stins...

..

Tăcerea bate-nect din gongul de aramă-al unui Turn
și strpii greii fluizi de apă mă pătrund
ducând încet , tot mai încet, mâinile-mi l vale....

...

te caut când lumina se-mbină cu întunericul
când nuferi galbeni
plutesc pe pânza apei translucidă
tăcerea bate ca un gong de-aramă
în vârful unui turn, și stropii grei de apă mă pătrund
devin fluidă

și port mâinile tale – flori galbene și delicate…
într-un torent curgând la vale…
curgând mereu-mereu

la vale…

..

O imagine veche pe perete. o icoană arde-ncet
mucul lumânării s-a stins…
se aude un plâns de fluture de noapte
lovind în bătăi scurte și repezi gândul meu
ascuns în hăuri de-ntuneric, prins ca într-o
cușcă…

………

zidurile plâng și cad pe pământ. un veac de
singurătate zace deschis la pagina șapte.
peste bălți se fugăresc lișițe-n noapte…
în luminiș s-a strâns un arici, într-un ghem
de iluzii – cad sfărâmate…

ca cioburile unei oglinzi.
un veac de singurătate zace deschis la pagina
șapte, la pagina șapte, la pagina șapte…

te iubesc, te doresc, puiul meu.

It's late in the rock.

It's late in stones and branches
In the light, the song of whirling sounded sad
Now, when the Moon rises and the stars in the sky
Depart, serious love, from us? ...
...
It is sad to my soul, because I found the way
To reverse the whole grief that is contained ...
Look at Parang Mountain in the distance
It's white as if the Snow had snowed it ...
...
Through the cold forests of the Lebede period, I float smoothly,
On the stretch of blue and cold full
To lay his majestic body in the reeds, through reeds
When the Night slowly goes out of the sky the light ...
...
The candle light went out ...
In the night there are warm whispers
Of the Earth as a warm life, which slowly whispers, extinguished ...
..
Silence beats nectar from the gong of a tower
and the heavy fluid streams of water penetrate me
moving slowly, slowly, my hands flutter.
...
I seek you when the light blends with the darkness
when yellow water lilies
float on the translucent water canvas
silence is like a brass gong
at the top of a tower, and heavy splashes of water penetrate me
they become fluid
and I carry your hands - delicate yellow flowers ...
in a stream flowing down the valley…
always flowing
downhill…
..
An old picture on the wall. a slow-burning icon
the candle light went out ...
there is a crying butterfly at night
hitting in short strokes and quickening my thinking
hidden in holes of darkness, trapped as in a
cage…
....
the walls weep and fall to the ground. a century of
loneliness lies open on page seven.
over the puddles can be spotted running at night ...
a hedgehog squeezed into the luminaire, into a moan
of illusions - they are broken ...
like the shards of a mirror.
an age of loneliness lies open on the page
seven, on page seven, on page seven ...

Dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

About hunger

My confrontation with the unconscious
Has arrived at an end.
...
The difference between archetypes
The split products of schizophrenia
Consists in that that the first are significant structures
of the consciousness
The others are just waste
Fragments endowed with remains of sense.
....
Probably
This was a characteristic not to be neglected
of a good part of the poems...
Fragments endowed with remains of sense.
....
Or a sense so encrypted, so hidden than it was forming a new poem from its decipher.
...
A deambulatory pleasure and a ludic instinct
urges me to still write poems, to approach Jung to myself
To decipher him...
...
So, for instance, the pulsion of hunger that dresses forms
from the most different....
....
Hunger of love, of people, of the world
Hunger of you...
hunger of knowledge
and to be known....

Hunger of death and of nothingness....
Hunger of sense and significance
Hunger of word, of Logos and of reading...
......
Hunger of writing
Of the fleshless body of the past poems
that are trembling over me
With their waste of sense, which are asking
to be complete...
.....
Hunger of time and hunger of space
Hunger of your hands, embracing my shoulders,
and of the dance of silvery egret of your footsteps
on my iris...
....
Hunger of the sense of love
The only one that can save anymore the world
the world from myself.

te iubesc, Puiul meu. Victor, Dulcele meu.

Te iubesc, Puiul emu.
O ploaie de stele visătoare

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stlele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadave și a sicriu
Părea că murise tot ceeste viu
Afrăă stele-albastre, stele albe
Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe și dalbe.

..

Afară era oo simfonie de culori...
Cerul albastru se ascunsese printre albii nori
Raze mov-rooz-galbene la a sfințit
Îmbrăcau cerul și lumea în dulce negrăit.

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stlele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, ppuiul meu.
Sărutul tău

Cârlionții blonzi îți tremură răvășiți
De briza dulce a-nserării –
Plimbțndu-ne pețărmurile mării
Ne sărtăm până la buze, până la dinți...

...

Ochii tăi calmi, sunt înfundați n-orbite
și cearcăne vinete îi înfășor –
buzele roșii-roz ca floarea cea de măr
îmi dătuiește sărutul lor, dulce ispită.

...

Cămașa-mbracă trupul dalb - și cald
Precum culcușul de feioară
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –
și dulce,prin floriledepăpădie.

...

De-atțta dragoste, uitare de sine ai slăbit
și pantaloni-mracă trupul zvelt
din care parcă e rănit
piciorul alb de gândul meu dement.

...

Te-apleci n-uitare deplină
Chipulflutură-n vânt - săruți gingaș
Mireasa pământ
Cu părul ei negru, uscat de cărbune.

...

Privindu-ne-n ochio veșnicie –
Uităm toate câte-au fost și câte-ors să mai fie
Printre sărutări gingașe

Precum corole albi de păpădie.
Precum e creanga roz de vișin și de măr –
Ălăcutăsimțurilor cum minții devăr.

...
Dulce ți-egura ca uncireș dat în copt
Învara ce-ncepe cuo friză de culori delicate, scânteietoare
Recistropiai mării albastre dulce briză.

...
Te—aplei în vis
Puiun picior peste-a mele coaste – din care tulburați în calda noapte
Bne strângem la piept tot maiaproape
Mai aproape....

..

Cămașa-mbracă trupul dalb - și cald
Precum culcușul de feioară
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –
și dulce,prin floriledepăpădie......

Your kiss...

Your blond hair loops are trembling, devastated
By the sweet breeze of the nightfall –
Walking ourselves, on the shores of the sea
We kiss each other, to the lips, to the teeth...

...

Your calm, wandering eyes are sunken in the orbits
And bruise circles are wrapping them –
Your red-rosy lips as the apple flower
Are giving me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...
The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm
As if it was a virgin bed
It is a night falling so bitter –
And sweet, through dandelion flowers.

..

For so much love, and forgetting of self, you lost weight
And your pants are dressing the feeble, slim your tender body
Where from it is seemingly hurt
Your white foot, by my demented thought.

..

You are bending yourself in full hypnosis
Your shape is fluttering in the wind –you kiss tenderly
The Earth bride
With her black hair, dry of black coal.

Looking in our eyes an Eternity
We forget about what they were, and what they will be
Through tender, vibrant kisses
Likewise the white crowns of dandelion.
Likewise the rosy branch of cherry and of apple tree
Pleasant to senses as to the mind truth.

You bend in your dream
Thou put a white leg over my ribs – where from tormented in the warm night
We stretch together closer and closer...
..

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm
As if it was a virgin bed
It is a night falling so bitter –
And sweet, through dandelion flowers.....

Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce, dulceața mea.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan

Your kiss

The blond haters are shaking you up
The sweet breeze of the sunset -
Walking the shores of the sea
We kiss to the lips, to the teeth ...

...

Your eyes are calm, they are not blinded
and eggplant circles I wrap them -
red-pink lips like the apple flower
give me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...

The shirt bears the white body - and warm
Like the pillowcase
it's such a bitter evening -
and sweet, through the flower bud.

...

For so much love, forgetfulness you have weakened
and slim body pants
of which he is injured
the white leg of my demented thought.

...

You bend over in complete oblivion
Chips fluttering in the wind - kissing hips
Earth bride
With her black hair, dried from coal.

...

Looking at us eternally -
We forget all that was and how many bears there are
Among the kissing kisses
Like white dandelions.
As is the pink cherry and apple branch -
Praise to the senses as the mind goes down.

...
The sweetness makes you like a baker
Spring begins with a frieze of delicate, sparkling colors
You rewatched the sweet blue sea breeze.

...
I called you in a dream
Chicken leg over my ribs - from which you disturb in the hot night
Bne we tighten the chest even closer
Closer....

..

The shirt bears the white body - and warm
Like the pillowcase
it's such a bitter evening -
and sweet, through the flower-dandelion ......

Translation Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
Surțsul tău...

Pe cărările pustiite dunele le mătura vântul
Un alt eu de=nnceput de lume
Pictat într-un tablou cam suprarealsit...
Veneam, prin răscruci ascunse de drumuri,pustiit și trist.

....

Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament
Surâde puțin trist, puțin adus
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri.

...

Mâna ta gingașă, precum e visul palid de poet
Așvrea s-oduc la gurășis-o gust
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri

Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde
În sânul depărtării verde
Cum poașiimei răsunăîi ascult.

...

Te caut la margine de ape și pădure
Mâna gingașă să-ți privesc
Ce se-aplecă în neștiută armonie
Asiupra gândului dulce și-omenesc.

...
Mâna ta gingașă, precum e visul palid de poet
Așvrea s-oduc la gurășis-o gust
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri

...
Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde
În sânul depărtării verde

Cum poașiimei răsunăîi ascult.
....

Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament
Surâde puțin trist, puțin adus
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri......

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, dragostea mea nespusă a sufletului meu.

Te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept by the wind
Another I from the beginning of the world
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

..

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops of green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

..

I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest
Your sweet tender hand to look at it
Which bent in unknown harmony
Over the sweet human thought...
...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops of green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puiul meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths
Another self from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.

...

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest
Hands down to look at you
What bends in unknown harmony
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

...
Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

...
With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.
....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries ...... te iubec, puiul meu, cu toate acestea...
Te doresc, puiul meu dulce și drag, iubitul meu.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulcața mea.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Vanilie

Iarnă cu gust de vanilie
îmi strecori în suflet doruri ne-nţelese… copacii tăi
s-au transformat în pocale de vin cu aromă de
scorţişoară

paşii-mi trosnesc prin pădurea de pini
chitare uriaşe ce suspină-n vântul ce corzile le mişcă
ca un cântăreţ venit de pe meleag
străin

……..

iarnă cu gust de vanilie
îmi îngrop obrajii în bulgării tăi – delicate mâini
ce obrajii-mi cuprind
într-un ne-nţeles, ne-nţeles
alint…

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Puiul meu.
Dragostea mea Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.
Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla
You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...
your trees
Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine
with cinnamon flavor...

my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through
the pine tree forest
Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that
is moving out the strings...
Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away
realm
...
Winter with a taste of vanilla
I burry my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands
which comprise my face
into a misunderstood, misunderstood
caress...

Dulceața inimii mele, Te doresc, Victor, puiul meu, Te iubesc, Puiul meu, dragostea mea.
Where's the world ...

Te doresc, puiul meu dulce.
Slowly shines the day ...
The sun penetrates into the hall with trembling light
Light yellow horns
and my sad soul enlightens me
burdened with sadness, past loneliness
and future.

.....

If it's sensible, show him

The world is understandable
Other than a huge hero
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

...

The mysterious mystery of the heart will escape it
Whatever the world is
Other than a huge hero
The meaning of love show him ...

From hieroglyphs and pagan writings
Check to create the foam wave
You will draw my heart
When the sun is over the sky

The world is understandable
Other than a huge hero
The meaning of love show him ...

Squeeze my heart in my fist
What is a blue star
It's her and maybe she's not ....
What caress the trunk of it

She is ... and maybe she is not.
A music, a heavy sphere
Or a blue peruse
A small, cowardly cow baby
A step that is painted down
Of thoughts and red light

What's more than a blue star
What cares about it?
If I go or stay
On words of diaphan
If I go or stay

What cares about it?

...

If it's sensible, show him
The world is understandable
Other than a huge hero
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dulcele meu Victor, Puișorul meu.Te iubesc și Te doresc Victor,Dragostea mea, Soțul meu iubit, Dragostea vieșii melee

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a virgin bed …

…

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

…

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...
...
The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...
....
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...

…

The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...
...
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

…

Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out

Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

…

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...
..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

…

In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show .....

.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...
....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

…

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Victor, puiul meu, Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Te ubesc, puiul me, puișorul meu dulce, dragul meu.
Deus absconditus

Era amiază, trecut de ora prânzului.Dusesesm văcuțele eu și Bujor
Din ocolul mare din spatele grajdurilor
Spre cele două fântâni, apoi urcând curmăturile don Jară
Mai păscând, mai dând după ele
Pe Ciocan și apoi în muntele Preluca.

..

Mâncasm de amiază. Trecusem poarta mare de lemn
Pe arcuri, în pcolul vitelor.
Acolo, cu o lopată plată, folosită pentru scos
Sau dus gunoiul

și cu o mică săpăligă, curățam baligile vitelor.
Trăgându-le pe lopată
șiapoi aruncându-le peste movila înaltă de gunoi, uscată
năpădită de buruieni, de brusturi și ștevie.

...
Era o vară frimoasă, și eu eram liceană
Sau poate eram deja studentă.
Liniștea era atât de mare și de intensă, s-o tai cu cuțitul
O liniște grea

Ca o picătuă de aer dens, greu, translucid
Atrnând pe pământ.
Îmi plăcea ce făceam. Adică nu mă supăram
Prea tare
Era o muncă pe cre trebuia s-p facă cineva
și care trebuia făcută.

...

Când am terminat, atentă să nu rămână nimic
și locul prăfos, ca podeaua unei case de lut, bătătorit
era curat ca-n palmă.
Am oftat mulțumită, și m-am dus spre fundul ogrăzii
Mânată de curiozitate.

Acolo, la umbra înalților brazi, era răcoare.
Creștea iarbă și buruieni de mlaștină
Ochiul boului și mici margarete cares semănau cu mușețelul.

...

Fără îndoială, Roșia mă fermeca.
Dar era un tărâm periculos, încărcat de presimțiri funeste

Care nu se dezvăluiau pe dată sufletului
Ci le ghiceai numai, pândind în încordare

În dimeniunea nepăsătoare, banală a realității.
Am rămas privind ochiului boului, făcând fel de fel de asociații
Toate învârtindu-se în jurul unui miez neștiut.
Apoi movila uscată de gunoi

Partea din dos a grajdurilor arse de soare, de o culoare gri-cenușie
Pe alocuri albă mă făcea să mă încordez.
Era un loc frumos Roșia
Plin de liniște, plin de amărăciune
Plin de seninătate

Ca o crimă care s-a petrecut cu mulți ani în urmă acolo
și totul a fost îngropat sub gunoiul uscat...
ca amintire din alte vremi, din alte tărâmuri,
cu alți zei.

...
Liniștea era atât de mare și de intensă, s-o tai cu cuțitul
O liniște grea
Ca o picătuă de aer dens, greu, translucid
Atrnând pe pământ.

..
Realul este un concept totalizator, care înglobează toate celelalte concepte discutate până acum. Realul se referă la o realitate suprafirească sau la realitatea ultimă. Realul înseamnă trăirea sacrului, participarea la mit, la Timpul și Spațiul sacru. Realul înseamnă hierofanie, manifestare a sacrului în lume. ”Orice-ar face, el (omul profan) este un moștenitor. El nu poate aboli în totalitate trecutul, întrucât este el însuși un rezultat al trecutului său. El se formează dintr-o serie de negații și refuzuri, dar continuă să fie hăituit de realitățile pe care le-a refuzat sau negat; pentru a cuceri o lume a sa proprie, el a desacralizat lumea în care au trăit strămoșii săi; dar ca să facă aceasta, el a fost obligat să adopte un tipar anterior de comportament, și acel comportament este încă prezent în el, din punct de vedere emoțional, într-o formă sau alta, gata să fie reactualizat în ființa sa cea mai adâncă.” (Mircea Eliade).
Te iubesc, dragul meu puișor.

I love you, my love.
I love you, my baby, my sweet baby, my dear.
God absconditus

It was noon, past noon. I had taken the cakes me and Bujor
From the large bypass behind the stables
Towards the two fountains, then climbing the end of Don Jara
More grazing, more giving after them
On the Hammer and then on Mount Preluca.

..

I eat noon. We had passed the large wooden gate
On the arches, in the herd of cattle.
There, with a flat shovel, used for removal
Or took the garbage

and with a small flask, we cleaned the calves of the cattle.
Pulling them on the shovel
and then throwing them over the high pile of dry garbage
crushed by weeds, chests and sap.

...
It was a beautiful summer, and I was in high school
Or maybe I was already a student.
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence

Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground.
I liked what I was doing. I mean, I wasn't upset
Too loud
It was a job that someone had to do
and that had to be done.

...

When I'm done, be careful that there's nothing left
and the dusty place, like the floor of a clay house, beaten
it was clean as a slap.
I sighed gratefully, and went to the bottom of the fence
Handled with curiosity.

There, in the shadow of the tall trees, it was cool.
Growing grass and marsh weeds
The eyes of the ox and the small caress daisies resembled the camomile.

...

No doubt Rosia was enchanting me.
But it was a dangerous land, laden with deadly presences
Which were not revealed to the soul at once
You were just guessing them, bending over

In the careless, trivial dimension of reality.
I kept my eyes on the bulls eye, making all kinds of associations
All spinning around an unknown core.
Then the mash dried by the garbage

The back part of the stables sun-burnt, gray-gray
At times white made me tense.
It was a beautiful Roşia place
Full of peace, full of bitterness
Full of serenity

Like a crime that happened many years ago there
and everything was buried under the dry garbage ...
as a memory of other times, of other realms,
with other gods.

...
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence
Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground.
Te iubesc. Te doresc, puiul emu.

.. ..
1. Real is a totalizing concept, which includes all the other concepts discussed so far. Real refers to a superficial reality or the ultimate reality. Real means living the sacred, participating in the myth, the sacred time and space. Real means hierophany, manifestation of the sacred in the world. "Whatever he does, he (the profane man) is an heir. He cannot completely abolish the past, for he is himself a result of his past. It is formed by a series of denials and denials, but continues to be harassed by the realities it has denied or denied; in order to conquer a world of his own, he desacralized the world in which his ancestors lived; but in order to do this, he was forced to adopt a previous pattern of behavior, and that behavior is still present in him, from an emotional point of view, in one form or another, ready to be updated in his deepest being. . "(Mircea Eliade).
I love you, my dear baby.
Dulcele meu Soț, Te iubesc nespus, tudor, Dulcele meu.
Te doresc, Dragostea mea. Ndrei, Puiul meu, Mihai, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc. Te ubsc, Dulcele meu.
Dus pe gânduri și-n visuri ca un prunc
ye iubesc, Victor,Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Pe buze roșii de rubin – schișezi surâs, dulce venin
și pleopale tale îți cad greu
ca-n pistiuri de gheață semizeu.

Pe-obrazul alb și smead
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise –
Unele scrise, poate escrise
șiochii cu-a lor taiunică și neagră-albastră văpaie
rceala aerului cu-a lor fiebințeală
o-ntretaie.

..

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolți
și-n praful drumului șin colbte iubesc, Tudor, Puiul meu Dulce.
îmi înec palide surâsuri
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană
palidele visuri

și-n zvor mai trece croncănind un corb.

..

Tot cerul e o flamă de văpaie
De culori calde, strălucitoare
și șerpuiește precum neagra mare
și-aruncă-ncet valurile către țărm

o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort
doar dorul trului ți-l port
o tânăr Adonai născut din mare.

..

Calme cirezile agreste
Se-neacă-n depărtarea în zenit
și-așteapta dulceața unui răsărit
să înconjoarre fața ta bălaie.

..

Dus pe visuri și-n gânduri ca un prunc
Născute sub fruntea albă de cleștar
ți-neci tânăr poet visările-ți-amar
și dulce în trecutu-ți crunt

ascuns sub cei tăciuni de piatră-n jar.

..

Tot cerul e o flamă de văpaie
De culori calde, strălucitoare
și șerpuiește precum neagra mare
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rceala aerului cu-a lor fiebințeală
o-ntretaie.

..

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolți
și-n praful drumului șin colb
îmi înec palide surâsuri
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană
palidele visuri
te iubesc Dulce Tudor-Mihai, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Victor..

Taken into thoughts and dreams like a child
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Her ruby red lips - you smile, sweet venom
and your eyelids fall hard
as in semi-icy ice tracks.

On the white cheek and smooth
Your dream virgins are coming -
Some written, maybe written
their secret and black-and-blue cheeks ring

the cold of the air with their insanity
they trouble it.

..

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches
and in the dust of the cork track
I drown pale smiles
and the linden trees sift their crown
pale dreams

and the crow goes on crunching.

..

The whole sky is a flame of mist
Warm, bright colors
and it snakes like big black
he slowly waves down to the shore

a dreamlike star with its flaming flame
it shines in the distance like a dying eye
only the longing for your shape I wear it
O, young Adonai born from the sea.

..

Calm down the sour cherries
It is denied in the distance to the zenith
and the sweetness of an easter awaits
to surround your blond, smooth face.

..

Taken on dreams and thoughts as a child
Born under the white forehead of a clown
you-young-poet-your-dreams-bitter
and sweet in your crude past

hidden beneath those stone silks in the jar.

..

The whole sky is a flame of mist
Warm, bright colors
and it snakes like big black
he slowly waves down to the shore

a dreamlike star with its flaming flame
it shines in the distance like a dying eye
only the longing for your hands I wear it
Oh, young Adonai born from the sea.

..

Calm down the sour cherries
It is denied in the distance to the zenith
and the sweetness of an easter awaits
to surround your face dunderhead.

..

On the white cheek and smooth
Your dream virgins are coming -
Some written, maybe written

their mystery and black-and-blue cheeks ring
the cold of the air with their insanity
they disturb it.

..

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches
and in the dust of the cork track
I drown pale smiles
and the linden trees sift their crown
pale dreams
I love you Sweet Tudor-Mihai, my Chick.
I want you.
Te iubesc, Andrei, Dulcele meu. Te doresc.

Dragul meu Mihai, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu drag, Tudor, puiul meu dulce.
soțiorul meu iubit, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dragul meu.
The grandpa from Rosia

I was with my grandpa Nicolae, from Rosia
I and my brother
We had gone to make a fence
At the forest of Jiru....

O, what places of a complete silence, of a great solitude and
greatness!....

The fence was thought to separate
the Forest of Jiru
by our orchards...

Our grandpa has taken in his green bag
from our father, from the mine of coal
many long nails, some of them hooked
or rusted

but in the grandpa's opinion
still good of something.
He has taken also his little ax, and a barbed wire rod.
brought also by my father
from the coal mine.

He has been doing there, at the scene
stamps mill
thick beams of wood
cut by the branches, with a sharp top

where on he was laying in the ground
at 2-3 metres distance one of another
in holes specially made.

Our grandpa wasn't yet so old
We were children
probably at the gymnasium
And grandpa was facing from the rocks
and he was putting the thick pales
in the ground.

then he was hammering the nails, at
12-15 mm one of another.
and I with Bujor were stretching the barbed wires
of iron by the right of each nail

when the beams were ready-made
and our Grandpa was bending them
from short and precise hits
over the barbed wire.

....
So we spent an entire day till the evening
in that silent, peaceful wilderness
Making the fence, making, that is, a thing good
and proper at the house of man.

I was impressed by the mission I had
and our Grandpa was smiling waggish
with his bruise lips, and from the large, green eyes
Seemingly a little sad, although joyful

and I was finding time for jokes too
to sneak behind the fence
and to play in the orchard.

Our Grandparents from Rosia were some deities
likewise the parents, too
working people until the deep old age
who were standing at our cattle in Rosia

for milk and curd, where on they were salting well
and then put it in large barrels with circles
whereon we were bringing at home
too...
....
Grandpa Niculaie, as our Grandma was calling him
Has taken milk to the town,
over the mountains of Petrila, in the large wallets
on the horse

maybe even curd or cheese
until the old man with white hair at the temples.
On Saturday, on the Day of Rest
he was getting down with our grandma

beautifully dressed
and they were going to the church, to the preach
in their velvet dresses, with clean and ironed
shirt and skirt of muslin

clothes of holiday, with the clean and new boots
they were going to listen to the Holy Scripture
these old man, with plain, smooth faces
in their velvet, beautiful clothes.

te doresc.
translation: natalia gălățan

Te iubesc, puișorul dulce al sufletului meu. Te doresc.

Anima și Animusul meu, jumăttea me dulce, Soțiorul meu iubit, Puiul meu Dule Victor, Te iubesc nespus, nespus…The sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

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...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

te iubesc dulcele meu Puișor, dragostea mea.

Michael ...
Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...
...

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...
...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.
..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.
...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.
...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...
..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.
..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.
..
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.
...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused

Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.
...
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, ”Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.
..
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...
...
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...
...
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...
...
..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
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..
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles

Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu.
I love you and I want you unspeakable, Victor, my dear chick.
The sweet fruits of thought

I love you, my baby.
Slowly things settled in their sockets
Natural.
Beings, people ..
Without you in me, my sweet sweetheart
That would not have been
Possible.

Sure, the possibility and necessity of discrimination remains.
Do those things
Which you have not done in the past
To give thought to her natural credit.

....

In all our illness and madness
In all the notions of sensations and feelings that
We're stalking
The option remains.

Which means
Do not, do not think about the evil they have done
Others
Do not say it.

Deconstruct explosive situations
Allow Time to Work
In you and in others.

..

Of course, the limit situations say something of ourselves.
To touch delicately with the thought
and not irreversibly destroy the deed
that's what life, our history, teaches us
personal
and universal.
...

Surely I learned something from Kant:
Let's look at the starry sky
Above me, and listen
The moral law in me.

....

Maybe here comes my enigma
reader
From the fact that they touch delicately, easily with the thought
and do not kill with the mind
with the deed
te iubesc și te doresc, dragostea mea.
which give birth to our thoughts
on wet graves.

...

With time
I fell in love with myself
of that creature
which I'm reverberating back
Absolutely
the mirror of the self. Te iubesc. Te doresc.

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...
...
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.
..
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.
..
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...
...
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ....
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.
..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...
..
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
His rosy-red lips opened softly

Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.
.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.
...
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver

With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
Hos blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
…
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..
.
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Over which he discovered the turbid blue
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With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.
..
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Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.
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Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
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As if he had turned his eyes
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It seems very close, it looks very far away...
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With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
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And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,

He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...
..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.
..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...
..
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.
.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering
...
From the nojan of the memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in a dimension full of bitterness
of the world
Up to its core.
...
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird? te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...
...
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...
...
With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.
...
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...
...
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn’t arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...
...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs

An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...
....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love
...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...
...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălățan
Without Google translate
The last two strophs are translated by Carl Gustav Jung
te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Victor
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Anima mea, Animusul eu, Arhetipul meu iubit, Te iubesc nespus.
Te oiubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, puiul meu, dragostea mea.

Two tears of azure, pure gold

Cargt prive prin tuele de trandafiri mirositori
Roșii, albi, cățărători
Un tânăr apropiindu-se.

...

Cu ochi de safire albastre – u degrade interminabil
D lumină și strălucire –
Ocii lui păreau două lacrimi de-azur, de aur pur

Smulse din albastrul cerului.

...

Cu buzele roșii pline ca două păsări apropiindu-se
Depărtându-se....
Ca două flori îmbobocite
Puse pepieptul unei iubite.

...

Cathy privea printre tufele de trandafiri mirositori
Albi, cățărători
Un tânăr apropiindu-se.

Brațele lui o cuprinseră și o lipiră de piept
Aplecând buzelee asupra păruluiei
Cu miros de apă de trandafiri –
Buzele lui roșii și pline ca doi zefiri.

E târziu în cimtir...
Seara se-mbină cu ziua, e clarobscur...
E liniște și pace, nici țipenie de om, nici zumzet de glas
Împrejur...

...
Am ieșut visătoare printre castranii înfloriți
și trandafirii curgători
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului
în numele trandafirului...

...

Pășesc visătoare printre morminte, înănțuite de trandafiri
Roșii și roz curgători
Printre morminte albe cu cruci
și prin miros îmbătător de flori...

Privesc chipuri de tineri, cu zâmbete nostalgice, visătoare pe chip
Chipuri de bătrâni cuminți
Împreunați într-oîmbrățișare peste timp
În același paroxistic, crud anotimp
Pe când păsările susură cu îmbătătărul lor ciripit.

...

Chipul tău suav cu bucle blonde
Îmi zâmbește de pe un frontispiciu, cu îngeri înaripați
Cămașa descheiată la gât
Surâsul trist...
Mă fac să uit pentru-o clipă, că încă mai exist...

...

Deodată te văd lângă mine
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept
Cămașa albastră flutură-nvânt
Născută din stânci și pământ...
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept
Clipesc orbită, de dulcele-ți surâs...
Îmi iei mâinile...șimă strângi la piept...
...
E târziu în cimtir...
Seara se-mbină cu ziua, e clarobscur...
E linişte și pace, nici țipenie de om, nici zumzet de glas
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Am ieșit visătoare printre castanii înfloriți
și trandafirii curgători
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului
în numele trandafirului...

Încercând să mă recuperez din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă gădesc pe crestele uui munte înalt
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat
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Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
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Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Memory

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching
Moving away ....
Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers
A young man approaching.

His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyrs.

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...
I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

They look at faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls

He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...
...
It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...
I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my love.

Upside, on Jara orchard

That day our grandma Lucretia, the grandma from Rosia
Made us a delicious dish,”muiată”, that is, ”balmoș”,
a dish with cream, milk, cheese, and cornflour.
....
I was with Bujor. We had finished milking the cows
and we had to climb with them
on Jară, the high gradient, whereon you were climbing up
hardly
until the Hammer.
.....
We have eaten with appetite until we were tired,
we and our grandparents
then we took the thin branches of willow
and we started to handle the cows.
We brought, first of all, on some beaten paths
parallel and intersected
to the fountains, one of wood, another one of cement
made by our father, under the ridge of the hill
to drunk them.
then we started to climb with them abruptly
the hill, a sloped ridge which was getting up
almost right upward.
...
I was breathing in pain, red in cheeks
with the little branch in one hand
and we were handling them up to the hill.
they were aligning mellow, red, flowery, black
besides the fence
which was giving in the unstoned alley.
and soon we had arrived at the upside gate.
On the hammer, we are lighter
and we look after ”pitoance”, how we were calling them
mushrooms, boletus, rising up from a day
to another.
....
When we were finding one of them
and especially little mushrooms, hardly risen up
from the grass and ground
We were exclaiming happily.
Bujor was calling me: ”Lia, come to see!...”
and I was running to see the large boletus
with a large hat, unripe
whereon our grandma was going to prepare for us
with onion and cheese.
.....
We climb up softly.
From the right, it is hearing the bitch of Mardea
The old woman lonely and mouth disease
who was having the lodge in the abrupt valley
under the lap of the mountain, barking savagely,
whet
fateful, like a premonition, under the crowns

of the beech forest which was giving
in The Face of Preluca.
To the left, there was stretching the forest of pine-trees
and beeches
underneath the Foreheads
a dense forest, where we were knowing
that has its place the bear.
soon, still handling the cattle
we arrive upwards. A plain road, beaten, between the two forests.
.....
Beyond which, straight in front of us, it was rising up Preluca.
the first Peak of Mountain.
there, to the left on a path
the cows were still starting to drink water
at a little wooden fountain
then they were starting on the beaten paths, from the right
besides the forest
climbing slowly the mountain, grazing it.
.....
The green beaches, with their shadowy crowns
of a metallic green
of light green, the pine trees unspeakable tall
the heaviness of height, with clean air
putting yourself with the head down, on your back
you were admiring the sky
whereon they were running ceaselessly the clouds
and you were feeling happy, as much as your
child's heart could compress it.
....

As heard in Captain Marvel! Listen to more Nirvana here: https://Nirvana.lnk.to/Essentials Read the story behind ‘Nevermind’ here: https://www.udiscovermusic...

Te iubesc, Victpr, Puiul meu
Te doresc, Puiul meu Drag, Dulceața mea. Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, puiul meu. Te iubesc, dulcele meu
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Veneam tăcut pe drum....

Veneam tăcut pe drum
Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n scrum
Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para...

...

Văbrant, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână
Îmi acopăr încet oochii cu o mână
Privind printre gene stelele
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...

...

Mă gândeam la tine mergând încet pe drum –mce ciudată e totuși clipa asta de-acum –
Pe cer apuneau încet stelele
În părul tău se joacă, umezi dedor, visele...

Meregeam cu capul aplecat în pământ
Ăurtat de un indescritibil, inefabil, vânt stelar...
... mâinile-mi călătoreau departe de trup
Încercând spă ducă la inimă
Un tandru, înfiorător de dulce, săprut....

...
Văbrant, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână
Îmi acopăr încet oochii cu o mână
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Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare
Lătrătoare
Oamenii negri de cărbune
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Toiotule o atmosferă între negri șiverde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...

Omaenii se mișcă ca într-un vis,își vorbesc, își zâmbesc
Cu fruntea de funingine
Cu mâinile pline de pământ
Cu cămașa lipită d fire de fân...
..
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
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Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.

I was silent on the road ....

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...
Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...
I was silent on the road
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Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems
...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...
..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.
.. Veneam tăcut pe drum....

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I love you, Victor, love me.

Copacii negri, copaci albi
Stai goi în parcul solitar
Trec printre ei, bolnav de visuri
Cu pasul meu din ce în ce mai rar...

...

Păsări albe, păsări negre

Fac larmă, se scutură
Pe vârful unui stâlp, printre antene –
P ciudată și neagră ciutură...

...

Voci guturale...

Voci guturale pierdute-n depărtare
Ochii îmi înoată ca oichii de hering în sos
Cu salată de ceapă și icre dintr-un vapor
Din care mateloții sar râzând jos
și pun cu mulțumire piciorul pe pământ.

...

Sentimente, șaluri, vânturi, valuri
Voci pierdute în clarobscurul
ploii stelare
Solare
Scaun pământiu pus de-a curmezișul...

,,,

Ploaia de stele și de soare se revarsă în încăpere
Ca un val, ca o maree
Ca o tornadă, ca un taifun
Vă spun singura-i clipă-i acum
Clipa de miere șin fum...

...

Încercând să mă recuperez
din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă găsesc pe crestele uui munte înalt
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Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...
...
Vântul atârnă pe portativa cerului
Mișcate de un vânt celest
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoiz
....
Iau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat
...
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....
Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Gutural Voices ...

Gutural voices lost in the distance
My eyes swim like herch of herring in the sauce
With onion salad and caviar from a boat

Of which the mothers are laughing down
and I thank the foot on the ground.

...

Feelings, shawls, winds, waves
Lost voices in the clearobscur
stellar rain
solar
The earthly chair ...

,,,

The rain and sunshine flow into the room
Like a wave like a tide
Like a tornado, like a typhoon
I'm telling you, just give it a moment now
Honey and smoke ...

...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hillsides
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Everyone is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...
...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a pool of fish, like a sperm cavalcade
....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
...
My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....
Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

I love you, Victor, my love.

Dulceața inimii mele, Te doresc, Victor, puiul meu, Te iubesc, Puiul meu, dragostea mea.
Where's the world ...

Te doresc, puiul meu dulce.
Slowly shines the day ...
The sun penetrates into the hall with trembling light
Light yellow horns
and my sad soul enlightens me
burdened with sadness, past loneliness
and future.

.....

If it's sensible, show him
The world is understandable
Other than a huge hero
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

...

The mysterious mystery of the heart will escape it
Whatever the world is
Other than a huge hero
The meaning of love show him ...

From hieroglyphs and pagan writings
Check to create the foam wave
You will draw my heart

When the sun is over the sky

The world is understandable
Other than a huge hero
The meaning of love show him ...

Squeeze my heart in my fist
What is a blue star
It's her and maybe she's not ....
What caress the trunk of it

She is ... and maybe she is not.
A music, a heavy sphere
Or a blue peruse
A small, cowardly cow baby
A step that is painted down
Of thoughts and red light

What's more than a blue star
What cares about it?
If I go or stay
On words of diaphan
If I go or stay

What cares about it?

...

If it's sensible, show him
The world is understandable
Other than a huge hero
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, puiul meu.
Zori de zi

Dimineți târzii...
Mă trezesc cu tine-n brațe, privind zorii de zi...
Dimineața îți lucește stins în ochi
și în păr

cu un serafic, translucent adevăr...

...
ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

...

Soție mamă iubită o străină
Ciudat... Nu simt în suflet decât vină....

E amorală-mi existența
Din care eu extrag esența.

.....
Viclean pajurele Eros se plimbă prin nămeți
Albi, dulci senini
Ai stinsei dimineți

Înclin capul puternic în al meu vis
Căutând în sine-mi tainicu-ți surâs.

....

Tristețe?... nebunie?... un strop de apatie?...
Nu e nimic apatic și trist
În al tău surâs

Din care caut visul meu ucis
În alte kali-iuga ce-au fost
și-au să mai fie..

...
Un dor de moarte mă cuprinse
De un luceafăr ce sub frunte
Preumblă universul în degetul lui mic

Doar o părere e acuma, un vis zadarnic
și amarnic
iubit deopotrivă cu amic.

.....

ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea.
Dawn

Te iubesc, Tiuudor, Puiul meu, nespus, nespus...

Late in the morning ...
I wake up with you in your arms, looking at dawn ...
In the morning, it shines in your eyes
and in hair

with a serafic, translucent truth ...

...

I searched for you in the body
the mystery as an unknown innocent spirit
what comes out of your mouth like a steam
on soft lips like sweet honey

...

Mother's wife loved a stranger
Strange...
I only feel in the soul ...

It's my amoral existence
From which I extract the essence.

.....
Astute Eros pantyhose walks through the hooks
White, sweet sweet
You have gone out in the morning

Tilt my head in my dream
Seeking my own smile.

....

Sadness? ... madness? ... a drop of apathy? ...
There is nothing apathetic and sad
In your smile

From which I seek my dream killed
In other kali-iuga what they were
and they will be ..

...
A longing for death has covered me
By a star under the head
The universe wanders in his little finger

Only one opinion is now, a dream in vain
and bleak
loved both with your buddy.

.....

I searched for you in the body
the mystery as an unknown innocent spirit
what comes out of your mouth like a steam
on soft lips like sweet honey

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, puiul meu.

The Book of Anime 13
Painting one

T doresc, Puiul meu Victor, e oubesc Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Mihai, Carl Gustav Jung.
Albastre fuioare ale nopții...

Albastre fuioare ale nopții
Se întrevid curgând în vale
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

...E-un tânăr chipeș cu fața albă ca spicul cel de grâu
Cu un surâs pe buzle lui roșii, de caise
Străluminat de dulceața din ochii lui cei puri
În care se înfor, străkucitoare vise...

...
Cu părul blond străluminând ca câmpul primăvara
Când toarnă aur între spice soarele gigant
Cu brațele lui molcole domoale, suflecate în cămașa-albastră pal
Venea tânăruul Domn, purtat de-al dorului

Un dulce val.

..

Neguri albe strălucite
De argint sfeștile fine
Ce letoarnă cerul negru
De albastre stele pline

Se-nfășor și se desfac
Se dezmiardă, se cuprind
Ca un dulce viu colind
Cele toarnă seara-n prag.

Dulce cornul mai departe sună
și adună oile în stână
sub lumina stelei-albastre
dulce și suferitoare

..

Sub a cidrului umbră deasă și umbroasă
Oile par ca stelele o albastră
Dulce mare
Vălurind ca ochi de grangur

..
Ca ochi de sită
În stâna largă și-ngrpdită
Adunându-se se-nturnă
și-nturnându-se se-adună

...cerul negru durerea-și curmă
Cea dintâi și de pe urmă
Cerul negru dulce tună
Peste turma cea-ngrădită.

..

Cu părul blond străluminând ca câmpul primăvara
Când toarnă aur între spice soarele gigant
Cu brațele lui molcole domoale, suflecate în cămașa-albastră pal
Venea tânăruul Domn, purtat de-al dorului

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Cu un surâs pe buzle lui roșii, de caise
Străluminat de dulceața din ochii lui cei puri
În care se înfor, străkucitoare vise...

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Se întrevid curgând în vale
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

...

Trandafiri roșii, roz, mov-pal
Cad de pe micul foișor de-alături
Tăcerea nopții îi adună
Ca mici steluțe de argint și humă.

..

și trandafiri roșii în curtea casei văruită în albastru
sărută gherbere dulci cu frintea-nvoală
și tânărul bate lin și-ncet în partă
i luna îi străluminează fecioreștile lui vise.

..

O umbră se dsprinde lin din poartă
și vine înspre el cu brațele-ntinse
și pletele-i de-aur și argint sunt ninse
și ochii verzi și părul ca miezul de narcise.

...

Tânprul cuprinde lin dulce arătarea de gemeie –
O tânără cu sânul de alabastru
și o sărută sub razele vâătului astru
ce toarnă peste ei dulce văpaie..

...

Buzele lui se deschid ca doi lotuși îmbobociți
Ca flaoarea roșă-rubinie de zefir
Ca flăcările roșii din trandafirii rișii cei loviți de ploaie
Ca două petale de lumină ce se-ndoaie

..

și cuprind buzele ei fragede ca un șerbet de trandafiri
într-un sărut cald, pasionat, dulce
precum e apa cea de trandafiri
și pune capul ei pe piept să-l culce

..

Albastre fuioare ale nopții
Se întrevid curgând în vale
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Victor, Tudor, Mihai.

The dark blue of the night ...

The dark blue of the night
He glimpsed into the valley
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall
In the middle of the night, who beats?

... He's a handsome young man with a white face like a wheatear
With a smile on his red apricot lips
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes
In which they grow, bright dreams ...

...
With blond hair shining like the spring field
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes
With the arms of his soft mollusks, blown into his pale blue shirt
The young Lord came, worn by longing

A sweet wave.

..

Bright white slits
Silver fine tips
What a black sky
The full blue stars

Wrap and undo
They decay, they come together
Like a living sweet carol
Those pour in the evening at the threshold.

Sweet horn goes on
and gather the sheep in the sheepfold
under the light of the blue star
sweet and suffering

..

Beneath the cider a thick, shadowy shade
The sheep look like blue stars
Great sweet
Flying like a giant's eye

..
Like a sieve
In the wide and deep sheep

Gathering he turns around
and turning around they gather

... the black sky the pain stops
The first and the last
The sweet black sky tunes
Over the herd.

..

With blond hair shining like the spring field
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes
With the arms of his soft mollusks, blown into his pale blue shirt
The young Lord came, worn by longing

A sweet wave.

He is a handsome young man
With a white face like a grain of wheat
With a smile on his red apricot lips
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes
In which they grow, bright dreams ...

...

The dark blue of the night
He glimpsed into the valley
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall
In the middle of the night, who beats?

...

Red, pink, purple-pink roses
I fall from the small ledge next to it
The silence of the night gathers them
Like little stars of silver and smoke.

..

and red roses in the courtyard of the blue-painted house
kiss the sweet gerberas with the whip
and the young man beats smoothly and slowly
and the moon shines on his fanciful dreams.

..

A shadow slips out of the door
and comes to him with outstretched arms
and the gold and silver pleats are nested
and blue eyes and hair like daffodil core.

...

The body is gently sweet with the appearance of a gem -
A young woman with an alabaster breast
and a kiss under the rays of the stump
what spills over them sweet ruby flame...

...

His lips open like two embattled lotuses
Like the red-ruby ruby of zephyr
Like the red flames in the rose roses, those hit by rain
Like two light petals that bend

..

and they enclose her lips like a sherbet of roses
in a warm, passionate, sweet kiss
as is the water of roses
and put her head on her chest to lay him down

..

The dark blue of the night
He glimpsed into the valley
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall
In the middle of the night, who beats? Te iubesc,Puiul meu Dulce, Tudor, Dragostea mea.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

Ye iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce. Te doresc.
I love you, My Dear Darling.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meuy, Dulceața mea.

Cathy ...

În soarele fierbinte deiulie
Cathy sorbea liniștită din sucul deportocale cugheață
Cu o mic umbreluțăprinsă de buza paharului.
Annemarie se jucă cu ea, prinsă în gânduri
Parcă mohorâtă, apoi o aruncă...

..

..
Ăui era atât de dor de Mihai!...
Ceasurile treceau grele, zilele și mai greu, săptămânile cumplit!...
Sea aruncasecu totul în cursuiuri, foii și hârtii
Cu prozatori români și străini
Cu critici și citate sifuisticate
Cu filoofie mai mult sau mai puțin bine articulată
Mai mult sau mai puțin profundă...

..

După ceplăti, se ridică.
O porni în neștire pe străzile Bucureștiului
Privind curios trecătorii, cercetătăror și neinvaziv
Făcându-e portretulinterior în câteva secunde
Caun bun bservator.

..
Cathy era îmbrăcată într-o fuscă deasupra genunchiului
Neagră de lycrași bumbac
Încgheindu-se pe talie cu un cordon din același material
În formă de V

și cu un tricou negru fără mâneci
mulat pe gât, înconjutat de perle aurii.

...

Picioarele rau goale, suple, frmoase
Încălțate în balerini.
Părul castaniu închis era buclat, bogat și des, ca o coamă elonină
Oprindu-se pete unerii ei arcuiți
șipeste spoatele sunțire.

..

Trecând pe lângă dverselemagazine ce-și aruncau umbra răcoroasă
Pe trotuar, cufundae în liniște și muțenie
Cathy era tritstă în suflt până la lacrimi.

Gândurile ei, născându-se unele din altele
Într-un flux al gândurilor neîntrerupt
Sărea ed la una la alta, ed la trecători, mâinile lor, ochii lor
Surâsul
Cuvinte prinse în zbor
La cărți, trecutul ei misterios, Mihai,
Întâlniril lor...

..
Presărate cu impesii fulgurante și premoniții
De observații adânci demne de penelul
unui pictor
Sauy e pana unui scriitor realist, balzacian.

...
Tristețea din suflet pălea în fațaacestor observații
Mai puternice decât ea
Care-i guvernau întreg fluxul de gânduri
și le ordona cuminte,liniștit, fără durere
în creierul și inima ei.

..

Când deodată treări. În fața ei seoprise Mihai
Înalt, cu trupu zvelt, îmbrăcați în heanși albaștri închis
și cu triciul negru
încălzit ed razele soarelui.

Ochii lui ironici,zțmbitori
Cu acea privire plină ed perplexitate
A celui care nu știe dacă într-adevăr iubește...
Se opriseră asupra ei.

..

Mihai!... exclamă ea.
Anne, spuse și el, dându-i curtenitor mâna, apoi trăgând-o
După el.
Intrară într0o ceainărieși cafenea
Mihai căutând atent două locuri libere.

..

Pivindu-i ochii lui albastru-gri, mari,umezi, umbriți de ochelari
Anne simți dragostea cum îi înfioară

Sufletul și trupul
Trimițându-i săgeți fierbinți în stomac.

..

Buzelelui roșii schițară un surâs
În timp ce ochii luiîntrebători se oprirăp asupra ei, calmi șimirați totodată.
Cathy îl privi recunoscătoare
Apoi strada
Umbrită de cercurile rotuned ale copacilot
Pierdtă undeva în trecut sau în viitor
Sau în prezentul etern.

..

Cathy...

In the hot sun, the sunshine
Cathy sipped quietly from the juicy of oranges with ice
With a small umbrella caught by the lip of the glass.
Cathy plays with her, trapped in her thoughts
She looks grim, then throws her away.

..

..

You were so missed by Mihai!
The clocks passed heavy, the days even harder, the weeks terrible!
I was throwing everything in slips, sheets, and papers
With Romanian and foreign writers
With criticism and linguistic quotes
With more or less well-articulated philosophy
More or less profound ...

..

After calling, he gets up.
She started it unknowingly on the streets of Bucharest
Looking at the passers-by, the researchers and the non-invasive
Doing the interior portrait in seconds
Like a good servant.

..

Cathy was dressed in a tunic above her knee
Black lycra cotton
Fastening on the waist with a cord of the same material
V-shaped
and a sleeveless black T-shirt
molded on the neck, surrounded by golden pearls.

...

Feet badly bare, supple, beautiful
Clad in ballerinas.
Dark brown hair was curly, rich and thick, like a heroine mane
Staining stains to join her arched
the sound spoilers scream.

..

Passing by the back of the store they cast their cool shadow
On the sidewalk, plunge quietly and softly
Anne was crumbling to tears.

Her thoughts, being born of each other
In a stream of uninterrupted thoughts
They jumped at each other, at the passers-by, their hands, their eyes
smile
Words caught in flight
In books, her mysterious past, Mihai,
Their meeting ...

..
Sprinkled with flashes and premonitions
Deep observations worthy of the panel
to a painter
Saucy is up to a realistic, Balzacian writer.

...
The sadness of his soul was shattering before him
More powerful than her
Which governed his whole stream of thoughts
and ordered them well, quietly, without pain
in her brain and heart.

..

When suddenly you wake up. Mihai said in front of her
Tall, with a slim body, dressed in dark blue jeans
and with the black shirt
heated sun's rays.

His eyes ironic, smiling
With that full look and perplexity
To the one who doesn't know if he really loves ...
They stopped at her.

..

Mihai! ... she exclaimed.
Cathy, he said, waving his hand, then pulling her away
After him.
They went into the coffee shop and the coffee shop
Mihai carefully looking for two vacant places.

..

His blue-gray eyes, large, moist, shaded by glasses
Anne felt love sweep over her
The soul and the body
Sending them hot arrows in his stomach.

..
The red lip smiled
As his questioning eyes stopped on her, she was calm as well.
Cathy looked at him gratefully
Then the road
Shaded by the rotund circles of the tree
Lost somewhere in the past or in the future
Or in the eternal present.

..

From other times they were coming to me
Echoes ...
Nostalgia has made a nest in the wings from the forehead
And my winged thoughts
they were crying with their head on the ground.

Strange and exalted it's the feeling
That I have built my heart with cement
and inside it it is you ...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce.

Christine...

Soarele,biruitor, se înălța deasupra livezilor foșnitoare
Cu iarba crescând vertiginosși îămbrăcându-le
Trunchiurile vopsite în alb.
Dorian se întțlni cu micuța lui Cghristine

Pe drumeagul ce ieșea din curte
Drept pe platoul cu iarba cosită, înconhuratde pietre mici albe
Ceda apoiîn drumul coborând din sat
Spr oraș.

..
Dorian, șopri Cristine, înconjurându-l cu brațele
Este vară... n-am cursuri la facultate
Suntem liberi, puiul meu, să facem tot ce ne dorim...

...
Oh, Christine, hai să urcăm lângă livada cu meri
Să stăm în iarbvă și săpovestim...

...
Dar ce frumoasă ești azi, în rochiț aceasta albastrăpal!...
Rochia de bumbac, cu imprimeuri florale,
Strânsă la mijloc într-un cordon lat
Cădea peste trupul ei înalt și slab

Încrețindu-se la poale cu mătase și dantelă.
Brațelee ei subțiri șia lbe
Ieșeau din mânecile scurte și erau gingașe, pătate cu mici cercuri
Deroșeață.

...
Dorian zâmbi, gândindu-se și-o luă în brațe
șipindu-și gura de buzele ei gragede
subțiri
cgust de flori de câmp și miros de gherbere de grădină.

Se opriră în în mica vale cosită
Cu un mur mare în mojloc, cu mre coapte,și unele încă verzi
La poala alunișului în care Chris
Îșiîncerca dinții ei fragezi și albi.

...

Vorbirănimicuri, plini de fericire
Apăsați d aerul cald care venea ca o boare fierbinte
În umbraîn care se ascinseseră.

Dorian se lăsăpespate,privoind norii
Car treceau fără oprire, pe cerul de-un albastru profund
Întinecos, de august.
Chris tăcu, privind ochii lui albaștri,ca doi licări
De lumină și somptuozitate

Părul blond răvășit pe frunte și asudat
Lăsat în buce domoale deasupragulerului cămășii lui
În carouri, de-n albastru pastelat.

Dorian îivăzu chipoul ei dulce, feminin și naiv
Cu ochii albaștri și limpezi
Cu cârlionții blonzi lăsându-se pe umeri
și pe piept
aplecat deasupra lui

..

și simțși o fericire de neîncjipuit.
Apleacă-te, apleacă-te mai atre... spuse el îngrijorat, pasămiite
Ai o buburuză de decolteu...
Apoi o trase brusc spre sine
șiea se prăbuși peste piptul lui cu mâinile ei subții

înconjurându-ui capul lui blond.

Buzelelor se uniră parffumate și răcoroase
În mirosul de fân ce le nnăpădea nările
și oirian îi simți sânii miciaăsați peste pieptull lui.

...

Era o zi de varănesfârlșită
și Chri se ridică roșie în obraji șli zbuciumată
pentru a se prăvăli apoi ca nișe bestii umede
în adândcul pământului
pline de o fericire elementar, simplă șinecomplicată

în timp ce soarele de augist își truiimitea razele lui
fierbinți, pârjiolitoare
arâzndu-le părul lor galben ca spicul de grâu
jainele mototolite, trupurile lor
ca două liane
încolăcite,unite într-una și aceeași ființă.

..
Christine ...

The defeating sun rose above the vicious orchards
With the grass growing vertiginous and covering them
Trunks painted white.
Dorian met Christine's little one

On the road coming out of the yard
Right on the meadow plateau, surrounded by small white stones
It then gave way down the village
To the city.

..
Dorian, Cristine heard, surrounding her with her arms
It's summer ... I don't have college courses
We are free, my baby, to do whatever we want.

...
Oh, Christine, let's climb next to the apple orchard
Let's stay in the grass and plant ...

...
But how beautiful you are today, in this blue dress!
Cotton dress, with floral prints,
Tucked in the middle in a wide cord
She was falling over her high and weak body

Wrinkling at the bottom with silk and lace.
Her slim and smooth bracelets
They came out of their short sleeves and were hips, stained with small circles
Of red.

...
Dorian smiled, thinking and took her in his arms
licking her mouth with her gracious lips
thin
bouquet of field flowers and the smell of garden gerberas.

They stopped in the small meadow valley
With a large blackberry in the cluster, with a lot of ripe, and some still green
At the foot of the mole in which Chris
She tried her teeth white and white.

...

Talk to the children, full of happiness
Press the warm air that came like a hot drink
In the shadow they had ascended.

Dorian glanced at the clouds
Because they passed without stopping, in the sky of a deep blue
Of course, from August.
Chris was silent, looking into his blue eyes, like two flashes
Light and sumptuous

Blond hair twisted on his forehead and asudado
Left in the soft shell over the top of his shirt
Checkered, pastel blue.

Dorian raised her sweet face, feminine and naive
With blue and clear eyes
With blond curls resting on his shoulders
and on the chest
bent over him

..

and you felt an unbelievable happiness.
Bend over, lean over ... he said worriedly, frowning.
You have a burgundy neckline ...
Then he suddenly pulled it to himself
and she collapsed over his face with her thin hands

surrounding his blond head.

The lips came together perfumed and cool
In the scent of hay that pierced their nostrils
and the Dorian felt his small breasts spread over his chest.

...

It was a busy summer day
and Chris rose red in her cheeks and shuddered
then to collapse like wet animal niches
in the depths of the earth
full of elementary happiness, simple and uncomplicated

while the setting sun was streaming its rays
hot, flaky
burning their yellow hair like a grain of wheat
the mottled robes, their bodies
like two lilies
coiled, united in one and the same being.

..
Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.
T doresc.

Te iubesc.Soțul meu Dulce, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea me, Te iubesc, Tudor, Mihai, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, Te rog, Dragostea me.
Te diresc, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea. Te doresc, Puiul meu. Durerea fiecărui răsărit...

Durerea fiecărui răsărit
s-oămpovărezi cu tot ce-i viu
și tot ce poate ai iubit
să pui în scnduri de sicriu

...

E grea –ntreprinedere aceste
E grea și fără de nomă
Când din adâncuri nu îți urcă
Împovărată nicio vin...

..

Căci m-ați trădat cu ale mele mâini
și voi v-ați pus pe-la meu destin stăpâni
căci m-ațui trădat cu un surâs, cu tot cen carte nu e pus
darîn albastre stele este scris.

...

Ăci m-ați trimis la foc și ghenă
La Focul cel ce arde veșnic n-Iad
La cele bune v-ți pus vad
Cea cu surâsulde hienă.

..

Durerea fiecărui răsărit
s-oămpovărezi cu tot ce-i viu

și tot ce poate ai iubit
să pui în scnduri de sicriu

...

E grea –ntreprinedere aceste
E grea și fără de nomă
Când din adâncuri nu îți urcă
Împovărată nicio vin...

...
The pain of every sunrise ...

The pain of every sunrise
you are burdened with everything alive
and all you can love
put in coffin boards

...

It's hard - this is an undertaking
It's heavy and unnamed
When you don't go deep down
Weighed no wine ...

..

For you have betrayed me with my own hands
and you have put my destiny on me
for you have betrayed me with a smile, yet not a hundred books are laid
but in blue stars, it is written.

...

Because you sent me to fire and hell
At the Fire that burns forever eternal Hell
At best I can see you
The one with the hyena's smile.

..

The pain of every sunrise
you are burdened with everything alive
and all you can love
put in coffin boards

...

It's hard - this is an undertaking
It's heavy and unnamed
When you don't go deep down
Weighed no wine ...

Dulcele meu Soț, Te iubesc nespus, tudor, Dulcele meu.
Te doresc, Dragostea mea. Ndrei, Puiul meu, Mihai, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc. Te ubsc, Dulcele meu.
Dus pe gânduri și-n visuri ca un prunc
ye iubesc, Victor,Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Oe buze roșii de rubin – schișezi surâs, dulce venin
și pleopale tale îți cad greu
ca-n pistiuri de gheață semizeu.

Pe-obrazul alb și smead
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise –
Unele scrise, poate escrise
șiochii cu-a lor taiunică și neagră-albastră văpaie
rceala aerului cu-a lor fiebințeală
o-ntretaie.

..

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolți
și-n praful drumului șin colbte iubesc, Tudor, Puiul meu Dulce.
îmi înec palide surâsuri
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană
palidele visuri

și-n zvor mai trece croncănind un corb.

..

Tot cerul e o flamă de văpaie
De culori calde, strălucitoare
și șerpuiește precum neagra mare
și-aruncă-ncet valurile către țărm

o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort
doar dorul trului ți-l port
o tânăr Adonai născut din mare.

..

Calme cirezile agreste
Se-neacă-n depărtarea în zenit
și-așteapta dulceața unui răsărit
să înconjoarre fața ta bălaie.

..

Dus pe visuri și-n gânduri ca un prunc
Născute sub fruntea albă de cleștar
ți-neci tânăr poet visările-ți-amar
și dulce în trecutu-ți crunt

ascuns sub cei tăciuni de piatră-n jar.

..

Tot cerul e o flamă de văpaie
De culori calde, strălucitoare
și șerpuiește precum neagra mare
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o-ntretaie.

..

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolți
și-n praful drumului șin colb
îmi înec palide surâsuri
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană
palidele visuri
te iubesc Dulce Tudor-Mihai, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Victor..

Taken into thoughts and dreams like a child
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Her ruby red lips - you smile, sweet venom
and your eyelids fall hard
as in semi-icy ice tracks.

On the white cheek and smooth
Your dream virgins are coming -
Some written, maybe written
their secret and black-and-blue cheeks ring
the cold of the air with their insanity
they trouble it.

..

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches
and in the dust of the cork track
I drown pale smiles
and the linden trees sift their crown
pale dreams

and the crow goes on crunching.

..

The whole sky is a flame of mist
Warm, bright colors
and it snakes like big black
he slowly waves down to the shore

a dreamlike star with its flaming flame
it shines in the distance like a dying eye
only the longing for your shape I wear it
O, young Adonai born from the sea.

..

Calm down the sour cherries
It is denied in the distance to the zenith
and the sweetness of an easter awaits
to surround your blond, smooth face.

..

Taken on dreams and thoughts as a child
Born under the white forehead of a clown
you-young-poet-your-dreams-bitter
and sweet in your crude past

hidden beneath those stone silks in the jar.

..

The whole sky is a flame of mist
Warm, bright colors
and it snakes like big black
he slowly waves down to the shore

a dreamlike star with its flaming flame
it shines in the distance like a dying eye
only the longing for your hands I wear it
Oh, young Adonai born from the sea.

..

Calm down the sour cherries
It is denied in the distance to the zenith
and the sweetness of an easter awaits
to surround your face dunderhead.

..
On the white cheek and smooth
Your dream virgins are coming -
Some written, maybe written
their mystery and black-and-blue cheeks ring
the cold of the air with their insanity
they disturb it.

..

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches
and in the dust of the cork track
I drown pale smiles
and the linden trees sift their crown
pale dreams
I love you Sweet Tudor-Mihai, my Chick.
I want you.
Te iubesc, Andrei, Dulcele meu. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Victor,Dragostea mea Dulce.
Te doresc, Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu Dulce.

O, primăvara-mi pare adevăr...

Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr
și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastru.

..

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae
Miroiasea vanilie și-a fum o mare

Miroase a miere și-a vaniie
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

..

mi-e cugetul împovărat de a naturii strălucire
de flori veștede, crenguțe veștede, nori curgători
la ora cânda i nopții blânzi fiori
se întrevăd printre-argintiii zori, zefiri dulci

ai dimineții căpriori...
kumina blândă se cerne printre ramuri
purtând a sufletului tăcute, sfâșiate flamuri
și arătate cu dulceață întâielor și pure zori...

...

Sufletul ca un abur alb și ddespărțit de trup
Colindă prin naltul, purul, rozul văzdyh
La margine de ape i pădure
Mâna uscată să-ți privesc...

Ce se-aplecă în neștiută armonie
Asupra gândului-omenesc...

Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr
și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastru.

..

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae
Miroiasea vanilie și-a fum o mare
Miroase a miere și-a vaniie
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

..

Pe banca scundăprintre tei suntdoi îndrăgostiți
Ce se cupriind în brațe, cu dor
șoptindu-i cuvinte de amor
ei își sunt lor, atât de dragi, atât iubiți...

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae
Miroiasea vanilie și-a fum o mare
Miroase a miere și-a vaniie
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

..

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Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr

și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastruTe iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea mea.Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Oh, spring seems to me true ...

Turning the rice branches into apple
A spring seems true to me
and the sky-high and clear, blue
it seems to me torn from an old castle window.

..

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun
The vanilla smell smelled great
It smells like honey
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

..

I am under the burden of nature's brilliance
of evergreen flowers, evergreen twigs, flowing clouds
at the time of the gentle gentle nights
among the silvery dawns, sweet zephyrs can be seen

you have morning deer ...
the soft cumin sifted among the branches
carrying the soul silent, flames burst
and sweetly show first and pure dawn ...

...

The soul like white steam and separated from the body
Carols through the tall, pure, pink sky
At the edge of the water and the forest
Dry hand to look at you ...

What bends in unknown harmony
On human thought ...

Turning the rice branches into apple
A spring seems true to me
and the sky-high and clear, blue
it seems to me torn from an old castle window.

..

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun
The vanilla smell smelled great
It smells like honey
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

..

On the short bench, the lime trees are both in love
What is covered in the arms, with longing
whispering words of love
they are theirs, so dear, so beloved ...

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun
The vanilla smell smelled great
It smells like honey
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

..

I am under the burden of nature's brilliance
of evergreen flowers, evergreen twigs, flowing clouds
at the time of the gentle gentle nights
among the silvery dawns, sweet zephyrs can be seen

you have morning deer ...
the soft cumin sifted among the branches
carrying the soul silent, flames burst
and sweetly show first and pure dawn ...

Turning the rice branches into apple
A spring seems true to me
and the sky-high and clear, blue
I find myself torn from the old-fashioned castle I love you, my baby Victor, my love. I wish you, my baby.

Translation from Romanian into English: Carl Gustav Jung

Puiul meu Drag, Soțulmeu Dulce, Ragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu..
Oițe și un cobănaș...

Era o diineașă frumoasă de toamnă
și Victor se trezi,somoros, ca un mic ursuleț de pluș
ca o vietatte somnoroasă și întrebătoare
cu părul lui blond răsfirându-se pe gât
și mâinile lui blânde, calme, liniștite, ținând-o pe după cap
pe Cathy, care dormea scâncind oprin somn
ca un prunc.

..

Vrând să se trezească, mâinile ei îk înlănțuiră și îl traseră
Din nou spre ea, culcându-l lângă ea
și ținându-l strâns.
- iubito,proiotestă el moale, trebuie să mă trezesc,
- să faco cafea, pentru tine, draga mea Cathy...

te-am visat spuiuse ea,încă scâncind prin somn.
Am visat că era într-o apă mare, foarte tulbure
și care aproape ne acoperea cu totul.
Era să mă înec, dar tu ai tras o plută e lemn aproap ed tine
și m-ai ajutat să mă urc pe ea.

Când să te urci tu, șopti ea, scâncind și frecându-se la ochi
Un val te-a tras departe de ea.
Am înotat cu mica lopățică ce-o aveam
Până aproape de tine
și până a urmă te-ai ucat și tu.

O, Cathy, zâmbi el, sărutând-o pe frunte cu tandrețe
A fost doar un vis!...

...
Părea atât de adevărat totul...
mi-era frică c-osă te pierd și că tu vei muri.

..

Cathy, șopti șiel, și se cuibări mi bome în pat lângă ea
și ținând-o pe pieptul lui.

Se sărutară, așa somnoroșicum erau
și simțiră cum dorința îi ia în stăpânire cu totul.
Victor îi mângâia biclele ei castanii, și-osăruta
Pe obraz, pe frunte,pe năsucul ei mic
Cu nările fremătânde
Pe buze, oe bărbie.

- Dragostea mea, șoptiea, sărutându-i gâtul
- Buclele lui blonde
- Buzele lui ca o cochilie delicată de scoică
- În care parcă se auzea vuietul mării.
Îmbrățișați, își simțeau sângelecurgând aproape
Învârtejindu-se, tulburându-se
Aamestecându-se, într-o simfonie de dorințe și culori
De pasiune și voluptate.

Mișcările lor dulci,învăluitoare, slăbiră în intensitate
În vreme ce un val de senzații ritmice, calde
Paroxistice, îi invada.

Gura lui îi acoperi un ochi,apoialtul
Buzele lui se preinseră peste buzele ei, ca o adiere
Aăpo ca o carapace e scoică
Închizându-se brusc

...

Picioarele lui albe,lungi, umedei le acopereau pe ale ei
și pieptul lui ăi acoperi sânii.
Rămseră așa îmbrățișați, în timp ce razele dimineții se prelingeau
Timide în încăpere
și deodată soarele acoperi ca o pată galbenă
lucioasă de culaore, tablpil din spăatele lor

cu un peisaj câmpenesc,cu oițe și-un ciobănaș
scăldat în lumina orbitoare a soarelui.

...

I love you and I wish you, my sweet Victor, my Chick ..
Oils and a guinea pig ...

She was a beautiful autumn lady
and Victor woke up, somber, like a little teddy bear
like a sleepy and questioning living being
with his blond hair brushing around his neck
and his gentle, calm, peaceful hands, holding her head
Cathy, who was asleep snoring
like a baby.

..

Wanting to wake up, her hands clasped and pulled him
Again to her, lying next to her
and holding it tight.

- baby, he softly tests, I have to wake up,
- to make coffee, for you, my dear Cathy ...

I dreamed she had told you, still sobbing in her sleep.
I dreamed it was in great water, very cloudy
and that almost covered us all.
I was about to drown, but you pulled a cork that's wood near you
and you helped me get on it.

When you get up, she whispered, grinning and rubbing her eyes
A wave pulled you away from her.
I swam with the little shovel I had
Up close to you
and eventually, you killed yourself.

Oh, Cathy, he smiled, kissing her forehead tenderly
It was just a dream!...

...
Everything seemed so true ...
I was afraid the bone would lose you and you would die.

..

Cathy whispered lamb, and my hubby was nestled in bed next to her
and holding it on his chest.

They kissed, so they were sleepy
and they felt their desire completely take over.
Victor stroked her chestnut bicycles and held her
On the cheek, on the forehead, on her small nipple
With nostrils fluttering
On the lips, a chin.

- My love, he whispered, kissing her neck
- His blond curls
- His lips like a delicate shell of a shell
- In which the sound of the sea was heard.
Embraced, they felt their blood flowing close
Swirling, troubled
Mixing in a symphony of desires and colors
Of passion and lust.

Their sweet, enveloping movements weakened in intensity
While a wave of rhythmic, warm sensations
Paroxysmal, he invaded them.

His mouth covered one eye, the other
His lips pressed against her lips like a farewell
Then like a shell is a shell
Closing abruptly

...

His long, wet white feet covered hers
and his chest covered his breasts.
They remained so embraced, while the morning rays were extinguishing
Shy in the room
and suddenly the sun flew like a yellow stain
glossy colors, the chalkboard from their backs

with a hilly landscape, with sheepskin and a shepherd
bathed in the dazzling sunlight.

...

Rendez-vous with Rama

The sum of the digits of two figure of the same kind e.g. 5+ 5 plus a figure with a unit decreasing is the figure chosen, e.g.5, 8 or 2

$S (x + x + x -1) = \{2, 5, 8\}$ when $x < 10, x = 10$

$S (x + x + x -1) = \{5, 8, 2\}$ when $x > 10, x = 11$

$S\ 11 + 11 + 10 = 5$

$S\ 17 +17 + 16 = 5$

$S\ 16 + 16 + 15 = 2$

$S\ 15 + 15 + 14 = 8$

$S\ 14 + 14 + 13 = 5$

$S\ 7 + 7 + 6 = 2$

$S\ 6 + 6 + 5 = 8$

$S\ 5 + 5 + 4 = 5$

$S\ 4 + 4 + 3 = 2$

$S\ 3 + 3 + 2 = 8$

$S\ 2 + 2 +1 = 5$

$S\ 1 + 1 + 0 =2$

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragoste mea, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dulce, Ye ubesc, Puiul emu.
Te doresc, Dragostea mea.
Sărmanul Dionis

Raze argintii se prevăd ca dulci visuri printre norii curgători, trecători
Lungifuioareale noții, sidefate, se prevăd la margine de zori
Neguri albe strălucite se scobor din cerul nalt
și cuprin lungi, dalbe șesuri și câmpia de cobalt.

...

Ochii lui destramă visuri, cim privesc n-întunecime
Dintre care nu se-arată, nu se mai ivește nimeni
Gânitor și-așază mai bine pe umeri șșuba mițoasă
și sufând în lumânare, mai așterne un rând-două.

...

Mihai, ochi albatru de-ntunerec, frinte naltă de poet
Buze roșii de cicoare, umăr de albastră zeie

Un picior alb, lung și neted, ca ăiciorul de femeie
Mână fină și subțire, mirosind a mosc și roze, în decorul desuet...

..

Ah, astăzi inspirațiunea nu-i mai dă ocol ca altădată
și oftând în puiept ușure, cu bărbia-i d copil
mai puse un lemn pe sobă, și-apoi învălindu-se bine
alunecă-n visuri dulci, calde, blânde și senine...

..

Singur un copil pe lume, fără frați, fără surori
Sărăcia-i pare dulce, -ncălzită de vreun lemn în sobă
Singur, negândind nimică, nici prezent sau viitor
Poezia i-este uniica pdoabă, mărgăritarul de preț

și gândirile lui lungi, triste, dulci, de tot ferice
sunt tovarășul de arme, pavăza, povața, dorul...
dar-ntr-a nopții întunecime, El visează la o Ea...
o frumoasă, blândă fată, cu părul de diamant

ș cu ochii de-ntuneric, de albastră nestemată
ce pe brațul lui culcată, să-i șoptească de amor...
...și oftând Mihai închise ochii, -ntorcându-se pe ceea parte
Cu o lacimă sub barbă, înnodându-se ușor...

..

Ochii lui destramă visuri, cim privesc n-întunecime
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Gânitor și-așază mai bine pe umeri șșuba mițoasă
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Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce, Mihai, Tudor, Andrei, Alin, Carl, Victor, Dragostea mea.
I hear you, Emu chicken.
I love you, my love.
Poor Dionis

Silver rays are foretold as sweet dreams among the passing, passing clouds
The long, fluffy nightstands are expected at dawn
Bright white clouds are rising from the high sky
and include long, white saddles and cobalt plains.

...

His eyes flash dreams, as they look at the darkness
Out of which no one shows up, no one comes up

Huncher fits his shoulder better
and sighing in the candle, a row, and two remains.

...

Mihai, dark blue eyes, high poet's forehead
Chic red lips, goddess blue shoulder
A white leg, long and smooth, like a woman's leg
Fine and thin hand, smelling of musk and roses, in the outdated decor ...

..

Ah, today's inspiration is no longer around her
and sighing lightly, with the chin of a child
He put another wood on the stove and then wrapped himself well
slip into sweet, warm, gentle and clear dreams ...

..

Alone one child in the world, no brothers, no sisters
Poverty seems sweet to him, warmed by some wood in the stove
Alone, denying nothing, no present or future
His poetry is the only gift, the price margarita

and his thoughts long, sad, sweet, always happy
I am the comrade-in-arms, the cobbler, the burden, the longing ...
but in the dark night, He dreams of an E ...
a beautiful, gentle girl with diamond hair

and with dark, blue eyes
what on his arm lying down, to whisper them of love ...
... and sighing Mihai closed his eyes, turning to the side
With a tear under his beard, gently knotting ...

..

His eyes flash dreams, as they look at the darkness
Out of which no one shows up, no one comes up
Huncher fits his shoulder better
and sighing in the candle, a row, and two remains.

...

Mihai, dark blue eyes, high poet's forehead
Chic red lips, goddess blue shoulder
A white leg, long and smooth, like a woman's leg
Fine and thin hand, smelling of musk and roses, in the outdated decor ...

..

Silver rays are foretold as sweet dreams among the passing, passing clouds
The long, fluffy nightstands are expected at dawn
Bright white clouds are rising from the high sky
and they include long, white saddles and cobalt plains.

I love you, My Sweet Baby, Mihai, Tudor, Andrei, Alin, Carl, Victor, My Love.I desire you my Sweet chicken, my dear and loving Soul.
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Tudor, Puiulemu.

Te iubesc, Victor,Dragostea mea.
Rendez-vous with Rama

The sum of the digits of two figure of the same kind e.g. 5+ 5 plus a figure with a unit increasing is the figure chosen plus two digits, e.g.7, 1 or 4

S (x + x + x +1) = {4, 7, 1} when x < 10, x = 10

S (x + x + x +1) = {7, 1, 4} when x > 10, x = 11

S 26 + 26 + 27 = 7

S 22+ 22 + 23 = 4

S 21 + 21 + 22 = 1

S 20+ S20 + S21 = 7

S 11 + 11 + 12 = 7

S 17 +17 + 18 = 7

S 16 + 16 + 17 = 4

S 15 + 15 + 16 = 1

S 14 + 14 + 15 = 7

S 7 + 7 + 8 = 4

S 6 + 6 + 7 = 1

S 5 + 5 + 6 = 7

S 4 + 4 + 5 = 4

S 3 + 3 + 4 = 1

S 2 + 2 + 3 = 7

S 1 + 1 + 2 =4

Dulcele meu Puișor, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc,Puiulmeu, Dragostea mea Dulce.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.
Zorba grecul

În dmineața aceea de septembrie Jack se trezi somnoros
Dintre cearceafurile mototolite i trase peste cap
Căscă se întinse cât era de lung
Apoi își trase perna peste cap, mai voind să doarmă puțin....

Brusc, își luă seama și se trezi de-a binelea. Azi trebuia să meargă neapărat
La Universoitate, s-o aștepte pe Monica
La ieșlirea de la facultatea de limbi străine.

Monica trevbyuia să-și aia actele de studii
ș diploma de definitivat.

...

Jack își luă șlapii și se diuse la fereastră, privind prin geamul aburit afară.
Ploua, o ploaie deasă mocănească,
Tristă, de n-ar fi fost veselă
și Jack mai căscă odată, zâmbid apoi.

..

Ah, viața era înttr-adevăr frumoasă
De când cunoscuse pe Monicași somnul era bun și delirant
În culori, și ploaia era romanică, șio ochii ei erau verzi
Ca frunza de salcie, ca apa unui lac.

...

Se duse la baie ămpiedicându-se și scăpându-șiochelarii pe jos.
Zâmbi. Astăzi vea să-și puă elntile de contact
Cu un ochi căprui șli unul albastru.
Zâmbi cu gândul la Monica.

...

Se spălă pe dinți frecându-se bine, și zâmbindu-și în oglindă.
Roși a gândul unui sărut...
Apoi făcu duș, își îmbrăcă cămașa gri cu albastru, în carouri
și heanșii engri, care îl făceau să pară
și mai subțire decât era.

Ieși fugin d pe palierul blocului
După ec își îmbrăcă jacheta
și împiedicânu-se iarăși, căzând într-o flotare lungă.

Ah, scăpase, și nu-și miuurdărise pnatalonii.
Mâinile lui albe, delicate, erau murdare de apă și praf.
Își scoase o batistă umedă, parfumată
și se șterse.

..

Ajuns acolo, Monica deja îl aștepta.
Cu umbrela eiu roz, cu buline negre, și tașllia atât ed miuică
Strânsă e un ciordon lat ed piele.
Avea o rochie lungă, de mnăptase bogată, cafenie
Cu imprimerie florale.

..

Văzându-ș, mai întâui amuți, priivindu-l speriată
Poi o pufni râsul.

...

Jack!... ești de nerecunoscut!...
Jacj surâse, ducându-și mâna la spate, de unde scoase brisc un buchet
De frezii delicate și de iriși
Pe care i-l întinse, în timp ce o hipnotiza cu ochiul
Lui albastru.

..

Ah, Jack, ești un adevărat gentlemn,surâse ea, coborând vocea
și luându-i buchtul, cu mâiile ei
înconjurate de dantele.
Ploaia se oprise. Ajunși în parc, Jack se întriistă.
Gândul îi gugi la Catherine, și-șși dăedea seam că Moionica
îi semăna bine.

Ea îi urmăr firul gândurilor atentă, privindu-i fața cum se schimbă
Atinsă de emoțiile ce-l încercau pe dinăuntru.
Apoi îi luă încet mâna lui stângă și i-o sărută.

Jack tresări uimit, își iui trase mâna
o trase brusc spre el și-o săruytă.

..
Monique avea buzele moi și parfumate
Ca un frucy exotic sau ca un șerbet de trandafiri.
Cuprinzându-i umerii ei mici, gâtul moale și alb
Jack simțși dintr-o dată în suflet
milă, compasiune
Amestecată cu dragoste, c-un simț protector, patyern.

..
Uite spuse ea, dfiploma de definitivat!...
Am luat 9, 85!... ești mândru de mine?... spuse ea coborând genele
Copilăros și feminin totodată.
Cuibărindu-se la pieptul lui, și petrecându-și
mâna dreaptă duypă talia lui.

Începuse din nou să plouă, și ei se cuibăriră în chioșc
șoprtindu-și cuvinte de dragoste
și stând îmbrățișați, privind cum plouă afară.

Ploia desena cercuri, arabescuri umede, stranii, pe arbuștii din fața lr
Se prelingea în picături umede, în pământul reavăn
Cu iarba proaspăt tăiată
Dansa înntr-un cerc diafan ed picuri în fațaochilor lor

și Jacj se simți cuprinse de o toropeală din alte vieți
de amintiuri încețoșate, de visăi dulci și snine
de somn și moleșeală..., de triuistețe și bucurie...

îl treziu dintr-odată vocea limpede, cartifelată, a Monicăii:
Jack, te iubesc, dragyuyl meu..

..

She was sucking the Greek

On that September morning, Jack woke up sleepy
From the ruffled sheets, she pulled them over her head
The helmet stretched as long as it was
Then he pulled his pillow over his head, wanting to sleep a little.

Suddenly, he realized and woke up. Today it had to work
At the University, Monica is expected
Upon leaving the faculty of foreign languages.

Monica had to get her education papers
and the diploma to be completed.

...

Jack took off his sheets and went to the window, looking through the steamy window outside.
It was raining, heavy rain,
Sad, had she not been happy
and Jack blushed once more, then smiled.

..

Ah, life was really beautiful
Ever since he met Monica and his sleep was good and delusional
In the colors, the rain was Romanesque,

and her eyes were green
Like the willow leaf, like the water of a lake.

...
He went to the bathroom, stumbling and escaping the scumbags on the floor.
Smile. Today, he wants to get his contacts
With a brown eye and a blue one.
He smiled at Monica.

...

She brushes her teeth thoroughly and smiles in the mirror.
Red has the thought of a kiss ...
Then she took a shower, dressed in a gray shirt with blue plaid
and the fat henchmen, who made him look
and thinner than it was.

Exit the flight on the block
After that, he wears his jacket
and stumbling again, falling into a long float.

Ah, he had escaped, and he had not misled his jeans..
His delicate white hands were dirty with water and dust.
He pulled out a wet, fragrant handkerchief
and deleted.

..

When he got there, Monica was already waiting for him.
With the umbrella, I am pink, with black bullets, and the size is so sweet
Tight is a wide cord and skin.
He wore a long, rich silk dress, brown
With floral print.

..

Seeing her, first of all, quiet and frightened
Then she laughed.

...
Jack! ... you are unrecognizable!
Jack smiled, bringing his hand to his back, where he suddenly pulled out a bouquet
Of delicate freesia and irises
He stretched it out while hypnotizing it with his eye
His blue.

..

Ah, Jack, you're a real gentleman, she smiled, lowering her voice
and taking her bouquet, with her hands
surrounded by lace.
The rain stopped. Once in the park, Jack is sad.
The thought came to Catherine, and she knew that Monica
it sounded good to him.

She followed her thread of thought carefully, watching her face change
Touched by the emotions that were trying inside him.
Then he slowly took his left hand and kissed her.
Jack winced in amazement, and he drew his hand
he suddenly pulled her towards him and kissed her.

..
Monique's lips were soft and fragrant
Like an exotic fruit or a rose.
Holding her small shoulders, her neck soft and white
Jack suddenly felt in his soul
pity, compassion
Mixed with love, a sense of protection, paternal.

..
Look, she said, the definitive diploma!
I took 9, 85! ... are you proud of me? ... she said lowering her eyebrows
Childish and feminine at the same time.
Nestling at his chest and spending time
his right-hand hold his waist.

It was starting to rain again, and they nestled in the kiosk
whispering words of love
and while hugging, watching it rain out.

The rain drew circles, moist arabesques, strangers, on the bushes in front of him
It was getting wet in drippings, in the earth again
With freshly cut grass
They dance in a translucent circle with spikes in their faces

and Jack felt trapped by a rush of other lives
of blurred memories, of sweet dreams and snows
of sleep and nausea ..., of triumphs and joy ...

I suddenly woke Monica's clear, velvety voice:
Jack, I love you, my love...

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulcele meu.
The Book of Anime XIII
Painting one

Until the final silence lulls

People move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
The wheel has an atmosphere between green and black
Between the black of the earth
and the green greens fixed in the equation with irrational numbers.

..

Silence
The weather stopped in place
Time is counting down the seconds until the big pass
Until the great final silence
Up to the air
Until the widow

Up to the rose-green atmosphere
bluish
Of a colorless bliss
Up to an ocean of stagnant air
Material and immaterial

....

Your thoughts become air
Hands, lips, eyes, limbs, viscera
Everything becomes air
In an eternal passage
In an eternal stillness
Sensitive illusion of your brain
Great cosmic illusion

Nothing full of attributes
Nature naked to its essence

....

Silence
The weather stopped in place
When all of a sudden everything dissolved
It went into the abstract
And indefinitely
Time has become infinite
te iubesc.

I love you, Dulcișor.
Nurtured nature

High corridor with mirrors ....
Some reverberated faces in these, endlessly ...
From a plane of reality, into another plane
Of reality
Then another, deeper and deeper
The abyss is total and shattering

and the person as far as you can in the middle of the maze
growing stronger,
more intense

increasingly impersonal feelings
and emotions more and more foreign and objectified bodies
which you can come up with, it has its own selves

..

To get deeper into the heart of the Archetype
A world purified in the mirror
With rebuilt shrimp in each other
Endlessly

Nature of nature.

..te doresc, Pui.

Memories of lilies from the beginning

The car is speeding, pouncing on your right
Mom cooks cheese pie today
Oven oven

Nature equates to, timeless
on this March day

Preparing to blossom to bloom suddenly
And you, dazed by her beauty
Take the starchy, crushed fruit, mouth to mouth and savor

Preparing on Cross to climb
Lilies and pink flowers from the beginning, the end ...
Their archetypal fragrance spreads
Not yet in eternity ...

..
The world is waiting
An expectation of the orchards in bloom, of the dazzling spring
Which says goodbye to the flowering trunks
Like young shoots
from a numb body

memories of roses and lilies from the beginning
getting ready, for once
to win and then to the Cross to lie.
te iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor.

Myth and Archetype

Day of warm spring, white, the air in shades of gray
Cathy went out to admire the setting sun -
and take pictures
take a sincere, good photo, standing

with a childish expression, then sit down.
Nature fragments, decoration fragments.
Cathy can't get much at once.
Look at the street, the garden, the pine groves on the hill

The neighbor's house, the fence.
With the feeling that it descended from the foreign scents abruptly
In this setting
A timeless world
and an individualized, suddenly personalized world

...

No one really thinks he knows one
... that she's an old woman bringing back
In a somewhat surrealistic setting ...

..

There are few people in the street, who are in a hurry, without looking at her
Cathy thinks with the brain in the computer -
That he feels these people are strangers
and a stranger in her midst

...

and generally the outside world is no longer familiar and synchronous
but foreign and accidental
... if not all descended from an Archetype

In a much deeper plane of reality
Which seems a lot stranger.

..

The air is gray, the molecules move
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a bridge to an unknown, unknown realm
From the heart, an inner world
Silent, natural, unforced

Slowly enter the transcendence of the part ...

...

Quiet.

Rocks, decor made by the world
We tumble among the boulders
Like two stone pillars, snow nests, wet with rain

We're getting in, the world of stone
and we come together
in the blinding light, we become more and more new
We tumble among the boulders
Like two stone pillars, snow nests, wet with rain

...

Quiet from the beginning of the world
The sky is supported by a clay hand
There's nothing about it, just air
Pure, colorful, embellished air
Transparent and translucent air
The air that covered the whole thing
Intangible air, clear.

One thought a day

When you enter the heart of abstraction you must be abstract
When you become abstract
You must not judge beings
But to abstract them

..

When you enter the Archetype you make no moral judgments
But abstract, impersonal reasoning
When you love
Do not wonder why you love ...

A clay hand ...

Forests, tall beech trees, fir trees drowned in the white glow
In the sun
In the archetype
You are in the heart of reality
With horizontal beams ...

..

The contours are lost far away and no longer vanish
In this flat world
Although four-dimensional
I do not choose beings, but Spirits ...

In fact the Archetype of real children.

..

Have you ever thought about pictures, drawings, books
I do not live real beings
but their archetypes?

..

That is why the world of poetry is more realistic than Reality
Because she's more archetypal
and here nothing lies.

..

Sky pale-gray, molecules colorless
The air is supported by a clay pot
Everything is as if it is not
Everything can be as if it could not be

Pale-pale, the molecules move
The sky is supported by clay.

Vă iubesc nespus,Victoir, Tudor, Alin, Andrei, Mihai, Ștefan, Puișorii mei. Vă dorec.



Translation: Carl Gustav Jung, Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș



Vă iubesc și vă doresc din tot sufletul, Dragii și iubiți mei Puișori: Victor, Tudor, Alin, Andrei, Mihai, Ștefan, Pavel, Petru, Dorin, Florin, Vasile, George, Constantin, Corneliu, Gabriel.

Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dragostea vieții mele.



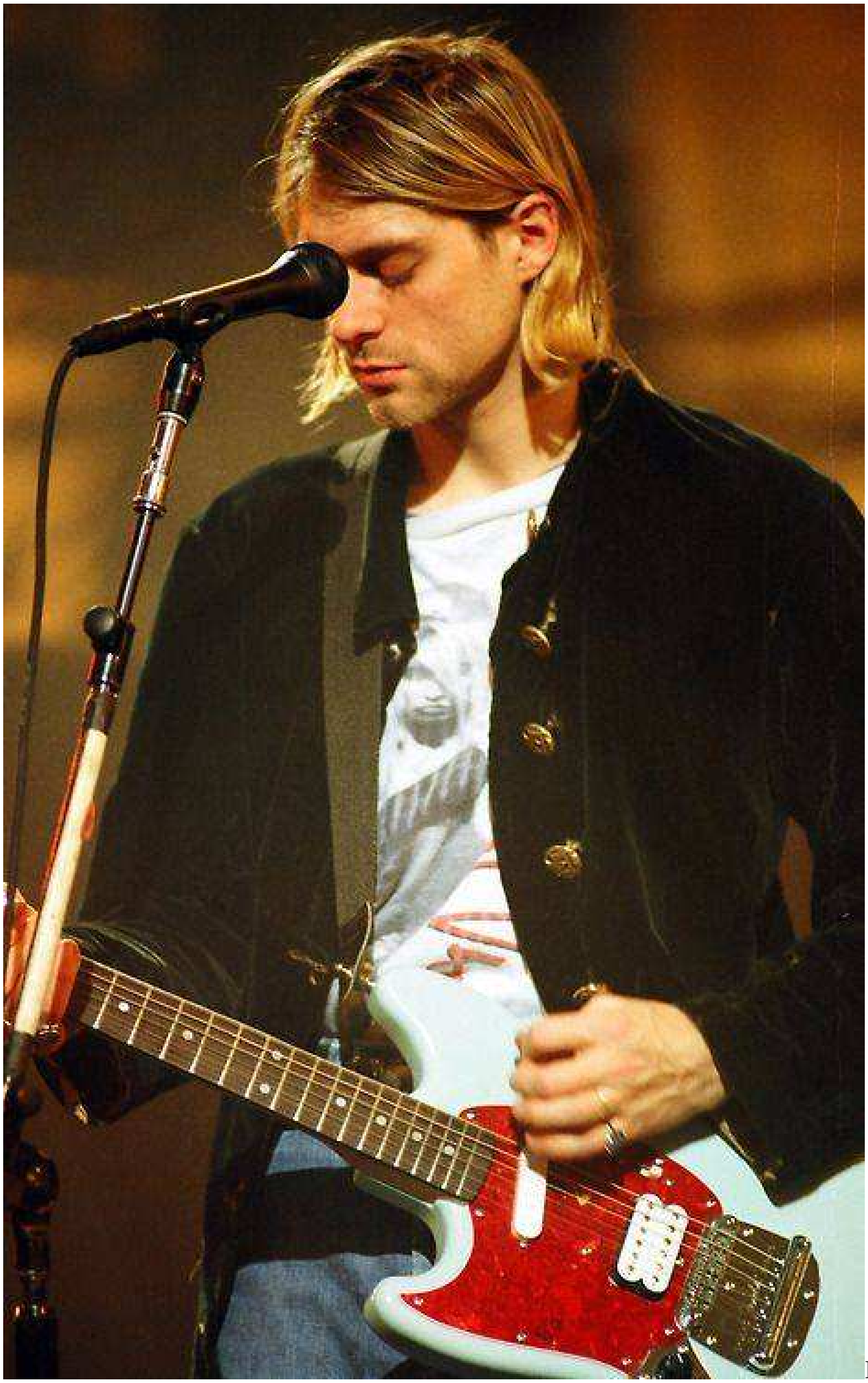
Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Iubitul meu, Dragul meu.






Suggested: Nirvana - Live At Reading
Activate Windows
Go to Settings to activate Windows.
vevo


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Kurt Cobain



Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Soțul meu.Nu te voi părăsi niciodată, Puiul meu. Te voi iubi mereu...



Puișorul meu Dulce și Dorit și Iubit, Andrei, Fiul meu.



Te iubesc,Victor, Puiul meu Iubit, Dulceața, Dragostea și Iubirea Sufletului eu, Animusul meu Dulce, Arhetipul meu scumo, dulce șiDrag. Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Puișorul meu. Soțiorul meu.

Ye iubesc,Tudor, Alin, Andrei, Mihai, Ștefan, Dulcișorulmeu, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.






Te iubsc, Puiul

meu.



